THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Ill[illegible]ed Weekly
Fo[illegible]nded A[illegible]y Benj. Franklin

FEB. 27, 1915

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Beginning

The Strange Boarder—By Will Payne

GOLD MEDAL FLOUR

Eventually

Why? — Because

It comes to you absolutely pure
Our milling process is simplicity itself
No fooling with nature's handiwork — no uncertain experiments
No bleaching, chemical or electrical treatment to whiten or age
Goodness always succeeds, therefore this truth —
You will telephone your grocer or call for —

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WE have just issued a unique book about clothes for men who are young regardless of their years. It illustrates the latest Spring models by Mr. A. G. Peine, the young man's style authority.

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These Society Brand Models in young men's clothes are the smartest ever created by A. G. Peine. They typify the modern trend—the trend toward youthfulness all along the line—in games, in business, in thoughts, in dress.

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Peine's master-touches can be had now only in Society Brand Clothes. He is a member of this firm and gives his entire time to fashioning our models.

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We take the entire output of certain designs from some mills to get exclusive effects in Society Brand Clothes.

There are no other ways to carry out master-designs in a thoroughly masterly manner. We spare no expense to make these clothes perfect.

* * * *

Since A. G. Peine came here Society Brand Clothes have become the famous clothes for young men—men of twenty, and young men of fifty who want to keep their youth.

Now thousands of such men every year seek these designs by Peine. But even now these models are made too carefully, too slowly, to supply more than one clothes merchant in any town.

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A postcard will get it. It will tell you an interesting story and show views of the beautiful fair buildings. It will show you why you will not want to dress in "old" styles any longer—in clothes that emphasize your age.

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Send for this book now—and the name of the merchant who can fit you in the clothes that A. G. Peine has designed for Spring and Summer wear.

Society Brand Clothes, with all their advantages, cost the same as others. Go see how they look on you.

Prices range from $20 up—dress clothes from $35 up.

No garment is an A. G. Peine model unless the inside pocket bears the label, "Society Brand Clothes."

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* The dominant figures of illustrations show front and back views of The Poole model, leading style for Spring. The figure at right of upper illustration wears The Hudder Top Coat, remarkable for its "feather" weight, swagger style and all year 'round utility.

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THE STRANGE BOARDER

A PROLOGUE

By WILL PAYNE

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

WHEN the porter had brushed him Gardner dropped back into the Pullman seat and looked out the window, absently fingering his short reddish beard. His six-year-old son, kneeling on the seat beside him, leaned against his shoulder and stared in amazement at the panorama that unwound outside—a wilderness of houses; little houses in which people might conceivably live; houses as big as barns, but with neither horses nor cattle in sight; houses of mountainous bulk and unimaginable uses.

When they left the train the boy, stunned by the turmoil, stuck as close to his father as the swinging suitcase between them permitted. They took a cab to the Palmer House and were shown to a room whose two windows gave another view of the wilderness—endless roofs and belching chimneys, and, sheer beneath them, a cañon, along whose sides humanity swarmed, while all manner of strange vehicles clanked, honked and rattled through the middle. Gardner lifted the boy up to the window for a better view and stood with an arm round him while they both gaped.

"Not much like Los Indios, is it, Billy?" the father suggested presently. "But I guess we'll like it all right when we get settled down to living here. Don't you think so?"

The boy looked down at his father's upturned, smiling face; then round at the room, with its two single beds and well-worn hotel furniture; then out the window. "Do folks live here?" he inquired in simple astonishment.

Gardner chuckled low and lifted the boy down.

"Sure!" he said. "Come over here and I'll tell you about it."

He had not as yet really told Billy. As one might say, he had hardly as yet told himself out loud. It was one of those dazzling pieces of good luck one fears to take boldly lest it vanish under one's hand; but it was time to tell now. He and Billy were usually very candid with each other.

The father took off his high-crowned, wide-brimmed hat of plaited straw that looked like an old man's headgear—uncovering a stubborn mop of sandy hair that never would stay combed—and seated himself in the big, green plush armchair. He had a round head and a broad forehead like his son, but his gray eyes were thickly thatched with reddish brows. His face and hands were tanned to a rich, leathery brown and the short, heavy beard made him look older than he was. He crossed his arms, putting his elbows on his knees, and addressed his son with confidential gravity.

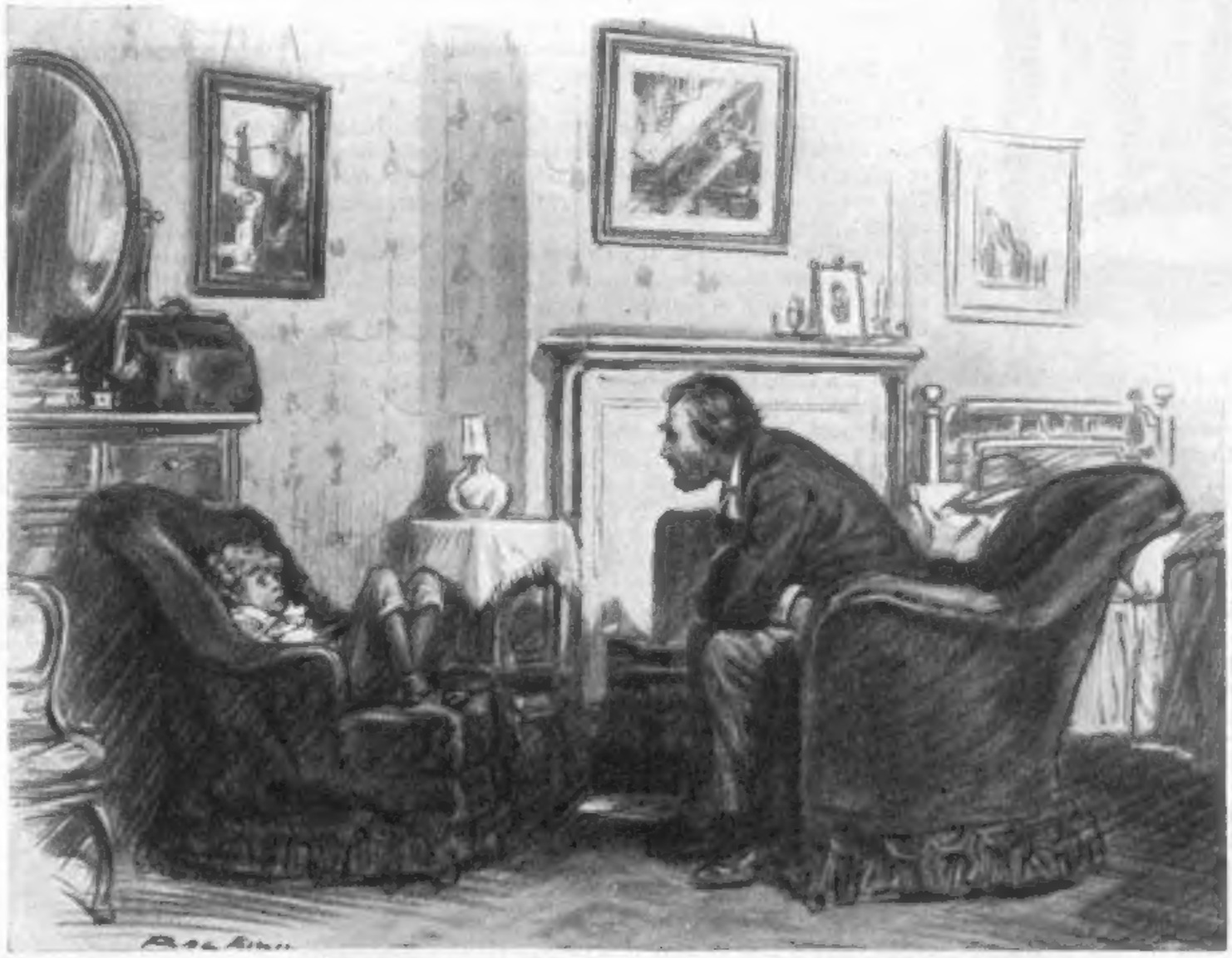
"I'm going into business here, Billy," he explained. "It's a fine business too. You remember Mr. Westmark? Well, I'm going into business with him. I think it will be a very good thing for you and me too. You see, you're old enough to go to school now; but there was no good place for you to go out in Arizona. Here you can go to the finest kind of schools and get a good education. And probably by and by we'll find a little house out where there's some open country—but not so far, you know, that I can't go back and forth to my business. And if everything goes well I guess you can have a pony to ride."

Billy received the explanation with becoming seriousness, struggling to adjust his small mind to the vast changes it dimly foreshadowed; but one point he comprehended.

"Why couldn't I have Pete?" he demanded eagerly.

"Well, I expect it would cost a good deal to bring Pete on here," Gardner replied soberly. "Besides, Pete's never had a city education, you know. He wouldn't know what to make of the street cars and automobiles. I expect it would be better to get a horse that was used to the city."

Billy scratched a round, brown cheek in grave dubiety and ventured to stipulate: "But he wouldn't be knee-sprung, would he?"



"If Everything Goes Well I Guess You Can Have a Pony to Ride"

"Oh, no. We'd see to that," Gardner assured him, and pulled a heavy silver watch from his pocket. The appointment was for ten o'clock, and it lacked only fifteen minutes of that now. Returning the watch to his pocket he ran a stubby hand through the mop of sandy hair, whistled a bar from La Paloma so low that his own ear could scarcely detect the sound, and drummed lightly with his fingers on the green plush cushion of the chair—extreme signs of nervous agitation for him.

It was not quite ten when suddenly a brisk knock sounded on the door, and as Gardner sprang up the door swung open.

A lank man, with a long chin and a bushy red mustache containing some white threads, strode in, extending a bony hand and singing out lustily:

"Hello there, Sam, old top! Got here plumb on time, I see!" As he wrung Gardner's hand he called down loudly: "Hello there, Billy! How do you like Chicago?" But, without pausing an instant for a reply or even giving a second glance at the child, he raced on to Gardner: "Got everything all fixed up shipshape for you, old man. Have an interview with Mr. Gillette at two o'clock. Couldn't fix it earlier. He's got a very important conference with the Steel Trust people this forenoon—be very glad to see you at two. Well, so you got here at last! Had a comfortable trip, I suppose? I see by the Albuquerque paper they've had some rain out your way."

As he spouted breathlessly on he pushed the derby hat to the back of his tall head, then tipped it over his brows. His bony hands were always in motion—fiddling with a massive watch-chain, plunging in and out of his trousers pockets, going to the armholes of his vest, pawing Gardner's shoulder. He talked incessantly, craning his lean neck forward and beaming through and round the big red mustache like a bony midsummer sun. In the midst of his conversation he jerked a gold watch from his pocket.

"Ten-thirty-two. We gotta beat it. I phoned Mr. Farson we'd be at the bank at a quarter to eleven. Want you to meet him personally. One of the finest gentlemen and ablest bankers in the United States! Old acquaintance of mine too. I go fishing with him. Better fix up the business at the bank this morning; then we'll be all ready for Mr. Gillette at two o'clock. You got my wire to bring currency? Don't think much of Arizona country banks here. If you'd brought a draft it might 'a' taken a week to get action on it. So long, Billy!"

Gardner, however, resisted the pull of Westmark's arm, linked in his own, long enough to say:

"I won't be gone very long, Billy. Don't go out of the room until I get back."

Once they were out of the elevator, Westmark caught his arm again and turned on the inexhaustible flood of conversation. Steering him down the thronged street he held his shoulder against Gardner's, bending his head—with the derby hat on the back of it—so as to make himself heard above the city's clamor.

"Great opportunity for you, old top! Wonderful opening! Biggest piece of luck in the world that I happened to run across you just when I did! Gillette & Thomas Company, you know—nothing better in the United States; nothing better in the world! They're A Number One everywhere. Half a dozen A's and X's in Dun's and Bradstreet's. But I don't need to tell you. You looked 'em up thoroughly yourself—on your own hook—just as I told you to do. That's the only safe rule in business, old man. Long's you stick to it you're on rock bottom. Don't forget that now. Don't ever take anybody's word for anything. Look it right up for yourself. That's the way!"

Gardner had indeed looked it right up for himself—and very carefully too, for the affair was overwhelmingly important to him; in fact, in his inner coat pocket at that

"My Papa Ain't in His Bed at All"

moment was a letter to the Bank of Los Indios from the great Cereal National Bank of Chicago—signed by George M. Farson, first vice-president—speaking in the highest terms of the Gillette & Thomas Company.

"You couldn't touch this stock, Sam, for two hundred dollars a share—much less par—if it wasn't, just as I told you, that we've simply got to have a man here who knows that country. Why, I can't be running out there every fifteen minutes and spending half my life two thousand miles from home! We simply gotta have a man right here who knows that country. So far's the ten thousand dollars of stock goes, that don't mean anything to us, except as a guaranty of good faith on your part. See? I wouldn't ask Frank Gillette to take my word about you. Never take anybody's word for anything—get right down to rock bottom. That's my motto. Well, here we are! Some bank, eh?"

He paused a moment, with an air of proprietary pride, while Gardner's awestruck, upturned glance climbed a vast façade of red granite and terra-cotta, barred by innumerable rows of windows, which blurred together in the upper reaches. There were six bronze-framed glass doors at the street level, and on each side of the monumental arched entrance was a modest brass tablet, with the sign: Cereal National Bank. The words made Gardner's heart beat faster, as though they marked the visible threshold of that vast, vague empire of capital and commerce of which he had remotely dreamed. Mr. Westmark's lank arm shot out to push open one of the bronze-framed doors and they entered a high, narrow marble hall, from which a broad flight of marble steps led to the bank.

"See here, Westmark!" Gardner halted stubbornly and pulled his impetuous guide a little to one side. "I don't want to disappoint your people, you know," he explained nervously as he held Westmark's arm and looked anxiously up into his sultry face. "I don't want to get you into a mess. Just as I told you, I haven't had much business experience. Do you honestly think I can do this work satisfactorily? Can I give the company its money's worth? I don't want to go in there and have 'em think I took an advantage of them. They could get somebody else."

Westmark, however, with his warmest smile, patted him paternally on the shoulder.

"My boy, you're just the man we've been looking for—just the man we've been looking for! Don't you worry on that score a minute! Now, we mustn't keep Mr. Farson waiting."

So, with some conscientious doubts that still fought with his desire, Gardner suffered himself to be led up the marble stairs. A great banking office lay before them. He had not imagined it would be a tenth part so big. Many people moved over the brown-and-white tiled floor. The unexpected height of the ceiling, the general spaciousness, the richness of marbles, brass and bronze, and the subdued bustle of business everywhere, quite abashed him. The two packets, one on each side of his chest, of which he was always conscious, seemed rather beggarly.

Westmark immediately dragged him to the left and thrust him down on a marble bench, saying: "Just sit there a minute while I see if Mr. Farson can talk to us now." Whereupon he strode farther to the left, pushed through a gate in a bronze railing—behind which Gardner surmised the quarters of the bank's officers must lie—and so disappeared.

Gardner had time to look once all round the room and to remove deferentially his tall-crowned straw hat, when a uniformed policeman glanced down at him. Then Westmark reappeared, coming through the gate with a tall, florid and portly gentleman, who was bareheaded and whose manner conveyed the impression that he was much pressed for time.

"Mr. Farson," said Westmark in an unusually subdued tone, "I want you to shake hands with my friend Mr. Gardner—Mr. Sam Gardner. Mr. Gardner is the gentleman I told you about, who is going to take that position with our company."

"Glad to know you, Mr. Gardner!" said the banker in a throaty voice as he extended a pudgy hand. "I congratulate you. You're getting into one of the best concerns in the country, and with a good crowd—all except this chap here," he added, smiling fatly at Westmark.

Westmark was properly convulsed at the great man's wit.

"Wait till the next time I catch you out fishing!" he warned. Turning to Gardner he explained: "I found Mr. Farson all tied up in an important conference; but I told him our business wouldn't take more'n a minute." And to Mr. Farson: "Mr. Gardner wants to make a little deposit with you."

"Well, that's what we're here for," said the banker, with his fat smile—and Gardner thought it quite condescending of him. "Sorry I can't ask you into my office—I've got some people in there. But I guess we can arrange it right here."

So saying, he led the way to one of the half dozen tall desks for customers that were in the banking room. He stood on one side of Gardner and Westmark stood on the other while the Westerner unbuttoned his vest and from each inner breast pocket drew a wallet. From each wallet he took a thin, neat bundle of hundred-dollar bills, which he pushed toward Mr. Farson.

"I could have counted these faster twenty years ago, when I was a paying teller," said the first vice-president good-naturedly. Nevertheless, he counted with reasonable rapidity and said to Gardner: "Even ten thousand."

"Yes, sir," said Gardner.

In the bank at Los Indios it had seemed an important sum. Here it seemed mere small change, and it did not surprise him at all that Mr. Farson carelessly dropped the two bundles into his coat pocket.

"I'll just give you a memorandum of it now," said Mr. Farson as he dipped a pen in ink and tore a deposit ticket from a pad on the desk. "Come in tomorrow and I'll have a passbook made out for you. Sorry I'm so pressed for time today," he added affably as he handed Gardner the deposit ticket. "I hope I'll see you often, Mr. Gardner, now that you're located in Chicago. I'd really like to have a good talk with you about Arizona. Drop in any time—any time; always be glad to see you."

They had been crossing the floor as he spoke. Mr. Farson now paused and extended a pudgy hand with a final: "Very glad to have met you!" He then walked on to the gate in the bronze railing, opened it, turned and gave a courteous little wave of his hand, together with a fat smile, and passed on among the officers' desks that stood behind the railing.

Leaving the bank, Mr. Westmark overflowed with praises of his friend Mr. Farson. When they were out on the flagging he caught Gardner's arm.

"Well, it's all settled now, old man; deal's as good as closed this minute! I propose you and I go in somewhere and have a little drink on it. I remember you don't take nothing but beer, and not much of that; but I guess we can find some good beer in this town."

"I must be getting back to Billy in a few minutes," Gardner observed in a spirit of precaution—remembering from their Arizona acquaintance that it was much easier to get Mr. Westmark into a barroom than to get him out.

"Sure! That's right!" Westmark assented heartily. "Say, it's my treat now, and I'll tell you what we'll do: We'll have a little drink and then we'll go back to the hotel for a bite of early lunch; then we'll take Billy for a little automobile ride up round Lincoln Park. We'll have plenty of time before two o'clock and it'll amuse the boy."

The automobile ride was duly enjoyed by both strangers from the West. They returned to the hotel at twenty minutes of two. Mr. Westmark excused himself for a moment—in order to visit the bar, Gardner surmised. Father and son went upstairs and had been in the room barely two minutes when the telephone rang.

It proved to be Mr. Gillette's private secretary, inquiring for Mr. Westmark. As that gentleman was not present, the secretary delivered the message to Mr. Gardner—to wit: Mr. Gillette regretted exceedingly that a sudden emergency at the factory made it impossible for him to keep the appointment he had made for Mr. Westmark and Mr. Gardner at two o'clock that afternoon. He must postpone it until ten o'clock next morning.

Gardner was hanging up the receiver when Mr. Westmark strode in, beaming and redolent of his errand downstairs. Hearing the message, he was considerably annoyed.

"That's just the trouble with Frank Gillette—that's just the trouble with him!" he declared. "He's trying to do three men's work. Only yesterday I says to him: 'Frank Gillette, sure's you're a foot high you'll wind up in a sanatorium!' But there's no stopping him. Well, so long as we can't do any business, I'll tell you what we will do. We'll just get that benzine wagon again and have a look at the South Side parks. Might as well enjoy ourselves; but I do hate to have a man make an appointment with me and then break it!"

And so, on the rushing tide of Mr. Westmark's speech, they were borne downstairs and into the automobile. Gardner, in fact, did not mind it at all. He enjoyed this new sensation of rolling smoothly and swiftly through the city streets and the parks where verdant spaces pleasurably filled his eye. Billy, most of the time, was delighted into dumbness.

They were gone over two hours, during which time Mr. Westmark thrice excused himself at a side door. When they returned to the hotel he insisted that Gardner must accompany him. He wanted to show him a little of the city afoot—wanted him to meet some friends of his; could not think of letting him stay in a stuffy hotel room until dinner time! Gardner himself wished to walk and to explore. The new environment excited his nerves. So he left Billy in the room again while he accompanied his friend and benefactor.

The things Westmark wished to show him turned out to be mostly barrooms; the friends he met were partly bartenders and partly gentlemen who seemed more or less of their ilk. The benefactor's voice rose to a higher pitch; he laughed more loudly and with less occasion; the color in his face deepened; the derby hat crept farther back on his tall head, and a phosphorescent glow appeared in his deep blue eyes.

Gardner himself drank nothing, except now and then a sip of beer. Yet these symptoms on his friend's part did not surprise him. Indeed, the knowledge—from their Arizona acquaintance—that Westmark frequently overindulged in liquor by no means prejudiced him. Nor did Westmark's evident familiarity with bartenders seem at all incompatible with his high standing and great importance in the business world. Out in Gardner's country a man's drinking was his own affair, like his taste in neckties.

An Ugly Black Face Peered Doubtfully Out at Him

"Sam, here's one of the most promising young bankers in the city of Chicago!" Westmark declared, glass in hand, his long legs far apart. "I want you to know him. Mr. Hinch, shake hands with Mr. Gardner."

Gardner shook hands with a young man of about his own height—whose left hand also held a glass—not doubting that he was making the acquaintance of a distinguished and rising financier.

Mr. Hinch had a peculiar concave face. A perpendicular line drawn from the lump in the middle of his forehead to the point of his protuberant chin would have taken in only the tip of his little round nose. His face and neck were one uniform pink from the roots of his wavy brown hair to his collar. The pale blue of his eyes looked as though it were painted on cream-colored marble, so little light and depth were in it. His mouth was wide, thin-lipped and curved, and as he shook hands with Gardner it expanded in a grin so broad and cold that Gardner was somehow reminded of a big-headed jocular snake.

For his part, Mr. Hinch noted the stranger's odd, unfashionable and unseasonable hat, like an old man's headgear; his brown hands that were board-hard from manual toil; his gray-checked coat and trousers, whose cut and fit proclaimed the country store; his short and somewhat wilted standing collar, and the little string tie of faded blue. He noted also the stranger's mild, candid and amiable air. Hence the grin. Mr. Hinch himself was dressed very smartly and carried a slim bamboo cane with a carved amber handpiece.

This encounter took place in a very gorgeous barroom, which was designed and furnished according to a bartender's notion of Egyptian splendor. A number of Mr. Westmark's friends were there—including Mr. Maloney, a stocky broad-faced Irishman of such solid appearance that it seemed one might have broken rocks on his head; and Peter, a slow-moving, subtle-eyed Italian. Mr. Westmark was now laughing without any cause whatever and his derby hat had twice fallen from the extreme back of his tall head to the floor. It was six o'clock and Gardner was looking for a fair opportunity to break away—without offense to his hospitable friends—and rejoin Billy. But an idea struck Westmark.

"I say, Kittie," he exclaimed, addressing Mr. Hinch, "anything doing up at Jake's now? I want Sam to see that place. Must be a game started by this time. Let's go have a look in."

The mention of a game interested Gardner. He fell in beside Mr. Hinch, whose random questions about Arizona—which seemed to have been inspired mainly by dime novels—he answered with becoming modesty. He did not know the streets; but they went down an alley, turned into another street and then went up a stairway. A door opened mysteriously and they entered a large, well-furnished gambling establishment. But one of the poker tables in the farther room was occupied. The faro table and roulette wheel in the room they entered were still idle. Only three or four men besides the poker players were present.

One of them stood in the middle of the front room between the faro table and the sideboard—a very large, handsome man, in his shirtsleeves. It was an expensive shirt, of the finest linen, with a delicately plaited bosom. The navy-blue trousers fitted glovelike over the man's swelling abdomen, and the creases in them ran true as plumblines down to his patent-leather shoes. There was a large opal stickpin in his flowing four-in-hand tie of blue silk, and on the third finger of his big, white, plump, perfectly manicured left hand sparkled a solitaire diamond, half again the size of a pea. A smooth columnar neck rose from his beautifully laundered turndown collar, supporting a massive head shaped like an egg with the small end up. His smooth white jowls were somewhat overladen with fat and there was no hair on the fore part of his head. Still, he was a handsome person.

"Jake, shake hands with my old friend, Sam Gardner, from Arizona," said Westmark loudly.

"Bloom is the rest of my name," said the big man in a good bass voice as, without moving his feet, he extended a plump white hand. His large, brilliant brown eyes took in the stranger's amiable bearded face, and Gardner somehow received an impression of cool, amused insolence.

"You have a fine place here, Mr. Bloom," said Gardner amiably.

"We try to get the money. Come up often!" Bloom replied calmly; and at once added over his shoulder: "Try some of that Scotch, Joe—it'll knock you out faster." For Mr. Westmark was already handling the bottles on the sideboard.

"I guess I'll have to be going," Gardner explained apologetically under his breath to Mr. Bloom and Mr. Kittie Hinch, who stood by. "You see, I've got my son with me—a little chap—and he'll be expecting me."

"Sure!" Mr. Bloom assented impassively—and from his large, expressive brown eyes Gardner received again the impression of cool, amused insolence.

Kittie Hinch stepped toward the door with him.

"You tell Mr. Westmark I had to go," Gardner requested. "Tell him I'll be waiting for him at a quarter to ten tomorrow."

"Oh, I'll tell 'im," Mr. Hinch assured, with a broad and serpentine grin.

"Jake, Shake Hands With My Old Friend, Sam Gardner"

"Thank you," said Gardner. "Well, so long!" And to Mr. Hinch's evident surprise he extended his hand, smiling very amiably. Mr. Hinch seized the hand, grinning even more broadly, and repeated: "So long!"

Gardner hurried back to the hotel. Opening the door of his room he saw against the window a small head and a pair of shoulders. He was then very glad he had not left Billy alone any longer.

One point gave him some little concern—namely, whether Mr. Westmark might not possibly overindulge to such an extent that the appointment with Mr. Gillette at ten o'clock the next morning would have to be postponed.

His concern on this score increased next morning as he sat in the green plush armchair, whistling bars from La Paloma under his breath and noiselessly drumming with his fingers on the upholstery. It was already ten minutes to ten. It became ten—a quarter after—half past. No knock sounded on the door. The telephone was painfully silent. And by that time Gardner's concern was more on account of Mr. Gillette than on his own. He felt himself to be a helpless accomplice in an outrage upon the manufacturer whose time was so valuable. Common courtesy, it seemed, required that he make such reparation as he could.

Looking up the number of the Gillette & Thomas Company in the telephone directory, he asked to be connected with Mr. Gillette's secretary. Some explanations and delay were necessary before that could be accomplished. When the connection was made it was a man's voice that answered, instead of a woman's as on the day before.

The voice immediately became ill-natured. Its possessor had no knowledge of any such persons as Mr. Joseph Westmark and Mr. Samuel Gardner—was certain that no such person as Mr. Joseph Westmark was known about the office of the Gillette & Thomas Company. Moreover, Mr. Gillette could not possibly have made an appointment for ten o'clock that morning with the persons named, or any other persons, because Mr. Gillette had been in New York the last three days.

Gardner thanked the voice courteously, hung up the receiver and went over and sat down in the green plush armchair. The situation seemed to require reflection, but he was unable to reflect satisfactorily. All his brains would do for him was to turn round and round like a dish of batter slowly stirred with a large spoon. The wilderness of roofs beyond the window kept receding and advancing in a ridiculous manner as though some one held field-glasses before his eyes and constantly changed the focus. His heart had got into the base of his throat, where it hurt him considerably.

At length he observed gravely:

"I guess I'll have to go over to the bank a few minutes, Billy. I've got a little business to attend to. You stay right here, son, until I get back." Wherewith he took up his odd, unfashionable straw hat and went out.

As he passed down the street—being considerably buffeted on the way because of his abstraction—the hat that looked like an old man's headgear seemed, so to speak, to become him better. His head hung down, his shoulders drooped, and he shuffled along quite as though an old man's headgear were appropriate to him. Toiling up the marble steps of the bank, he remembered the letter in his pocket and used it to gain admittance to Mr. Farson.

He had to wait a long time, and when he was finally admitted to the small, plainly furnished private office of the first vice-president the letter—which he had given to the youth outside by way of a credential—lay on the rosewood table. He hardly noticed that, however. What he did notice was that Mr. Farson was a little, wiry man, with a grizzled and pointed beard—as unlike as possible the portly, florid, fatly smiling gentleman who had taken his ten thousand dollars the day before. He produced the deposit ticket and told his story simply, candidly and apologetically.

Mr. Farson, staring incredulously at him through thick eyeglasses, smote the table with a small right hand and exclaimed:

"You don't mean it! You don't mean it! Holy smoke! Well, I'll be d—d!"—and immediately pushed two electric buttons on his table.

Various persons came, answered questions, retired and brought other persons. In a few minutes the following circumstances were disclosed:

At about twenty minutes to eleven the day before a tall, portly and florid gentleman, very well dressed, walked into the officers' quarters and introduced himself to Mr. Mudge, manager of the credit department, whose desk stood scarcely fifteen feet from the door of Mr. Farson's office. He told Mr. Mudge that he was treasurer of the Purling Brook Distillery of Hannibal, Missouri, and that he was investigating the affairs of Mr. Isidore Rosenblatt, formerly in the liquor trade on Lake Street. His bank—the First National of Hannibal—had told him that Mr. Mudge could probably assist him. While Mr. Mudge was collecting such information as the credit department possessed concerning Mr. Rosenblatt, a stranger—whom Mr. Mudge remembered as being a lean man with a bushy red mustache—came in hurriedly, put his hand familiarly on the florid gentleman's shoulder and stooped to say something in his ear.

"Oh, yes—certainly!" the florid gentleman had said, rising. "Please excuse me for just a minute, Mr. Mudge."

He had then walked away briskly with him of the red mustache, leaving his hat on Mr. Mudge's desk. A little time elapsed. Mr. Mudge, being busy with other affairs, could not say whether it had been two minutes or five.

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THE INGÉNUE

By Frederick Irving Anderson

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

Broadway at Dusk, With the Lights Still Young—Broadway Afoot—Beckoned Them

HEINEMANN, on this November afternoon, had dropped what he had in hand to meet Felix Wade after the matinée and walk home with him to talk over a new comedy. There was nothing particularly new about this new comedy. It was a polite comedy. It was the same polite comedy, in fact, in which Wade had been starring now for more than a generation. Of course this new comedy was to have a new name and a new setting. It was the setting, probably, that Heinemann wished to talk about, and possibly the ingénue rôle, which promised to be fatter than usual.

Watkins, and Amos Holt and Mrs. Burnell, and a dozen other greater and lesser lights of the art of dramatic dialogue, prided themselves on having written, during some fortunate season, a polite comedy for Felix Wade. They had written comedies for him; but by the time Wade himself, with old Heinemann sitting back in the dark and looking on, giving suggestions in grunts now and then, put the thing through rehearsal, there was little of the original masterpiece that survived except the author's name on the program. Nevertheless, year by year the friends of the authors fortunate enough to get their names on that magic program gathered in legions on the opening night to cry vigorously "Author!" at the end of the second act; and the author inevitably appeared before the curtain to take his call and make appropriate though usually inarticulate acknowledgment. And dramatic critics, leaving precipitately at the end of the third act—there were always four—went downtown and looked over their scrapbooks to see what they had said about Felix Wade the year before, and ten years before, and then said the same thing over again.

That was by far the safest way. There was never anything new to say about Felix Wade. He never did anything unexpected. He walked across the stage as though it were a drawing room; he never put his hands in his trousers pockets when he read his lines; and he never sat on a table.

It was rather a small box of tricks—true; but it sufficed him, enabled him to keep moving continually, never to stand still, to roll each night a predestined course like a pea in a groove. It enabled him, too, to announce in electric lights in front of the National Theater that he had come, and just how long he would stay. When an actor can announce in electric lights how long he will stay he has achieved the impossible!

Old Heinemann, as the reigning theatrical manager, had many jewels in his crown, but none of whom he was more sure than Felix Wade. He was a fixed and unassailable asset, the beau ideal of a definite public. He remained a perennial hero, absolutely undated. Not a hair in his head was permitted to suggest that for twenty years he had been serving up in varying editions the engaging lover, the misunderstood husband, the gallant bachelor, all of whom inevitably converged to a well-deserved happiness. Age had no part in the affair. To his public he had no private personality. There were few men or women who could boast that Felix Wade had been their dinner guest. He had gracefully eluded all snares to exhibit him as a lion. When he showed himself for a few moments at a charity bazaar, with a train of adulation in his wake; when he was seen on Broadway—he was always the actor. He might have been living one of his own characters. Only Heinemann and his old dresser, Adam Werner, knew that off the stage Wade was a recluse; that his life was that of an ascetic, well slept, carefully fed, in habit as regular as a machine.

The wise old Heinemann year by year put together for this perfect lover a company of potential stars, each striving with consuming jealousy to wrest the laurels from the man who held the center of the stage. That was art in the theater. Woe to the woman who exhibited tender partiality for this star. Her doom was immediate.

Heinemann, with the new manuscript in his pocket, entered at that precise moment when the matinée audience was delving for its last handkerchief; when Felix Wade was projecting with carefully modulated accents that inevitable classic of triumphant love which rewarded all who sat through his four acts and the intermissions.

The manager settled himself in a chair in the star's dressing room to wait. The dressing room at the National is a veritable museum, its treasures assembled piously over a course of years—dating from the days of the old Lyceum—by the precious few celebrities worthy to announce limited engagements in the electric lights of this theater of theaters. Outside evening was falling, that magic half-hour at dusk when the wonderful street seems to sink step by step, enfolded in the cloud of night, into the cavern of its own lurid brightness. At first here and there a few lights, awake too soon, showed pale and sickly in the purple of evening. Then gradually in clusters of twos, threes, hundreds, other lights opened their eyes. Shop windows became necklaces; cornices were festoons; the pavements took on a luminous hue; and the very asphalt, shiny with the constant buffing of its ceaseless procession of rubber-shod wheels, began to dance and glisten like the surface of a pool.

It was the custom of the National Theater to wait a dignified length of time before it announced itself to the night. Then with studied deliberation the tangle of iron framework that laced the two buttresses of its façade together during the day slowly resolved itself into a gigantic circle of many tiny points of fire, which straightway began to revolve in stately measure. In the center of this circle the name Felix Wade appeared; below it, with no hint of their insinuating presumption, the words "Twelve Weeks." Felix Wade had been here five weeks now; the house was sold out to the last night of the twelfth.

Heinemann was exchanging yawning reminiscences with old Adam Werner, Wade's dresser, who before the days of electric lights had been a fixed star in his own constellation, when the rasping sound of the falling curtain told them that the final moment was at hand. On the instant, as the folds of velvet fell together, separating the real from the unreal, the orchestra in the pit began its blare. Inside sappers and miners attacked their task of undressing the stage, to the accompaniment of sharp orders, creaking ropes and complaining wheels.

Through an open window giving on the side street floated the angry detonations and acrid fumes of a double line of motors, anchored in the shadowy passes, coming to life.

Felix Wade, coming off, stopped for a moment at the wings to speak with the wardrobe woman about her little boy who was ill. In his dressing room, with scarcely a nod at the great Heinemann, he sat astraddle a light chair and gave himself into the hands of Adam, whose practiced fingers seemed fairly to peel off the grease paint. In a few minutes he was in his greatcoat. He turned up the collar about his ears, for though a brave man he was not brave enough to show himself among his own matinée audience at a moment when they were still under the thrall of his magic. Through the fur he gave orders that the motor should follow at the curb, lest the going prove too hard underfoot; and arm in arm, with scarcely a spoken word between them—for they were old friends, each necessary to the other—he and Heinemann started off. Old Adam followed along behind. He was the satellite of this star, moving in an inexorable orbit fixed by devotion.

So quickly had they emerged that the house was at the full tide of emptying itself when the little group turned into Broadway and faced north. A bank of pedestrians had formed itself on the edge of the sea surging through the portals of the theater; and the god from the machine and his waddling, puffing manager wormed their way through until they found themselves stopped by the cross current. It was folly to breast the crowd for the moment and they waited. The sight was well worth seeing at close range—a matinée house from the National, with its thoughts still held captive by the finale of the play within, as it faced the shock of the cold white light of the winter evening.

Some of the girls were still crying happily. For the most part they were in groups, hugging each other tight with the emotional impulse born of exquisite moments shared. There was a constant eddy of pouting faces about the closed window of the box office, which was ornamented with the S. R. O. sign. At the curb a seedy individual blue with cold, his buttonless greatcoat and dirty undercoat open to the chill wind, was decoying the disappointed by the flash of a magic talisman he held in his hand; all the while he kept a sharp lookout against discovery; since he was engaged in the thriving business of selling personal property—aisle seats for Felix Wade's matinées—at immoral prices, in defiance of municipal ordinance. This matinée house is something stars have lived and died to attain. For Felix Wade, with his reiterated message, it came back again and again, drinking in all the inflections of his voice, with the cumulative ecstasy of repetition, precognition, as though, instead of the elegant obvious lover, he was some intricate sonata from whose depths fresh beauties were constantly coming to the surface.

Heinemann was stamping his feet, rubbing his warty nose, impatient to be on. Wade was pleased to tarry. It was a treat he tasted more and more often these later days. He might have been something of the cad on the stage, but never off. He had always been able to stand aside and regard his art as a thing apart from himself; but the actor was too clever to refuse this wine of adulation, the only draught still potent to his wearied senses after all these years of doing the same thing, night after night, season after season. Wade loved youth. Here was fortunate, gorgeous youth, fine drawn on thoroughbred lines—such youth as one sees emerging from the gates of Piping Rock, or at the Yale-Harvard game, or in the tea room at the Ritz. It was not very real, not very human possibly, moving as it did in a narrow groove of sunlight and shadow; but it was the class he portrayed, of which he was one, at least in make-believe.

Six girls, linked arm-in-arm, paused for a moment in front of the insolent sign at the window, then swept on. They were of the same height to a feather. Their flat-lying furs, clasping closely their perfect throats, thrust their chins into the air with the look of hussars. They swung along with the free carriage of out-of-doors; their eyes were still pensive with the momentum of the scene they had just quitted. They were school-girls, private-school girls. In another hour or two they would be seated in state at dinner, in gorgeous gowns, in studied attitudes, discussing—while the sharp eye at the head of the table kept tab on their manners—the most weighty subjects of the world and nation with the freedom and assurance of a cabinet council. An opera bus was in waiting for them at the curb, and at the open door stood a diminutive flunky in livery, fairly buried under the cloud of furs he carried. At sight of it they wheeled like a platoon of soldiers, protesting in musical tones that they would not be crowded in its stuffy confines when Broadway, Broadway at dusk, with the lights still young—Broadway afoot—beckoned them. A *grande dame*, prim for all her gaudy feathers, who followed behind with several others, helplessly signed to the driver, and the platoon swung off again. They had gone but a few steps when one of them espied the shabby little man with the buttonless overcoat. He hypnotized her with a wag of his palm. In a moment she had bought four tickets marked aisle K.

The victor signaled mutely to her companions, held the precious tickets aloft triumphantly. She had a white skin, and the wavy strands of her hair were yellow—with just that dash of red which made them pure spun gold. Adam Werner noted that the eyes were brown, and that the eyebrows might have been laid on with the brush of a Japanese artist. At this precise instant her gaze became transfixed. The dark eyes of Felix Wade, staring through the covert of his high furs, had caught her look and held it. There was no doubt she recognized him, even though it was only his eyes she saw. Desperately the star seized Heinemann by a sleeve and dragged him back into oblivion.

They skirted the crowd and found the way clear for a few blocks. Then a second matinée throng sent them into the street again among the honking motors. Old Adam, keeping the familiar outlines of his master in view, trudged along not ten paces behind. Heinemann was talking, occasionally stopping under a bright light to point out something in the manuscript he held in his hand. Dozens, scores, in the passing crowd turned and looked curiously at the warty old manager, who with a wink or nod could make a man.

Old Adam heard the hastening tap-tap of steps behind him, the quick-drawn breath of some one at his very elbow. He gave no heed. A hand touched his arm. He would have turned to see who was so presumptuous had not his ears caught a formula all too familiar.

"You can help me—I must see him just for a moment. Oh, you don't know what it means to me!"

"You don't know what it means to me!" How often had those cryptic words fallen on the old man's ears. He could picture the person who was accosting him, begging him to stay a moment, to help her in some mysterious matter, the weightiness of which he could not fathom. It was no new experience for the bent, wrinkled little old man who was dresser to the most finished of polite actors. Women offered him bribes of all kinds—money when they had it—other things even more precious when they did not have it. Usually they did not have it. Usually they haunted the stage door, dismal, hopeless sprites who thought he, a dresser, could in some untold manner contrive to get them the moment they craved with Felix Wade, that single moment which meant so much!

This creature had now fallen in step with him. She was not crying. Old Adam, digging deep into his fur collar, was pleased to note that at least. For a block they strode along together—he could help her—he must help her—he had no idea ——

The sidewalk traffic came to a halt at the sound of a policeman's whistle. Heinemann was still talking, gesticulating with the manuscript, now torn in several places. Adam had not looked up yet, nor by a single sign given evidence that he was aware of the anguish at his elbow. But he knew what was coming, and he was prepared for it. It had happened again and again in his experience. The broad shoulders of the star were not ten feet forward in the crowd. He felt her start. He reached out and caught her roughly by the wrist and drew her back.

"No! No!" he cried angrily. She was struggling to free herself.

"Oh, you don't know what it means to me!" she was crying.

Adam Werner turned on her savagely:

"Do you think he is a call-boy, to be waylaid by every actress out of a job!"

He stopped suddenly. It was the girl with the wonderful golden hair and the Japanese eyebrows whom he had noticed buying tickets from that rascally scalper. He rubbed a hand over his eyes and stared again, still holding her tightly by the wrist. She began to be frightened. She tried to free herself, but he kept his hold. The crowd started forward and he carried her with him. When they had passed the intersecting street he turned to the girl and said:

"What is it you want? I don't believe I can do anything for you."

She began feverishly. She had rehearsed this speech again and again for the moment when she should have one word of encouragement. She knew she had it in her; she was born with it. As a child she had always played at make-believe; as a girl her whole life had been secretly planned for what she considered her career. If it were a question of money ——. She slyly opened a mesh bag and flashed the sight of much gold on the gaze of the disturbed old man. He had been watching her narrowly as she talked.

"Walk just a little ahead of me, like that. Draw down your veil so he will not see you if he turns. Now, tell me, when were you born?"

"Eighteen years ago in March."

"Where?"

"At Giverney—in Normandy."

"Come to the stage door Wednesday at two-forty-three exact. I shall be waiting for you. Go now!"

"You Shall Not Go Until You Have Heard What I Have to Say! You Must Listen!"

When Felix Wade turned to signal their trailing motor at the Longacre triangle the girl had gone, whither Adam knew not, for he did not turn his head. They dropped Heinemann at the Plaza and a few minutes later they were at their own lodgings. In the ride Adam had not spoken. As he took Wade's hat and coat at the door he said quietly:

"I have just seen your daughter."

The effect on Wade was electric.

"My daughter?" he cried, aghast. Then incredulously: "Persis?"

"Persis—yes, who else?"

"You are mad! She is not within three thousand miles of this spot," declared the actor vehemently.

"Nevertheless," said the old man, "I have just seen her—I have just been talking with her. She is to see you on Wednesday after the first act."

Wade was the most gentle person in the world. Yet now he seized the fragile old man roughly and pushed him ahead of him into his drawing room.

"Now repeat what you have just said, word for word," he commanded. The old man did as he was bid. The star weighed each word as it fell. There was no doubting that the old man was fully sensible of what he said, that he was talking in the present, of the present.

"Did she—did she—know me?" asked the father fearfully.

"Know you?" repeated Adam. "As Felix Wade—yes. As her father—how could she? Did the father know his own child? No! You were staring at her, man! The girl with the golden hair and the brown eyes in front of the theater."

For a moment Wade gazed at him, panic-stricken; the next he burst into a laugh.

"Ha-ha, Adam! Adam! Your poor old eyes. What a shock you gave me!"

"Listen to me," said the dresser, laying a hand on his arm: "Your daughter, Persis—she accosted me in Broadway this evening, as scores of other young women have done—said I didn't know what it meant to her, as they all say. She begged me to arrange a moment with you. She said it had always been in her—the feeling—the knowledge that she was of the stage. She said she would sacrifice anything, everything—she would work her fingers to the bone—she would be satisfied with any rôle you might give her—all the usual arguments—if she could only be near you to watch you work, to study your methods! It was your daughter Persis who said that to me. I know, Wade," continued the old dresser. "I know because I knew her mother before you knew her. Wait! She would have said it to you—made a devil of a scene in the street if I had not held her back. It was the voice that told me—Elsa's voice over again. Then I asked her where she was born. She said Giverney! I asked her when. She said eighteen years ago in March! Now what do you say to that?"

The old man was magnificent. The young man, the man who had been young for twenty years beyond youth, at what cost no one knew but himself, fell into a chair, stared at the blank wall ahead of him.

"In the blood!" cried Adam. "Of course it is in the blood! Wade, I have told you again and again you could not kill it, that it was worse than folly to try. Yet you have tempted the devil. You have brought her up in luxury, motherless, fatherless, kept her in ignorance of the fact that every breath of her body must respond to her traditions, and her traditions are of the stage, Wade! Your father, your grandfather, the heritage of generations—it's instinct. You have had her reared as a pampered orphan, with no end of strings to her purse, no restraint but her simple-minded old guardian. And what is the result?" cried the old man, rising on tiptoe and shaking his fist in the air, all the actor of other days. "She accosts me in the street, and offers me money for an interview with Felix Wade, the matinée idol."

Wade's head had sunk upon his breast. The aged dresser in pathetic reaction had relapsed into his bent shape again. With one searching look at his master he stole from the room. When he returned half an hour later Wade was still staring at the wall.

"Dinner is served, sir," said Adam softly, dropping a privileged hand on the actor's shoulder.

"She comes Wednesday—Wednesday?" asked Wade, rising wearily.

"Yes, after the first act."

"She must never know," he said, as though in answer to an inner voice.

Through the untasted meal Wade sat dreaming of his life's one idyl. Not even Heinemann, who was closest in his intimacy, suspected that this star, past master in depicting the attenuated emotions of drawing-room existence, concealed beneath his suave exterior a background of fire.

Felix Wade was one of those rare isolated creatures whose life knows no second inspiration of love. It had happened years ago. He had married as far away from his world of the stage as might be, instinctively guarding his happiness from those about him. In the first flush of his early successes, when the public seemed to hold him hard and fast, he had pictured that far-off day when, with the world of make-believe behind him, he might seek his hearth. And it had all ended in tragedy! The same poignant bitterness invaded him now as in his first hour of sorrow. The woman who was to share this home, who was busy preparing this sheltered happiness, had died in loneliness.

The child of their brief union had from infancy been surrounded by every safeguard that Wade's means and talents could devise. Just as he himself intuitively shrank from the intimate side of the theater, as he saw it, Felix Wade's pride and taste demanded that this daughter should be permitted no contact in deed or thought with the alluring externals of the stage.

He was the occasional man who, having attained the heights, conserves an intense prejudice against the tawdry details of his profession. To achieve his object the actor had denied himself to his daughter, brought her up in ignorance of her father, in the narrow unworldly circle of her gently bred mother. And this was the end. She had come straight to him, to him, the reigning theatrical idol, drawn by forces as inexorable as those that plunge the vagrant comet in the sun. Wade shivered slightly as he got into his coat to start for the theater. He was to pay the price of his temerity!

II

IT WAS raining when the hour came. Old Adam made as if not to see her when, picking up her skirts, she sprang across the intervening flagging from the door of a hired cab. He appeared not to know her, to have forgotten her in fact, stared carelessly at her, merely as a woman with wonderful hair. She was frightened now that the hour was at hand that promised the fulfillment of her hopes. All she knew was that she, an unknown girl consumed with a devouring ambition, was about to have an interview with the one man in all the world of the stage who came nearest her artistic ideal. And the little grizzled old man, who inexplainably had consented to connive with her, was standing in front of her, staring as if wondering where he had seen her before.

"Oh, you don't know what it means to me!" she was saying, her voice choked with tears. Seeing that the dresser still hesitated, the fear came to her that he had recanted; that this opportunity, snatched from him when all seemed lost in that strange scene on the street, was passing. "I am willing to pay, you know," she said stoutly, glancing about to see that they were not overheard. "It is not a question of money. I have money—see!" And she thrust her opened bag in front of his nose.

He looked from her to the bag and back again.

"This thing isn't to be had every day, my fine lady," Adam said harshly. His fingers slid into the purse, emptied it, transferred the crackling contents to his pocket. "Come," he said, and started through the narrow corridor of the stage entrance. At the first door she put out a hand and stopped him. She leaned against the lintel to steady herself.

"You don't—know ——" she was saying, hardly believing even yet that the precious boon had been bought and paid for. Adam raised himself up on tiptoe till he brought his face close to hers.

"He may storm and rage," he whispered. "Play on your voice and your hair. Let him see your hair. Your hair ought to be worth a part any day."

"Oh, what shall I do?" she said desperately, her heart failing her at this supreme moment.

"You rage and storm too. Don't cry. For God's sake, woman, don't cry! Tell him old Adam sent you in—wanted him to see your coloring. I've done it before," said the old man. "Not often—once or twice only," he added quickly. "Now come! And don't cry, woman! What's your name?"

She had determined what her name was to be a long time ago.

"Sibyl Fleming," she said.

"That's good," said the old man, repeating it and inclining his ear as though to test it. "But I am an old man—tell me, what were you christened? No, child, don't be frightened—not the surname, just the given name."

"Persis," she said; and with this he started her forward suddenly. It was just as she had pictured it, this coming on Felix Wade's stage drawing room from behind—this jumble of scenery butts, ropes and rigging, with brick and mortar all about. The scene was still going on. Through the wings as she fled past, holding tightly to her guide, she caught a glimpse of her hero against the glare of the footlights. She even caught a line or two in his familiar cadence. In another instant she was in the dressing room, the most famous dressing room in existence, a sacred spot she had seen described a score of times.

Never in her wildest dreams had the girl pictured herself here—as she was now, listening to the creepy rustle of the descending curtain, to footfalls that grew louder and louder on her ears, ears in which the blood was pounding with trip-hammer blows. Again her courage oozed away. If those footfalls were not so near, coming nearer, she would flee even now through the door that stood ajar. But she conquered this desire—she tried to still her laboring breath.

"I must let him hear my voice—rave and storm," she repeated to herself like a lesson. "I must let him see my hair. Oh, if I had only known it was my hair," as she caught sight of herself in a mirror. Her hands involuntarily sought her hat, but she resisted the impulse. It brought to her mind Mrs. Saffarans, the *grande dame* in whose care she had been put for "finishing," and whom she had eluded this afternoon with the expenditure of how much whiteness of soul she alone knew.. Now in her delirium of fright Persis thought not what Mrs. Saffarans would say to know she had visited an actor in his dressing room—but what Mrs. Saffarans would say if she knew she was about to take off her hat in the presence of a strange gentleman. That after all would be the unpardonable crime—not vice, but vulgarity. Some day she would be free from the tyranny of such petty proprieties.

Outside old Adam found the wardrobe woman.

"Here is something for the little boy that is sick," he said. "Money!" and he held up his hands in mock ecstasy.

"Would You Give Up What You Have Achieved If You Could Win Back What You Have Sacrificed?"

"I found it in the street as I came in. The loss will be small to one who carried so much. No, don't count it now; it is for the boy."

As he turned away he saw Felix Wade eyeing him. There was something in his master's face Adam had never seen there before—indecision. He went quickly to his side.

"She is here," he whispered, nodding toward the dressing room. "Did you see what I gave Mrs. Snow just now? Money, yes. I took it from her. All she had. She thought she bribed me. Anson"—he laid a hand on the star's arm with the same involuntary impulse as had brought Felix Wade's old name to his lips—"Anson, dissimulate! You are to rave and storm! You have never had harder lines to read, Anson. Be careful, oh, be so careful. She mustn't know—you realize that. You mustn't let her know—eh?"

They entered the inner dressing room, separated from the other by a short corridor. The main room was for show. Old Adam knelt. In the play a lapse of two months transpired, and the dresser with quick fingers bridged this gulf by the simple expedient of fitting the star with a new set of silk hose and another coat. Wade started toward the outer room. Adam drew him back. Once again they were equals, actor to actor, man to man.

"Anson."

"Yes, Adam."

"I have been through it all—you know that. A long time ago I was—well, I was Adam Werner." The old man straightened up, his eyes glowing with the pride of the past and gone. "Now I am your dresser. I have seen it all, from the inside and out. Heinemann is right; this much is absolute—affection and the highest form of art cannot exist side by side on the stage together. Every moment is a struggle for supremacy, man against man, man against woman, each striving to take the scene away from the other. It is the supreme incentive! It is a bitter thing to think of, but it is true. You know that."

Wade did not answer.

"Inside there," said Adam, pointing through the curtains, "are two women. One of them is your daughter Persis, in whom you thought to kill instinct by keeping her in ignorance of her parentage. The other is an actress, a born actress answering the call of the blood, so greedy for a chance that she has thrown propriety to the winds and invaded the dressing room of Felix Wade. You must choose between them. You can have one, a daughter or an actress, but you cannot have both. Forgive me for saying so much, but it is true, Anson."

As Wade entered the girl rose in sudden confusion, plucking at her fur coat with her gloved hands. She tried to face him resolutely. Little could she divine that beneath that precise exterior his heart was beating tumultuously, that he was devouring her line by line—more, that he was acting as he had never acted in his life before.

He affected surprise at encountering a stranger in this room, but after all it was a semi-public room—privileged ones were apt to come and go here because of its very traditions. He inclined slightly, as a well-bred man of the world would acknowledge the presence of a woman of his class. He passed on to the fire. A sheaf of the afternoon mail on the mantelshelf awaited his attention. For the first time in his life he began to realize that he was getting old; his knees did not seem quite so sure as they should be. That swift moment of scrutiny in passing had impressed her image indelibly on his mind. The moment for him was even more cruel than he could have imagined, for the image gave back no familiar line to link his thoughts to the past. He sought the face again furtively in the mirror. There was no trace of his own features, nothing of her mother. She was confused, frightened, of course, as who would not be on such an adventure? Still, if there were only one little line, the tilt of the head, the curve of the lip, or that soft, warm gaze of the eyes to bring her mother back to him! But why should she resemble them? Wade asked himself. That curious alchemy of shared thoughts and affections that makes so much for likeness had been denied her.

With unseeing eyes he was flipping the scented billets into the fire one by one. There was no need to read them, hardly to break the seals—it was the daily harvest of homage. He was thinking not of them, but of this girl whose quick breathing he could hear—this daughter of his who had accosted his dresser, bribed her way into his presence, as a hundred other stage-struck girls might have done.

The last note was tinted blue. Wade sniffed mechanically at its elusive perfume as he picked it up and tossed it into the fire with the others. The girl gasped, cried out, sprang forward with a quick movement and snatched the envelope from the very tongues of the greedy flame. She twisted it into a rope in her hands. This was to have paved the way for her with the star. And he had thrown it into the fire without a second glance.

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THINKING IN NINE FIGURES

By ALBERT W. ATWOOD

The President Was Asked if Any Merit Inhered to Such Bigness Aside From its Obvious Advertising Value

SO STUPENDOUS is the sum of $216,000,000," wrote a newspaper commentator sixteen years ago, "that the human mind almost fails to grasp its significance." But the life-insurance company to which he referred began the present year with assets of $800,000,000 without exciting any comment whatever.

It was only a few years ago that such a phrase as the "hundred-million-dollar era" was invented. The words could not have been used sooner because the boldest of financial imaginations had never gone so far. But to-day the overnight formation of $100,000,000 gold pools and the creation of $600,000,000 bond issues pass almost unnoticed. We have come into the empires of finance, leaving the tiny principalities far behind.

A young man whose pioneer father had made a fortune in one of the most hustling of our Western cities inherited $5,000,000 a few years ago. It was invested in valuable real-estate mortgages and high-class securities. The young man decided to enter the big financial game. Upon New York he marched with $996,000 in certified checks and readily negotiable securities. He was met at the Waldorf by a friend, then a newspaper reporter, who possessed an acquaintance with the managing partner of one of the great international banking houses.

The budding financier and the young reporter sat all one evening at the Waldorf and counted the money. It came out right—$996,000 and a few cents over. Early the next morning the reporter went to his banker acquaintance to explain the circumstances, and with the comfortable feeling of doing the great firm a favor said the young man had $996,000 to deposit, with more to follow, and was waiting uptown for word to come down and meet his future bankers, perhaps his future partners.

"I am sorry," said the banker, "but we cannot accept your friend's money. We are not taking any small accounts now. Don't misunderstand me, please; I do not wish to hurt your friend's feelings. We are closing out all our personal accounts, except those of a few old clients. We are now doing business only for corporations and governments.

"Does your friend understand the game down here?" the banker went on as he smilingly watched the nonplused and disconcerted reporter; and without waiting for a reply or perhaps knowing what it would be added: "Do something for me, will you? Take the boy a message from me, a personal message. Tell him to pack up his million dollars and go back West as fast as he can. And if he won't take your word for it"— and here the banker's tone took on that sweet but incisive finality before which railroad presidents tremble—"send him to me and I will show him why he should go back."

Five Men Who Thought in Empires

BUT the young millionaire, who has probably never recovered from his stunned surprise, needed no further bidding to go swiftly and silently home. The man who told me the story, no other than the selfsame reporter of a few years ago, is now associated with an even more powerful banking house than the one which turned down a million dollars, and he grinned in a pleased and satisfied manner as he related the incident, with never a word of explanation why such things should be, but evidently content that the world of high finance is as it is.

In New York there is a trust company, one of those overnight growths, the outcome of a dozen swiftly conceived mergers, looming prodigious among ordinary banks like the skillfully articulated skeleton of a prehistoric monster among the bones of prairie dogs and chickens. The president, a small, keen, quick-worded little man, was recently asked if any merit inhered to such bigness, aside from its obvious advertising value.

"Of course it does," shot back the president in his usually emphatic manner. "A big railroad system, one of the most important in the country, needed $5,000,000 this morning. They came to us, and after a word or two we loaned them $5,000,000 right out of hand. If we hadn't been big, very big, we couldn't have done that as the result of a few minutes' talk. And to look at our statement you would hardly know we had been loaning any more money than usual."

I asked a shrewd capitalist, a director in many corporations and the personal representative of one of the country's best-known multimillionaires, how it is possible to do things in such a big way, with the big figures that are now so common.

"We do not do enough big things," he declared; "that is the real trouble. What we need is imagination. Only a few men ever had it in the business world. How many men have ever thought in empires? My opinion is there have been only five—Cecil Rhodes; Albert Ballin, whose Hamburg-American ships reached every corner of the globe until this war came and who has recently been put in supreme charge of Germany's railroad system; Morgan; Harriman; and Cassatt."

And then he painted in graphic words the story of Alexander J. Cassatt and his vision. "Look at Cassatt's annual reports. There you will find the story of how back in the late nineties, when he first became president of the Pennsylvania Railroad, he talked as mild as could be. Then suddenly he startled the world by announcing that he had bought the Baltimore and Ohio, the Norfolk and Western, and Chesapeake and Ohio Railroads, all for no purpose except to make freight rates stable. By that action he made it possible for the open public freight rate to stalk abroad unarmed anywhere. Then came this entrance into New York"— we were walking along Thirty-second Street and the massive façade of the Pennsylvania Terminal loomed up before us—"and you could see from the annual reports how the capital of the company was mounting up, a hundred millions or more just for this terminal improvement alone.

"Do you realize that in the ten years of Cassatt's presidency the railroad spent half a billion dollars? It could have built a sea-level canal at Panama for less. From Chicago to the Pacific Coast it could have built three transcontinental railroads for less. Why was it? Because one man had imagination enough to think in empires."

Morgan, Harriman and Cassatt are dead, but they are the men who began to break American finance into the habit of thinking in nine figures at one time. Back in May, 1901, through the inevitable movement of railroad aggregation, the railroad monopoly of the Northwest built up by James J. Hill with the assistance of J. P. Morgan came into violent collision with the railroad monopoly of the Southwest built up by Edward H. Harriman. Hill had bought up the Burlington Road and Harriman had asked and been refused an interest in the property. Without the slightest hesitation Harriman started in to do a new thing in the world, to revenge himself upon his rival by buying control, in the open market, of $155,000,000 stock in Hill's Northern Pacific. Harriman and Hill, backed by their respective bankers, bought furiously for control, the stock shot up to $1000 a share, and the financial world in which these giants lived fairly rocked.

Hill and Morgan won the fight, and when it was over Morgan formed the Northern Securities Company with a capital of $400,000,000 to hold control of the Northern Pacific, Great Northern and Burlington Companies. The Northern Securities Company was finally dissolved, in the spring of 1904, by the United States Supreme Court. Morgan had told his story in court and explained how he never cared again to go through the responsibility of a Northern Pacific panic, how he had suggested to Mr. Hill that they pool their stock and deposit it in a trust company and get a receipt, and finally how the idea of a great $400,000,000 holding company had occurred to him. His words were very simple, in that they typified new methods:

"I wanted to put it in a company with a capital large enough so that nobody should ever buy it."

Mr. Harriman on the Stand

AS FOR E. H. Harriman, there are two pictures of him that burn as vividly in my memory, although the first is almost exactly eight years old, as any up-to-the-minute sensation. On the dark, forbidding morning of February 26, 1907, we gathered quite early in one of those sepulchral judges' chambers in the Federal Courts in New York City. President Roosevelt had looked askance at the manner in which Mr. Harriman was rapidly bestriding the railroad horizon, and had ordered the Interstate Commerce Commission to investigate him. Not only had no one ever dared to investigate Harriman before, but sensational disclosures of railroad high finance were far less common in those days than now. It was quite a new thing then for the Interstate Commerce Commission to delve into such matters.

Somehow the commissioners looked rigid and almost starched as they sat behind the gloomy mahogany table. The little gray railroad wizard took his seat at one side, stared about in his quick, intense manner at one person after another in the room, and then suddenly beckoned all of us newspaper men to sit beside him. It was an astounding thing for him to do, but we were glad to sit where we could hear his replies the more clearly. All day long Commissioner Lane, now Secretary of the Interior, drew out facts concerning the acquisition by Harriman of various railroad stocks. Dressed up into an attractive newspaper story they looked big enough the next morning, but

as they were already known in a general way at least to most of us, the slow dragging out of detail after detail was as depressing as the old black room itself. Late in the hearing, when the whole story seemed to have been told, Commissioner Lane suddenly took a new tack. He asked Mr. Harriman where he would stop in buying railroads.

Q. Supposing you get the Santa Fé?

A. If you will let us I will go and take the Santa Fé to-morrow.

Q. Then after you had gotten through with the Santa Fé and had taken it, you would also take the Northern Pacific and Great Northern if you could get them?

A. If you would let me.

Q. And the power which you have would gradually increase as you took one road after another, so that you might spread not only over the Pacific Coast, but spread out over the Atlantic Coast? Is it only the restriction of the law that keeps you from spreading out?

"Yes," quietly answered the little man, "I would go on as long as I live."

The commissioners did not unbend or show any surprise. Others in the court room moved uneasily only from the weary length of the hearing. The gray light changed not a flicker, and the newspapers did not play up the incident the next day, for it was lost, as it were, in the mass of detail. But I shall never forget the thrill that went through me at Harriman's last remark. The words that make history come few and far between.

It was less than three years later that Harriman died, but in the interval he had kept right on as he said he would. One of his closest associates, a banker of world-wide renown, told of meeting Harriman in Munich a few weeks before his death and of exchanging reminiscences anent the marvelous achievements of the last ten years; and Harriman said: "There is more before us in the next ten years than we have accomplished in the last ten."

The First Billion-Dollar Trust

THE other memory has a very different setting. On a mild September day on the docks at Jersey City a score of newspaper men were waiting for Harriman to return from Europe, where he had vainly sought health at every watering place and from every specialist, and was now coming home to die, a fact known to himself and everybody else but naturally not mentioned for publication. The private tug supplied by the Erie Railroad, of which he was a director, was several hours late in reaching the pier end, and a private car ready to take him to his country home at Arden had been backed up by a steaming locomotive to within thirty or forty feet of the pier end.

When at last the tug steamed up on that September afternoon its chief occupant was much closer to death even than when the banker had visited with him in Munich. As he stood for a moment on the deck with a dozen camera men snapping him, he looked pitiably weak and frail, but so inspired with indomitable will that we, who had never found him gracious or communicative, cheered him as vigorously as if he had been a popular hero.

Harriman had to be supported as he walked the few feet to his car, and then as a few of us went in for the moment's interview his wife stood anxiously over him and at first protested against such a tax upon his strength. But as he fell exhausted upon a couch he brushed her words aside and with the same terse vigor as ever gave us to understand that he intended to push his railroad conquests even farther than before. A few days later he died.

Of course only a few men know what he had in mind, and they are not telling. I do know that the carefully written and authentic biography of Harriman has never seen the light of day, and the brilliant young journalist who wrote it died shortly after the work was completed. A business associate, who several years later wrote an anonymous article about him, said that Harriman had planned not only a transcontinental railroad but one that should extend round the world. "Furthermore," to quote from the same article, "he planned to be the foremost banking power in the world." Of this later statement there is no lack of evidence. Mr. Otto H. Kahn, his closest business associate, has gone on record as saying that "the scope and sweep of Harriman's plans, and the point to which he had already succeeded in conducting them, came as a revelation after his death even to those who were his confidential friends."

Morgan, Harriman and Cassatt have gone. There is to-day no Colossus of Roads and no one banking overlord before whom ordinary financiers turn pale. Nor were these the only giants of the past. Jay Cooke, who by superhuman efforts placed several billion dollars of Government bonds with the people during the Civil War, thought in no petty figures. On the pages of railroad history have appeared several names besides those of Harriman and Cassatt to whom must be ascribed big ideas—Commodore Vanderbilt, Huntington, McLeod, Mellen, the Goulds, Hawley and the Pearson-Farquhar syndicate. Charles W. Morse aimed as high in the steamship field. Some of these men had real imagination and their dreams partly came true; others failed miserably; one went to jail. But in every instance it was one, or at the most two or three individuals, who by sheer might sought to realize a vast ambition.

To-day, however, the quick, silent mobilization of money is on a far vaster scale than when these men were alive. Instead of Morgans and Harrimans there are committees, pools, funds, syndicates. Instead of Morgan sending forth his supreme decree, a committee of five or of seven, the names of whose members mean nothing to the public, employs a clerk to send out blank forms, and behold, a hundred million dollars in gold is at its service!

All the world knows that though Mr. Morgan was not the originator of the idea out of which the United States Steel Corporation developed, this, the first billion-dollar corporation, was finally made possible only by his efforts. Early in May, 1901, a Wall Street newspaper received the first hint that a billion-dollar steel trust might be formed. The publication of this rumor served to break the market, and the next day other newspaper commentators said that people were crazy; they even used the word "drunk," to think of such a preposterous corporate monster.

There has never been another billion-dollar corporation formed at a single stroke. But it is nothing unusual any day now for a railroad to announce that it will create a new bond issue to provide ultimately for $300,000,000, or $600,000,000, or even $1,000,000,000, in addition to hundreds of millions of stock already outstanding, and the financial world is only politely interested. On November 16, 1914, almost on the minute, there was suddenly withdrawn from seven thousand banks and concentrated under the provisions of the Federal Reserve Act $250,000,000 in actual gold; and if the newspapers had not described the opening of the new system it is a fact that the public at large would never have known that this vast sum had been removed from ordinary channels.

"How could a committee of seven New York bankers, not one of them a Morgan or a Harriman, most of them quite unknown to the public, get together in an incredibly short space of time last summer a working fund of $100,000,000 in gold? How were they able to do it?"

I put this question to a banker, the president of one of the four national banks in the country having more than $125,000,000 of deposits, a man who is a director and executive-committee member of thirty or forty of the largest corporations, and who has served in a time of great stress as chairman of a committee, the headship of which, though filled by a different man each year, gives to its temporary incumbent more actual power perhaps than even the President of the United States enjoys.

"I don't know why it is," he said, in that easy, unhurried manner that all the really big and busy men have, which so often deceives the inexperienced visitor into overstaying his welcome, "except that the margin of profits in every line of business is smaller than when the country was newer, which means that larger units are necessary. With fewer and larger banks to deal with, it is easy to get at them and raise vast sums of money. When I was a boy something more than twenty years ago, working in the Boston Clearing House, there were fifty-five member banks. To-day there are twelve.

"No," he went on in answer to the rest of my question, "it is not I as John Smith that does these things, but I as president of the Blank National Bank and as chairman of the Blank Committee. To do big things it is always necessary to get down to the last unit. They put the question up to the committee and then the committee puts it up to the chairman, because it always has been done that way."

The Wartime Gold Pool

HE HAD picked up a letter on his desk, and the first of a line of waiting secretaries who had kept one eye on us through the half-open door took a step forward. But though I knew that the only way to make this man talk was not to stay more than about one hundred and twenty seconds, I persisted with another question.

"Then you mean there are no more outstanding figures like Morgan, Harriman, Ryan, and so on?"

"No, I don't mean that," he replied with just the slightest shade of annoyance as I held him back for the merest fraction of time from the next business in hand. "Morgan was an old man. He had been at it a long time. Who can say that when the present generation of financiers are as old as Morgan they will not be just as big figures?"

And almost before I had risen the line of secretaries had closed in like a bayonet charge, and the process of running an institution that numbers five thousand banks among its customers, had begun again.

But I put my question about the gold pool successively to the vice-president of another great bank, a confidential employee of an international banking firm, an officer in a $200,000,000 trust company, a representative of one of the richest families in America, the head of one of the largest university schools of commerce and business administration, an economist of national repute who has served on many Government commissions, a financial reporter who has known and interviewed every great financier in twenty years, an active cotton broker, one of the most active members of the New York Stock Exchange, the most brilliant of the younger generation of financial editors of the metropolitan press, and the most experienced and widely acquainted of the older financial editors. And here is a composite of what they said:

1. The growth of wealth. To-day the corporations are vastly larger than they were fifteen or twenty years ago, the banks are consequently larger, there is more gold and more wealth.
2. The telephone.
3. Growth of personal confidence.

We have Big Finance because there is big wealth. The outbreak of the war on August first found American business men and bankers indebted to London in the sum of approximately $450,000,000 coming due on January 1, 1915. The city of New York alone owed $80,000,000 in London and Paris coming due in that period. Under ordinary circumstances this debt would have been paid off by shipments of cotton, grain, foodstuffs and other commodities, but the English were frantic for money.

"You must pay now," they fairly shrieked, "and you must pay the entire $80,000,000 in gold."

Two members of the firm of J. P. Morgan & Co. received the city officials in the firm's office.

"Give us a night to think it over," the bankers said. "We will go out on Mr. Morgan's yacht and to-morrow morning we will let you know."

A Successful Faith Cure

THE next morning it was announced that a beautifully simple plan had been devised. A staff of clerks was told off to figure out how much each bank in New York would have to contribute in proportion to its deposits to raise $80,000,000 in gold. It was easy to calculate. Then each bank was reached by telephone and informed that its share would be so much. The next morning every bank received a brief note to this effect:

"Your share of the city syndicate is $——. What will you do?"

What would they do? Well, one hundred and twenty-six banks out of one hundred and thirty did exactly what had been gently intimated to them to do. They agreed to furnish $80,243,941 in gold, and actually did furnish $35,264,636, which was shipped to Ottawa for account of the Bank of England. By that time England no longer demanded gold and the syndicate made a profit of $1,604,878. But considering the fact that the banks of New York City held at that time $503,000,000 in actual money, most of it in gold, they were able to supply $35,000,000 without trouble. Fifteen years ago in the same month the banks of New York City held less than half as much of the precious metal.

With New York City's debts provided for, the bankers turned their attention to the rest of the $450,000,000 which had to be paid to London before January first. They organized what was called the Gold Fund Committee. In this case the procedure was equally simple although slightly different. With the coöperation of the secretary of the treasury the clearing houses for banks in what are known as the three central reserve cities under the old national banking act, New York, Chicago and St. Louis, and in the forty-odd reserve cities, these being the most important banking centers, were simply told that their contribution would be so much. Then the Clearing House in each city notified its members as follows:

"The proportion of the $100,000,000 fund to be contributed by [say] Omaha is $——. Your share of the contribution will be $—— payable in gold. Will you advise this committee promptly if we may count upon your contribution of this amount?"

The Gold Fund Committee never called for more than $25,000,000, because as soon as our British creditor cousins realized that $100,000,000 in gold was being provided to pay them off they at once refused to take payment. A member of the committee is authority for the statement that there were almost innumerable instances where British creditors said they would extend the debt, would take a new draft or bill or whatever it might be. It was a case of faith cure, pure and simple. The moral effect of concentrating a good round sum that filled the mouth and the imagination was simply stunning. The committee never actually shipped more than $10,000,000, although $25,000,000 in big gold certificates was received, exchanged for gold bars at the New York Subtreasury and held ready to send to Ottawa to the clamoring English. But the mere threat to amass so much gold was enough. All the English wanted was to be shown.

One hundred million dollars in gold is a whopping big pile, but $45,000,000 is not so much for New York City, and the burden falls lightly when you divide it up somewhat like this: Chicago, $16,000,000; Philadelphia, $8,000,000; Boston, $7,000,000; St. Louis, $5,000,000; San Francisco, $3,250,000; Pittsburgh, $3,000,000; Cleveland, $1,750,000; Cincinnati, $1,500,000; Portland, Oregon, $1,500,000; Los Angeles, $1,000,000. In the same way, when it was deemed necessary to raise $135,000,000 to assist the South in financing its cotton crop, sixteen cities were called upon.

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THE PHŒNIX

By Richard Washburn Child

ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. WILLIAMS

HER DARK PAST

Now That I Look Back I Am Not Sure That the High Water of One's Clear Vision Does Not Come at Twenty-One

BODBANK knew two Judge Antrims. They were brothers. John Randolph, before he died, sat on the Supreme Court Bench across the river; on this side of the Mississippi, Illinois has reason to be proud of the fact that James Madison is still listed in the Bodbank Telephone Directory.

The great Illinois Corn Belt, Mississippi River town Spirit may justly be proud of the Judge. It is proud of him as a jurist.

In the Back Room of the old Phœnix Hotel, however, the group of old Bodbankers who belong to the exclusive circle round the Blizzard King stove are old and mellow enough to be proud of the Judge for another reason. The Back Room Club is not a club; it is a custom. Its members do not, by any chance, visit the Back Room; they drop in. They drop in at the hour when Day is putting up the shutters, and supper, at home, is not quite ready.

And this group -made up of apple king, undertaker, schoolmaster, wholesale liquor dealer, millionaire stove manufacturer, doctor, bank president, river pilot, tobacconist, and others, feeling perhaps, as some of us do, that the law has lingered with retrospective eyes behind the swift strides of American life—do not lay stress on the fact that the Judge can be human and still be a great jurist, but rather on the fact that he car be a great jurist and still be so human. Rufus P. Holland, the proprietor of the old Phœnix, does not think the Judge's appearance would encourage belief in his warmth of nature.

"He would fit very well in a hall of statuary," says Rufe; "but that is according to the inaccurate, unseeing human eye. I notice the Judge never comes in, wiping his mouth on his big silk handkerchief, that my dog doesn't get up to have his ears rubbed between Antrim's long fingers. Folks can't see folks; it takes a dog to see 'em."

The Judge is not often talkative. Under his large nose his lips are compressed, as though to guard speech; he smiles with his eyes, and so creases the deepening wrinkles that radiate like conventionalized sun rays out toward his temples. His face, skilled in the art of expression, is yet more skilled in the art of inscrutability. Only three classes of men have this double accomplishment—old lawyers, old actors and old poker players.

"The Judge could have been as successful as any one of the three," said Malachi Sturges, the Stove Trust magnate.

On a winter's dusk Antrim dropped in, hung his overcoat over a chair, sniffed at the presence of a newfangled electric fixture Rufe had installed in the Back Room, clasped his bony fingers about one bony knee, and fixed his meditative gaze on the red, glimmering glow of the hot iron fire pot.

One by one, the others, inspired by the suggestion his example had given, did likewise; and only when they had all been enthralled by their varied duskdreams, did the Judge look up slyly, a faint wisp of a smile playing at the corners of his mouth.

"Does it pay not to be a pirate?" he asked, snapping the ends of his words like lashes on the ends of whips.

Michael Lynch, who has lived over his own wholesale liquor store for forty years, spoke up:

"Manny a man in Bodbank wud like to be a pirate and can't. Good pirates are born an' not made; whereas annybody can be a lawyer, with persistence, a stenographer an' a black cutaway coat. The pirate's calling is wan av genius."

"In that I believe you are right," Antrim replied, closing one eye thoughtfully. "It is easier to be good with grace than to be bad with grace. But I had another idea in mind."

He went on, with some sincerity in his serious voice:

"All my life I have planned, when I could appropriate the time for the purpose, to raise the devil. Where is such monotony as may be found in respectability? To what heights of folly and depths of omission does a man go who has never given a policeman a buffet, broken a mirror in a public house, placed in his stomach that for which he did not intend to pay, refused to tell at home where he has been, driven a motor car without a license, held up a train, or stayed in bed the day the paper hangers were expected?"

"Judge, you are the most respectable man in Bodbank," Dame, the Apple King, said in an accusing voice. "If I was in trouble, in perplexity, needed advice, wanted sympathy, required guidance, and didn't have any other place to go, I'd go to you."

The Judge laughed and wiped his firm chin with the palm of his hand. "I was thinking to-day of a woman who was in your fix," he said.

"A woman?"

"Yes; a woman from Bodbank. It is a little inside history of this city. It belongs in the secret memoirs of the Middle West."

Closing both his eyes, he fingered the flappy ears of Rufe's old fool yellow dog. At last he sat up in his chair and looked quickly across the floating tobacco smoke at Shook, the president of the Bodbank Trust Company. There was some significance in his rapid change of attitude.

"She had a past," he said.

Then, in his customary style, which carried the atmosphere of legal documents, he began to tell what he had to tell. The Judge said:

Not many years ago, about the time the President of the United States visited Bodbank, my youngest boy, whom I named John Randolph, after his uncle, was about to give up his minority. And at that moment of his coming of age I considered he was about to give up his good sense also.

His youthful affections were hovering near an obligation to marry a beautiful lady from Chicago who bore the name, title and style of Doris Turpin. If it had not been for the President of the United States—— But never mind.

That his judgment and mine appeared to differ gave me some perplexity. I am not sure the evidence supports the contention of old people that there is wisdom in experience. There was a time when I should have said to a young person: "When you are past the age of believing you know it all, you will begin to learn."

Now that I look back, however, I am not sure that the high water of one's clear vision does not come at twenty-one, and that from then on the world does not become more and more complicated and confused; and that we do not grow less and less sure of things which are great eternal truths, and more and more certain of things which are the petty, inconsequential lies of life.

I am not confident that youth does not make out a case. I am not sure I should not nonsuit old age. I think I might render a decision that the old folks shall learn to see clearly again by sitting at the feet of Twenty.

Nevertheless, I had learned in my maturity and experience that it is a shrewd father who, seeing his son walking on the brink of love's folly, can keep his mouth shut; for it is often better to trust to luck, Providence, and the influence of the stars than to attempt to thwart love with argument. And a delusion is not a subject for debate.

The task of silence was hard. Doris was the kind of girl who would have liked to spell her name with a *y*. She had golden hair, a tall, reptilian slenderness which was plumpness elongated, and her eyes were usable. Some women's eyes are intended to take impressions; hers were intended to make them. She had a glowing color, which could be suspected of absence only early in the morning; for she never was up early in the morning. If her mouth was a pink Cupid's bow, her tongue was an arrow. Her conversation was exclusive; it excluded everything but consideration of the relations of men and women.

On love she gave expert testimony. She had pretty manners, and seemed to inhale air and exhale mignonette powder; so that she should be correct, she smoked an occasional cigarette in Chicago, but did not feel that she had to do so in this town.

Bodbank still remains an American city. For instance, I will not have a man in my office who smokes cigarettes, and what restraints I demand of boys they may well demand of their mothers.

My boy met Doris Turpin when she came down to visit Corse Babson's family. Emily Babson was her second cousin. The young woman from Chicago considered her Bodbank relatives rather quaint, because they still ate supper at six in the evening, because they indulged in the luxury of morning prayers in Corse's library at home, and because the women of the household dressed for covering.

John had known Emily ever since their carriages had been pushed side by side up Gray Street in the days before Bodbank had the new courthouse; he had known her well and favorably.

She was not a bird of fine plumage, but her letters to John while he was away at college were enough like those his mother would have written, if she had been alive, to please me, and enough like exuberant fun-loving youth to please him. She had freckles and a waist large enough to circumference the human machinery the Almighty intended should be a part of the anatomy of woman; but, in spite of these disadvantages, when John was in Bodbank on Sunday afternoons, she could hike out cross-country and over split-rail fences with him, and come home to supper with red lips and bright eyes. She had ample hands.

There was no toilet-article odor about her; so far as I know, she never smelled of anything but the aroma of the cold bath. Unlike her cousin, Doris, she had never read Gabriele d'Annunzio; she read Shakspere. Unlike this Miss Turpin, she had no taste for modern problem literature.

Indeed, the difference between these two young women, beyond the difference in their external appearance, was

mainly a difference of problems. Doris had all the problems; those that did not come to her she hunted in their lairs. Emily had no problems. It was her preference not to make any that were not absolutely necessary.

"I have become a feminist," Doris often said. Emily made her very angry by telling her she could not see that she had changed a bit.

Now it may have appeared that I wanted John to marry Emily and that I did not want him to fall in love with Doris. Emily loved him, and was of the kind who are obliged by Nature to wait patiently, with silent, aching hearts. Doris loved him—no doubt, sincerely; for he was a good-looking, healthy young man, with an estate in his own name, left him by his mother. She was not like Emily; she was accomplished in what may be called the Art of Extending.

Emily was so familiar as a neighbor and friend—so true, so wholesome, so lovely in her nature—that there was not much romance about her. Some women are that way—a man may love them desperately and never know it. Her visitor was the other kind—a man may not love that kind at all and all the time think he does.

John was in my law office in those days. After breakfast he would walk down Gray Street with me, and climb the stairs of the Trust Company Building; and at night we would walk back, up the hill

I remember the night I spoke to him. It was in July and the corn weather had set in, so that the lawns were brown, and the mud on the bank of the Mississippi was caked and cracked, as hard as one of the Phœnix Hotel pie crusts. The old thermometer beside the front door told of a regular Bodbank summer night, with the people sitting out on their porches watching the lights on the river boats and the clouds of river flies round the arc lights, and the young couples going down to the soda-water fountains.

I walked into the library and sat down at the old black-walnut desk, the drawers of which, to this day, are filled with papers of no value to anyone, done up in packages held together by rotting rubber bands, and constituting a documentary history of my life. Among them are pictures drawn by my eldest son at the age of seven; my father's tortoise-shell eyeglasses; the courtship letters I wrote to my wife; uncollectable promissory notes; the high-school diplomas of my children; a collection of photographs that destroys my taste for genealogy, and a pack of cards taken from a river-boat gambler whom I, in my first court case, defended unsuccessfully in 1875 for the murder of the famous Enos Muhlback.

And among the things in the top drawer on the left-hand side I found the little white cardboard box that contained the ring I gave Jennie on the occasion of our engagement.

"John," said I, "your mother did not wish to take this ring out of the world with her. She expressed a desire that, when you found a young woman whom you wanted for a lifelong mate, you should give her the ring your mother had worn for so many years."

"You have told me that before, Dad," said he, dropping into one of the big leather chairs.

"I know," said I; "but I wanted to be sure you did not forget. And I hope that when you love a girl you will love one who was like your mother. There are girls now, as there always have been, who are prodigal of their attractions. All they know of love they pour forth on the ground. They save nothing. Your mother conserved her resources of affection. Moments came, long after she had white hair, when she surprised me with devices for renewing the delights of an ancient companionship. Beware of the girl who is known too well—too soon. Beware of the girl who, in ten minutes, can make you forget the girl who has proved her quality through ten years."

John scowled when I said this. Quick instincts and an active mind combine in him to read accurately men's motives.

"The world changes," he said harshly. "Women have changed too. There are new standards of intellectuality."

We both knew we were discussing Doris and I think I lost my temper.

"Intellectuality, as you call it, takes strange forms," said I. "It appears in dainty black patent-leather shoes with yellow cloth tops. It makes itself known by an eyebrow pencil. It expresses itself in the costumes of a Parisian adventuress and the poses of an Egyptian sword dancer. It causes one to stand like the letter S. It inspires and dignifies by its presence such intellectual customs as hand-holding and nook-seeking."

John stood up and smiled at me, with an indulgence the virtue of which I could not appreciate. I was exasperated.

"I would look at a girl's mother. That advice is as good as it is old," I said, pounding the desk. "I would think twice before falling in love with a girl whose mother makes a life out of Chicago theaters, bridge playing, manicures and nerve specialists."

"You are critical," my boy answered, wiping the perspiration from his forehead. "I know one good Bodbank mother who would hardly stand other tests of perfection."

"Who?"

"Well, Emily's mother."

"And what can be said against her?" I asked.

John's mouth twisted slightly, as though it was reluctant to speak against a woman; then he burst out in an irritated tone, as though he wanted to put the whole indictment in one phrase: "Oh," he growled, "she says ain't."

"Go Among Them With Assurance; for You Will be the Bearer of Great Truths"

That was true. Emily's mother said ain't.

I did not know then—as I stood glowering and growling like an old bear at my boy, with my heart chilled by the fear that some fine night he would allow the Chicago exotic to trail her limp fingers over the side of a canoe, talk about problems in a dulcet voice, sigh, and send his good judgment up the path of the moon—that I should so soon hear Emily's mother, Mrs. Babson, with her own lips, say ain't.

I did not know that we were to have a little drama in Bodbank; I could only see the picture of my son—Jennie's baby—standing in somebody's summerhouse, behind a screen of trumpet vines and honeysuckle, with the long, alluring arms of Doris Turpin about his neck, and hear a sugar-coated voice saying:

"You have made me the happiest woman in the world!"

Little did I know what the next Thursday would perform on the Bodbank stage. It was on that Thursday the President of the United States came to our fair city.

Every recent President of the United States, under the auspices of the Rivers and Waterways Congress, goes up or down the Mississippi River for the purpose of developing the merchant marine of the Middle West. Pork-barrel Congressmen, on a junket, accompany the President, trying to arrange for cheers, applause and appropriations, and pointing out where vast traffic terminals could be located.

The President looks in vain for the great Mississippi tonnage; and finally, seeing lights on the Father of Waters, late at night exclaims: "At last! A full-rigged ship! What ho!" And the pilot takes out his corncob pipe and says: "What hoe is correct; them lights belong to clam diggers."

Nevertheless, a great impetus is given to the waterways. At least one new packet is put on, and she makes eight or nine trips before the railroads notice her; then they make the new reduced rates and take the freight, and she makes five more trips with a cargo of wind, and carries the receiver and his wife and children on one outing and return—and then life in the Mississippi River Valley goes on as before.

On this occasion, however, the President stopped at Bodbank; and, except the day of the fire and the one day when we stood at the top of the Four-State Baseball League, the city has never had such an event.

The Chamber of Commerce always has a meeting for such an occasion. There is an active debate on whether we are to have an out-of-town band. Some retail shopkeeper says he is satisfied with the Bodbank Empire Band; that, though Bodbank will spare no expense to welcome the President, the city has a band of which anyone could be proud; and, furthermore, that new uniforms have been ordered, and Fred says they will be on hand by July Fourth. This is referred to the Committee on Music.

The question then before the house is whether or not the Retailers' Association will appropriate an amount sufficient for bunting decoration on Main Street and an Arch of Welcome on the Levee. And some grocer rises to speak a torrent of argument against the expense, which he says, in his opinion, never brought a dollar's worth of trade to Bodbank supply houses.

"Last year, when the Elks held their carnival, there were plenty of farmers in town, and all I sold extra was a package of washing powder and a dozen bananas," he says.

Whereupon George Crew rises, claims the chairman's recognition, and begins slowly and painstakingly:

"I do not wish to introduce anything personal, but the gentleman who has just spoken hasn't ever paid the Retailers' Association his Carnival Day assessment—yet!" And the matter is referred to the Committee on Decorations.

At ten o'clock the president of the Chamber of Commerce, after discussions as to engaging an aviator; as to ordering silk badges or medals for the officials; as to whether the speaking shall be at the park or at the Ball Ground; as to the excursion rates to be obtained from the railroads, and as to the proposal of a Chicago firm to light the river front with electric festoons at so much a running foot, looks at his watch and says:

"Gentlemen, we shall be here all night!"

"We haven't considered the fireworks," says Ernest Goodale.

"And don't want to, if nobody knows how to set 'em off—the way it was last time," says a hoarse voice.

At last they come to the appointment of the Committee on Arrangements, the duty of which it is to choose the officials and name the Reception Committee and escort. Michael Lynch sees the chairman looking his way and, rising, stands, with his hands behind him, flapping the tails of his black cutaway.

"I rise to a p'int av personal priv-i-ledge," he says. "I want to say I'll not be wan av that committee. I've lived in this city more'n forty years, an' in the wan day I served in that capashity of choosin' my fellow citizens fer distinction I made a few transient friends and more permanent inemies than in all the rest of the time put together. I move we adjourn."

This is the procedure; I believe it to be one of the universal American manners and customs, common alike to citrus Florida and rocky New England, the mountains of the Northwest, and the Committees on the deserts of Arizona and New Mexico. It is the American method of preparing to celebrate, to receive the illustrious, to express the deepest sentiments—and draw the most trade.

Accordingly, on Thursday, Main Street, the pride of Bodbank—with its four new towering office buildings; its ornamental White Way lighting posts; its brick pavement newly washed by the city fire department, and its store windows redecorated with bait for rural visitors—was made ugly by red, white and blue bunting, the stands of the Frankfurter, lemonade, souvenir, pop corn and spun candy concession holders, and an arch of welcome at the top of the incline from the Levee, which looked like a paragon of the confectioner's art.

Crowds of Illinois farmers, ranging from the six-cylinder touring-car species to the buckboard twine-mended harness and lame-horse kind, weaved up and down, with their wives and daughters, in the sweltering heat.

At half past eleven, an hour late, the Valley Belle landed the President of the United States and the junketing Congressmen amid what Shakspere would have called a flourish. There were cheers, a scampering and dancing of children on the Levee, and then the parade started toward the Ball Ground for the address.

The Bodbank Band played bravely up the incline; but, as it is a corpulent band, the music diminished with the

increasing scarcity of wind, until at the top of the hill there was very little left of Hail to the Chief! but the drum-and-cymbal accompaniment.

Behind the band came the Bodbank Guards, after which one of our bad and local cigars has been named; then the President in a carriage, with two detectives and your humble servant; and then the school children, dressed in red, white and blue, arranged on the theory that they should look like the flag, and taught to sing The Star-Spangled Banner by some one who feared rather than hoped for the approach of the high notes.

"My dear old friend!" the President said to me in welcome. "I have looked forward to seeing you. The very mention of Bodbank recalled the days when you were my instructor in the Law of Real Property. And now it has been more than five years since we sat before an open fire together."

"You would not want to sit before an open fire to-night?" I said, while, like a mechanical device, he swung his hat and smiled at the tiptoeing crowds.

"No," said he. "And perhaps we shall have no chance, unless you will promise to come over to Babson's house. I just notified him by telegram last night that I would stay there with him to-night. I have a surprise for him. You know Pitcher has found being minister at a legation in so gay a foreign capital a bit beyond an old bachelor."

"You mean you are appointing Babson?" I asked.

"Yes. He does not know it yet. I knew it would please you. Well, Babson has been a good party man and he is efficient. He, too, is an old friend, and I know his sterling qualities. He has grown. He took advantage of all his associations made as attorney for the railroads. He has been stationed so much at New York, Chicago and Washington that he has acquired poise and cultivation. He has grown fast; I can remember him when he wore a four-in-hand tie tucked into a boiled shirt, to show a diamond. And I hear good things of his wife."

"Your own?" I asked.

"Worried about me. She thinks I am tired," he replied; "but the President cannot be tired. It is unthinkable. He cannot complain nor ask for public sympathy. That is fatal The people want a happy, confident President. No matter what his trials, they turn in disgust from him if he is saddened, sobered and serious. He must whistle on his job, Antrim. He is the loneliest man in the country, but he must not say so. He must not tell that he faces daily a fusillade of persons who beg, plead and threaten in the name of money greed, personal ambition or prejudice; and, in spite of them, he must have eternal faith in the goodness of the human heart and the honesty of the human mind.

"A Congressman represents a territory, but in these days it is only the President who represents the Hundred Million. They have learned to look to him alone. They praise him, and he is too tired to hear; to-morrow they curse him, and then disapproval falls like a sickening weight. He must forgive their injustice silently, though they be wrong; he must believe in their ultimate rightness. Though the mass be wrong, he must see clearly that the mass is never wicked

"Antrim, there have been nights when I have dropped on my knees, like a child asking for help, and believed that the President of the United States must always be a man misunderstood by every one but God. I've stood receiving a line of White House visitors and thought that, if any one of them, man or woman, should put their arms about me and say, 'Good fellow! Good fellow!' I should burst into tears. And then comes that curious strength -not out of the body or will, but out of the fact that one is President of the United States."

He was silent a moment. We were passing the Babson home on Gray Street, and Emily and her mother were on the lawn under the big flag which hung from the porch roof; and my boy John was there, too, and Doris Turpin. Even from that distance I thought I saw the Chicago girl look at him greedily—as though he were one of her possessions. I turned away.

I did not go to the noonday banquet, held in Æolian Hall after the speech at the Ball Ground. The President spoke well enough in the outdoor address; but in his voice, if not in his words, there was the bitterness of the defeats he had suffered. Congress, before adjournment, had thrust its fist into his face on the Appropriation Bill; the West Coast land-entry scandal had reached its pitchy fingers toward a member of his Cabinet; and the country, as usual, preferred an immediate prosperity and ultimate reform to an immediate reform and ultimate prosperity.

The sting of disappointment had made deep, sad lines in a face naturally twinkling. He had talked from the platform, which had the smell of new lumber, with his sleeve touching the side of a big white porcelain pitcher; and, as I watched him, his own depression infected me and made me think of my son's infatuation as coming, after years of my hopes and prayers, like an inexorable destiny to ruin the boy's career.

I laughed ironically to myself on my lonely way back to my home; a young girl with a sophistical education and penciled eyebrows had come to Bodbank, and she held an old lawyer and judge at bay with one pointed-nail ring finger.

After lunch, when I returned to the office, I found John sitting at the deserted stenographer's desk, gazing with a far-away, unprofessional expression, first at the big insurance calendar and then at the dust line of the bookshelves, which represents the highest point Millie can reach with her feather duster. "Somebody's in your private room," said he with a troubled look.

"In the War Day I Served in That Capashity I Made More Permanent Inemies Than in All the Rest of the Time Put Together"

"Client?"

"Don't believe so," he replied. "It is Emily Babson's mother."

"What does she want?" I asked.

"I don't know," answered he. "This ought to be a great day for her. Do you know the President has told Babson that he has a big foreign post for him? Doris told me."

I nodded, opened my ground-glass door and went in.

Ever since childhood I had known Mrs. Babson; I can give an affidavit that I remember her when she was Alice Barker, and had the same healthy skin and wide waist and springy step that her youngest daughter, Emily, has now. The years work changes. Alice had seven children before Babson's law practice amounted to a carpenter's income, and before there was a servant in the house.

When I looked at her I thought I saw, as I never had so clearly before, that she was shorter than she used to be, and that her hands looked awkward and expressionless folded on her fat lap. Her hair was once glistening brown; now it had not turned white, but was an unpleasant gray, and would not stay up round the back of her neck.

She looked like a woman that no Bodbank dressmaker could ever make stylish, and there was an expression of eternal weariness in her eyes. There was a dullness -as though vivacity had gone forever. She was like a piece of chinaware relegated from family service to the kitchen, with a damaged, nicked, worn, cracked, stained pattern; faded by use—by years of service.

"Alice!" said I.

She looked up. I could see she had been crying. I recalled the statement of old Bab that he had lived thirty-five years with his wife without seeing tears but four times—three times for the dead, and once because, when they went away in the winter some ink in the parlor froze, broke the bottle and, when the furnace fire was built, thawed all over the new front-room carpet.

"Did you want to see me as an old lawyer or as an old friend?" I asked.

"I couldn't think of anyone else to go to. I couldn't ever go to a woman about this. This time I can't go to my husband."

She tried to smile, but it was a smile through films that filled her eyes. She tried to laugh, but it was a laugh that fared badly on her trembling lips.

"It is about my dark past," she said, and stared out the window at the courthouse clock.

"Bless my soul!" said I, wiping my spectacles.

"I have never been so frightened in my life," she said. "I have never seen myself as I have to-day. Do you know that Corse, my husband, has been appointed Minister to—to—I forget where. I've never been so frightened. It came like a shock. I ain't myself."

She said ain't.

"Why, I've lived in Bodbank all my life, Judge. Somehow Corse has never taken me round much. I can't bear to go away. I never look like anything, no matter what I spend for clothes. Even Emily's cousin, Doris, laughs about the way I look and criticizes the way I talk. To-day I had to face this terrible thing and I just saw that I was unprepared and standing, for the first time, in Corse's way. Let me say what I want to you, Judge. I must ask somebody."

I took her big gloved hand and patted it.

"Yes, Judge," she said; "that young woman who is visiting us from Chicago is right. She says that women can have more than one kind of dark past. I laughed at her days ago; but she is just right, and I know it now. A wife can let herself fall behind and never realize it until it's too late. I never had time to keep up much. I've belonged to the current-events class at the

(Continued on Page 45)

A Young Girl Had Come to Bodbank, and She Held an Old Lawyer and Judge at Bay With One Pointed-Nail Ring Finger

TISH'S SPY

By Mary Roberts Rinehart

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

The Adventure of the Red-Headed Detective, the Lady Chauffeur, and the Man Who Could Not Tell the Truth

He Was Really a Pathetic Figure, Especially in View of the Awful Fate We Felt Was Overtaking Him

III

IT WAS the day Tish began her diary that we discovered the red-haired man's signal. Tish was compelled to remain at home most of the day, breaking in another pair of shoes, and she amused herself by watching the river and writing down interesting things. She had read somewhere of the value of such records of impressions:

10 A. M.—Gull on rock. Very pretty. Frightened away by the McDonald person, who has just taken up his customary position. Is he reading or watching this camp?

10.22—Detective is breakfasting—through glasses, he is eating canned corn. Aggie—pickerel, from bank.

10.40—Aggie's cat, beside her, has caught a small fish. Aggie declares that the cat stole one of her worms and held it in the water. I think she is mistaken.

11—Most extraordinary thing—Hutchins has asked permission to take pen and ink across to the detective! Have consented.

11.20—Hutchins is still across the river. If I did not know differently I should say she and the detective are quarreling. He is whittling something. Through glasses she appears to stamp her foot.

11.30—Aggie has captured a small sunfish. Hutchins is still across the river. He seems to be appealing to her for something—possibly the underwear. We have none to spare.

11.40—Hutchins is an extraordinary girl. She hates men, evidently. She has had some sort of quarrel with the detective and has returned flushed with battle. Mr. McDonald called to her as she passed, but she ignored him.

12, Noon—Really, there is something mysterious about all this. The detective was evidently whittling a flagpole. He has erected it now, with a red silk handkerchief at end. It hangs out over the water. Aggie—bass, but under legal size.

12.15—The flag puzzles Hutchins. She is covertly watching it. It is evidently a signal—but to whom? Are the secret-service men closing in on McDonald?

1 P. M.—Aggie—pike!

2 P. M.—On consulting map find unnamed lake only a few miles away. Shall investigate to-morrow.

3 P. M.—Steamer has just gone. Detective now has canoe, blue in color. Also food. He sent off his letter.

4 P. M.—Fed worms. Lizzie thinks they know me. How kindness is its own reward! Mr. McDonald is drawing in his anchor, which is a large stone fastened to a rope. Shall take bath.

Tish's notes ended here. She did not take the bath after all, for Mr. McDonald made us a call that afternoon.

He beached the green canoe and came up the rocks calmly and smilingly. Hutchins gave him a cold glance and went on with what she was doing, which was chopping a plank to cook the fish on. He bowed cheerfully to all of us and laid a string of fish on a rock.

"I brought a little offering," he said, looking at Hutchins' back. "The fishing isn't what I expected; but if the young lady with the hatchet will desist, so I can make myself heard, I've found a place where there are fish! This biggest fellow is three and a quarter pounds."

Hutchins chopped harder than ever, and the plank flew up, striking her in the chest; but she refused all assistance, especially from Mr. McDonald, who was really concerned. He hurried to her and took the hatchet out of her hand, but in his excitement he was almost uncivil.

"You obstinate little idiot!" he said. "You'll kill yourself yet."

To my surprise, Hutchins, who had been entirely unemotional right along, suddenly burst into tears and went into the tent. Mr. McDonald took a hasty step or two after her, realizing, no doubt, that he had said more than he should to a complete stranger; but she closed the fly of the tent quite viciously and left him standing, with his arms folded, staring at it.

It was at that moment he saw the large fish, hanging from a tree. He stood for a moment staring at it and we could see that he was quite surprised.

"It is a fish, isn't it?" he said after a moment. "I—I thought for a moment it was painted on something."

He sat down suddenly on one of our folding chairs and looked at the fish, and then at each of us in turn.

"You know," he said, "I didn't think there were such fish! I—you mustn't mind my surprise." He wiped his forehead with his handkerchief. "Just kick those things I brought into the river, will you? I apologize for them."

"Forty-nine inches," Tish said. "We expect to do better when we really get started. This evening we shall go after its mate, which is probably hanging round."

"Its mate?" he said, rather dazed. "Oh, I see. Of course!" He still seemed to doubt his senses, for he went over and touched it with his finger.

"Ladies," he said, "I'm not going after the—the mate. I couldn't land it if I did get it. I am going to retire from the game—except for food; but I wish you'd tell me what you caught it with for the sake of my reason."

Well, you may heartily distrust a person; but that is no reason why you should not answer a simple question. So I showed him the thing I had made—and he did not believe me!

"You're perfectly right," he said. "Every game has its secrets. I had no business to ask. But you haven't caught me with that feather-duster thing any more than you caught that fish. I don't mind your not telling me. That's your privilege. But isn't it rather rubbing it in to make fun of me?"

"Nothing of the sort!" Aggie said angrily. "If you had caught it——"

"My dear lady," he said, "I couldn't have caught it! The mere shock of getting such a bite would have sent me out of my boat in a swoon." He turned to Tish. "I have only one disappointment," he said, "that it wasn't one of our worms that did the work."

Tish said afterward she was positively sorry for him, he looked so crestfallen. So when he started for his canoe she followed him.

"Look here," she said; "you're young, and I don't want to see you get into trouble. Go home, young man! There are plenty of others to take your place."

He looked rather startled.

"That's it exactly," he said after a moment. "As well as I can make out there are about a hundred. If you think," he said fiercely, raising his voice, "that I'm going to back out and let somebody else in, I'm not. And that's flat."

"It's a life-and-death matter," said Tish.

"You bet it's a life-and-death matter."

"And—what about the—the red-headed man over there?"

His reply amazed us all.

"He's harmless," he said. "I don't like him, naturally; but I admire the way he holds on. He's making the best of a bad business."

"Do you know why he's here?"

He looked uneasy for once.

"Well, I've got a theory," he replied; but, though his voice was calm, he changed color.

"Then perhaps you'll tell me what that signal means?"

Tish gave him the glasses and he saw the red flag. I have never seen a man look so unhappy.

"Holy cats!" he said, and almost dropped the glasses. "Why, he—he must be expecting somebody!"

"So I should imagine," Tish commented dryly. "He sent a letter by the boat to-day."

"The h—l he did!" And then: "That's ridiculous! You're mistaken. As a—as a matter of fact I went over there the other night and commandeered his fountain pen."

So it had not fallen out of his pocket!

"I'll be frank, ladies," he said. "It's my object just now to keep that chap from writing letters. It doesn't matter why, but it's vital."

He was horribly cast down when we told him about Hutchins and the pen and ink.

"So that's it!" he said gloomily. "And the flag's a signal, of course. Ladies, you have done it out of the kindness of your hearts, I know; but I think you have wrecked my life."

He took a gloomy departure and left us all rather wrought up. Who were we, as Tish said, to imperil a fellow man? And another thing—if there was a reward on him, why should we give it to a red-haired detective, who was rude to harmless animals and ate canned corn for breakfast?

With her customary acumen Tish solved the difficulty that very evening.

"The simplest thing," she said, "of course, would be to go over during the night and take the flag away; but he

may have more red handkerchiefs. Then, too, he seems to be a light sleeper, and it would be awkward to have him shoot at us."

She sat in thought for quite a while. Hutchins was watching the sunset, and seemed depressed and silent. Tish lowered her voice.

"There's no reason why we shouldn't have a red flag too," she said. "It gives us an even chance to get in on whatever is about to happen. We can warn Mr. McDonald, for one thing, if anyone comes here. Personally I think he is unjustly suspected."

But Tish was to change her mind very soon.]

We made the flag that night, by lantern light, out of Tish's silk petticoat. Hutchins was curious, I am sure; but we explained nothing. And we fastened it obliquely over the river, like the one on the other side.

Tish's change of heart, which occurred the next morning, was due to a most unfortunate accident that happened to her at nine o'clock. Hutchins, who could swim like a duck, was teaching Tish to swim, and she was learning nicely. Tish had put a life preserver on, with a clothesline fastened to it, and Aggie was sitting on the bank holding the rope while she went through the various gestures.

Having completed the lesson Hutchins went into the woods for red raspberries, leaving Tish still practicing in the water with Aggie holding the rope. Happening to sneeze, the line slipped out of her hand, and she had the agonizing experience of seeing Tish carried away by the current.

I was washing some clothing in the river a few yards down the stream when Tish came floating past. I shall never forget her expression or my own sense of absolute helplessness.

"Get the canoe," said Tish, "and follow. I'm heading for Island Eleven."

She was quite calm, though pale; but, in her anxiety to keep well above the water, she did what was almost a fatal thing—she pushed the life preserver lower down round her body. And having shifted the floating center, so to speak, without warning her head disappeared and her feet rose in the air.

For a time it looked as though she would drown in that position; but Tish rarely loses her presence of mind. She said she knew at once what was wrong. So, though somewhat handicapped by the position, she replaced the cork belt under her arms and emerged at last.

Aggie had started back into the woods for Hutchins; but, with one thing and another, it was almost ten before they returned together. Tish by that time was only a dot on the horizon through the binocular, having missed Island Eleven, as she explained later, by the rope being caught on a submerged log, which deflected her course.

However, except for a most unjust sense of irritation that I had not drowned myself by following her in the canoe, she was unharmed. We got her into the motor boat and into a blanket, and Aggie gave her some blackberry cordial at once. It was some time before her teeth ceased chattering so she could speak. When she did it was to announce that she had made a discovery.

"He's a spy, all right!" she said. "And that Indian is another. Neither of them saw me as I floated past. They were on Island Eleven. Mr. McDonald wrote something and gave it to the Indian. It wasn't a letter or he'd have sent it by the boat. He didn't even put it in an envelope, so far as I could see. It's probably in cipher."

Well, we took her home, and she had a boiled egg at dinner.

The rest of us had fish. It is one of Tish's theories that fish should only be captured for food, and that all fish caught must be eaten. I do not know when I have seen fish come as easy. Perhaps it was the worms, which had grown both long and fat, so that one was too much for a hook; and we cut them with scissors, like tape or ribbon. Aggie and I finally got so sick of fish that while Tish's head was turned we dropped in our lines without bait. But, even at that, Aggie, reeling in her line to go home, caught a three-pound bass through the gills and could not shake it off.

We tried to persuade Tish to lie down that afternoon, but she refused.

"I m not sick," she said, "even if you two idiots did try to drown me. And I'm on the track of something. If that was a letter, why didn't he send it by the boat?"

"Bring Some Absorbent Cotton and Some Bandages. I Am Bleeding From a Hundred Wounds"

Just then her eye fell on the flagpole, and we followed her horrified gaze. The flag had been neatly cut away!

Tish's eyes narrowed. She looked positively dangerous; and within five minutes she had cut another flag out of the back breadth of the petticoat and flung it defiantly in the air. Who had cut away the signal—McDonald or the detective? We had planned to investigate the nameless lake that afternoon, Tish being like Colonel Roosevelt in her thirst for information, as well as in the grim pugnacity that is her dominant characteristic; but at the last minute she decided not to go.

"You and Aggie go, Lizzie," she said. "I've got something on hand."

"Tish!" Aggie wailed. "You'll drown yourself or something."

"Don't be a fool!" Tish snapped. "You and Lizzie can carry the canoe across on your heads. I've seen pictures of it. It's easy. And keep your eyes open for a wireless outfit. There's one about, that's sure!"

"Lots of good it will do to keep our eyes open," I said with some bitterness, "with our heads inside the canoe!"

We finally started and Hutchins went with us. It was Hutchins, too, who voiced the way we all felt when we had crossed the river and were preparing for what she called the portage.

"She wants to get us out of the way, Miss Lizzie," she said. "Can you imagine what mischief she's up to?"

"That is not a polite way to speak of Miss Tish, Hutchins," I said coldly. Nevertheless, my heart sank.

Hutchins and I carried the canoe. It was a hot day and there was no path. Aggie, who likes a cup of hot tea at five o'clock, had brought along a bottle filled with tea, and a small basket containing sugar and cups.

Personally I never had less curiosity about a lake. As a matter of fact I wished there was no lake. Twice—being obliged, as it were, to walk blindly and the canoe being excessively heavy—I, who led the way, ran the front end of the thing against the trunk of a tree, and both Hutchins and I sat down violently under the canoe as a result of the impact.

To add to the discomfort of the situation Aggie declared that we were being followed by a bear, and at the same instant stepped into a swamp up to her knees. She became calm at once, with the calmness of despair.

"Go and leave me, Lizzie!" she said. "He is just behind those bushes. I may sink before he gets me—that's one comfort."

Hutchins found a log and, standing on it, tried to pull her up; but she seemed firmly fastened. Aggie went quite white; and, almost beside myself, I poured her a cup of hot tea, which she drank. I remember she murmured Mr. Wiggins' name, and immediately after she yelled that the bear was coming.

It was, however, the detective who emerged from the bushes. He got Aggie out with one good heave, leaving both her shoes gone forever; and while she collapsed, whimpering, he folded his arms and stared at all of us angrily. "What sort of damnable idiocy is this?" he demanded in a most unpleasant tone.

Aggie revived and sat upright.

"That's our affair, isn't it?" said Hutchins curtly.

"Not by a blamed sight!" was his astonishing reply.

"The next time I am sinking in a morass, let me sink," Aggie said, with simple dignity.

He did not speak another word, but gave each of us a glance of the most deadly contempt, and finished up with Hutchins.

"What I don't understand," he said furiously, "is why you have to lend yourself to this senile idiocy. Because some old women choose to sink themselves in a swamp is no reason why you should commit suicide!"

Aggie said afterward only the recollection that he had saved her life prevented her emptying the tea on him. I should hardly have known Hutchins.

"Naturally," she said in a voice thick with fury, "you are in a position to insult these ladies, and you do. But I warn you, if you intend to keep on, this swamp is nothing. We like it here. We may stay for months. I hope you have your life insured."

Perhaps we should have understood it all then. Of course Charlie Sands, for whom I am writing this, will by this time, with his keen mind, comprehend it all; but I assure you we suspected nothing.

How simple, when you line it up: The country house and the garden hose; the detective, with no camp equipment; Mr. McDonald and the green canoe; the letter on the train; the red flag; the girl in the pink tam-o'-shanter—who has not yet appeared, but will shortly; Mr. McDonald's incriminating list—also not yet, but soon.

How inevitably they led to what Charlie Sands has called our crime!

The detective, who was evidently very strong, only glared at her. Then he swung the canoe up on his head and, turning about, started back the way we had come. Though Hutchins and Aggie were raging, I was resigned. My neck was stiff and my shoulders ached. We finished our tea in silence and then made our way back to the river.

The canoe was floating in the water and the red-headed man was sitting near, with his head in his hands. He did not glance up at us; and, still in silence, we got in and paddled home.

I have now reached Tish's adventure. It is not my intention in this record to defend Tish. She thought her conclusions were correct. Charlie Sands says she is like Shaw—she has

"I Am," Mr. McDonald Said, "the Son of Poor But Honest Parents. All My Life I Have Been Obliged to Labor"

got a crooked point of view, but she believes she is seeing straight. And, after a while, if you look her way long enough you get a sort of mental astigmatism.

So I shall confess at once that, at the time, I saw nothing immoral in what she did that afternoon while we were having our adventure in the swamp.

I was putting cloths wrung out of arnica and hot water on my neck when she came home, and Hutchins was baking biscuit—she was a marvelous cook, though Aggie, who washed the dishes, objected to the number of pans she used!

Tish ignored both my neck and the biscuits, and, marching up the bank, got her shotgun from the tent and loaded it.

"We may be attacked at any time," she said briefly; and, getting the binocular, she searched the river with a splendid sweeping glance. "At any time. Hutchins, take these glasses, please, and watch that we are not disturbed."

"I'm baking biscuit, Miss Letitia."

"Biscuit!" said Tish scornfully. "Biscuit in times like these?"

She walked up to the camp stove and threw the oven door open; but, though I believe she had meant to fling them into the river, she changed her mind when she saw them.

"Open a jar of honey, Hutchins," she said, and closed the oven; but her voice was abstracted. "You can watch the river from the stove, Hutchins," she went on. "Miss Aggie and Miss Lizzie and I must confer together."

So we went into the tent, and Tish closed and fastened it.

"Now," she said, "I've got the papers."

"Papers?"

"The ones Mr. McDonald gave that Indian this morning. I had an idea he'd still have them. You can't hurry an Indian. I waited in the bushes until he went in swimming. Then I went through his pockets."

"Tish Carberry!" cried Aggie.

"These are not times to be squeamish," Tish said loftily. "I'm neutral, of course; but Great Britain has had this war forced on her and I'm going to see that she has a fair show. I've ordered all my stockings from the same shop in London, for twenty years, and squarer people never lived. Look at these—how innocent they look, until one knows!"

She produced two papers from inside her waist. I must confess that, at first glance, I saw nothing remarkable.

"The first one looks," said Tish, "like a grocery order. It's meant to look like that. It's relieved my mind of one thing—McDonald's got no wireless or he wouldn't be sending cipher messages by an Indian."

It was written on a page torn out of a pocket notebook and the page was ruled with an inch margin at the left. This was the document:

1 Dozen eggs.
20 Yards Fishing line.
1 pkg. Needles—any thing to sew a button on.
1 doz. A B C bass hooks.
3 lbs. Meat—anything so it isn't fish.
1 bot. Ink for fountain pen.
3 Tins sardines.
1 Extractor.

Well, I could not make anything of it; but, of course, I have not Tish's mind. Aggie was almost as bad.

"What's an extractor?" she asked.

"Exactly!" said Tish. "What is an extractor? Is the fellow going to pull teeth? No! He needed an E; so he made up a word."

She ran her finger down the first letters of the second column.

"D-y-n-a-m-i-t-e!" she said triumphantly. "Didn't I tell you?"

IV

WELL, there it was—staring at us. I felt positively chilled. He looked so young and agreeable, and, as Aggie said, he had such nice teeth. And to know him for what he was—it was tragic! But that was not all.

"Add the numbers!" said Tish. "Thirty-one—tons perhaps—of dynamite! And that's only part," said Tish. "Here's the most damning thing of all—a note to his accomplice!"

[Damning is here used in the sense of condemnatory. We are none of us addicted to profanity, though, as you may recall, when Aggie fell off the dock and lost her teeth she said "Damn!" That was, however, some time ago, and was more nervous explosion than oath.]

We read the other paper, which had been in a sealed envelope, but without superscription. It is before me as I write, and I am copying it exactly:

I shall have to see you. I'm going crazy! Don't you realize that this is a matter of life and death to me? Come to Island Eleven to-night, won't you? And give me a chance to talk, anyhow. Something has got to be done and done soon. I'm desperate!

Aggie sneezed three times in sheer excitement; for anyone can see how absolutely incriminating the letter was. It was not signed, but it was in the same writing as the list

Tish, who knows something about everything, said the writing denoted an unscrupulous and violent nature.

"The Y is especially vicious," she said. "I wouldn't trust a man who made a Y like that to carry a sick child to the doctor!"

The thing, of course, was to decide at once what measures to take. The boat would not come again for two days, and to send a letter by it to the town marshal or sheriff, or whatever the official is in Canada who takes charge of spies, would be another loss of time.

"Just one thing," said Tish. "I'll plan this out and find some way to deal with the wretch; but I wouldn't say anything to Hutchins. She's a nice little thing, though she is a fool about a motor boat. There's no use in scaring her."

For some reason or other, however, Hutchins was out of spirits that night.

"I hope you're not sick, Hutchins?" said Tish.

"No, indeed, Miss Tish."

"You're not eating your fish"

"I'm sick of fish," she said calmly. "I've eaten so much fish that when I see a hook I have a mad desire to go and hang myself on it."

"Fish," said Tish grimly, "is good for the brain. I do not care to boast, but never has my mind been so clear as it is to-night."

Now certainly, though Tish's tone was severe, there was nothing in it to hurt the girl; but she got up from the cracker box on which she was sitting, with her eyes filled with tears.

"Don't mind me. I'm a silly fool," she said, and went down to the river and stood looking out over it.

It quite spoiled our evening. Aggie made her a hot lemonade and, I believe, talked to her about Mr. Wiggins, and how, when he was living, she had had fits of weeping without apparent cause. But if the girl was in love, as we surmised, she said nothing about it. She insisted that it was too much fish and nervous strain about the Mebbe

"I never know," she said, "when we start out whether we're going to get back or be marooned and starve to death on some island."

Tish said afterward that her subconscious self must have taken the word marooned and played with it; for in ten minutes or so her plan popped into her head.

About That Time the Wind Came Up and Tish Said She Could Not Make an Inch of Progress Toward Our Camp

"'Full-panoplied from the head of Jove,' Lizzie," she said. "Really, it is not necessary to think whether one has faith. The supermind does it all without effort. I do not dislike the young man; but I must do my duty." Tish's plan was simplicity itself. We were to steal his canoe.

"Then we'll have him," she finished. "The current's too strong there for him to swim to the mainland."

"He might try it and drown," Aggie objected. "Spy or no spy, he's somebody's son."

"War is no time to be chicken-hearted," Tish replied.

I confess I ate little all that day. At noon Mr. McDonald came and borrowed two eggs from us.

"I've sent over to a store across country, by my Indian guide, philosopher and friend," he said, "for some things I needed; but I dare say he's reading Byron somewhere and has forgotten it."

"Guide, philosopher and friend!" I caught Tish's eye. McDonald had written the Updike letter! McDonald had meant to use our respectability to take him across the border!

We gave him the eggs, but Tish said afterward she was not deceived for a moment.

"The Indian has told him," she said, "and he's allaying our suspicions. Oh, he's clever enough! 'Know the Indian mind and my own!'" she quoted from the Updike letter. "'I know Canada thoroughly.' 'My object is not money.' I should think not!"

Tish stole the green canoe that night. She put on the life preserver and we tied the end of the rope that Aggie had let slip to the canoe. The life preserver made it difficult to paddle, Tish said, but she felt more secure. If she struck a rock and upset at least she would not drown; and we could start after her at dawn with the Mebbe.

"I'll be somewhere down the river," she said, "and safe enough, most likely, unless there are falls."

Hutchins watched in a puzzled way, for Tish did not leave until dusk.

"You'd better let me follow you with the launch, Miss Tish," she said. "Just remember that if the canoe sinks you're tied to it."

"I'm on serious business to-night, Hutchins," Tish said ominously. "You are young, and I refuse to trouble your young mind; but your ears are sharp. If you hear any shooting get the boat and follow me."

The mention of shooting made me very nervous. We watched Tish as long as we could see her; then we returned to the tent, and Aggie and I crocheted by the hanging lantern. Two hours went by. At eleven o'clock Tish had not returned and Hutchins was in the motor boat, getting it ready to start.

"I like courage, Miss Lizzie," she said to me "but this thing of elderly women, with some sort of bug, starting out at night in canoes is too strong for me. Either she's going to stay in at night or I'm going home."

"Elderly nothing!" I said, with some spirit. "She is in the prime of life. Please remember, Hutchins, that you are speaking of your employer. Miss Tish has no bug, as you call it."

"Oh, she's rational enough," Hutchins retorted; "but she is a woman of one idea and that sort of person is dangerous."

I was breathless at her audacity.

"Come now, Miss Lizzie," she said, "how can I help when I don't know what is being done? I've done my best up here to keep you comfortable and restrain Miss Tish's recklessness; but I ought to know something."

She was right; and, Tish or no Tish, then and there I told her. She was more than astonished. She sat in the motor boat, with a lantern at her feet, and listened.

"I see," she said slowly. "So the—so Mr. McDonald is a spy and has sent for dynamite to destroy the railroad! And—and the red-haired man is a detective! How do you know he is a detective?"

I told her then about the note we had picked up from beside her in the train, and because she was so much interested she really seemed quite thrilled. I brought the cipher grocery list and the other note down to her.

"It's quite convincing, isn't it?" she said. "And—and exciting! I don't know when I've been so excited."

She really was. Her cheeks were flushed. She looked exceedingly pretty.

"The thing to do," she said, "is to teach him a lesson. He's young. He mayn't always have had to stoop to such—such criminality. If we can scare him thoroughly it might do him a lot of good."

I said I was afraid Tish took a more serious view of things and would notify the authorities. And at that moment there came two or three shots—then silence.

(Continued on Page 30)

RUGGLES OF RED GAP

By Harry Leon Wilson

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

XIX

ECHOES of the Monday night dinner reached me the following day. The affair had passed off pleasantly enough, the members of the Bohemian set conducting themselves quite as persons who mattered, with the exception of the Klondike woman herself, who, I gathered, had descended to a mood of most indecorous liveliness considering who the guest of honor was. She had not only played and sung those noisy native folk songs of hers, but she had, it seemed, conducted herself with a certain facetious familiarity toward his lordship.

"Every now and then," said Cousin Egbert, my principal informant, "she'd whirl in and josh the Cap all over the place about them funny whiskers he wears. She told him out and out he'd just got to lose them."

"Shocking rudeness!" I exclaimed.

"Oh, sure, sure!" he agreed, yet without indignation. "And the Cap just hated her for it—you could tell that by the way he looked at her. Oh, he hates her something terrible. He just can't bear the sight of her."

"Naturally enough," I observed, though there had been an undercurrent to his speech that I thought almost quite a little odd. His accents were queerly placed. Had I not known him too well I should have thought him trying to be deep. I recalled his other phrases, that Mrs. Effie was seeing which way a cat would leap, and that the Klondike person would hand the ladies of the North Side set a lemon squash. I put them all down as childish prattle and said as much to the Mixer later in the day as she had a dish of tea at the Grill.

"Yes, Sour-Dough's right," she observed. "That earl just hates the sight of her—can't bear to look at her a minute." But she, too, intoned the thing queerly.

"He's putting pressure to bear on her," I said.

"Pressure!" said the Mixer; and then, "Hum!" very dryly.

With this news, however, it was plain as a pillar box that things were going badly with his lordship's effort to release the Honorable George from his entanglement. The woman, doubtless with his compromising letters, would be holding out for a stiffish price; she would think them worth no end. And plainly again his lordship had thrown off his mask; was unable longer to conceal his aversion for her. This, to be sure, was more in accordance with his character as I had long observed it. If he hated her it was like him to show it when he looked at her. I mean he was quite like that with almost anyone. I hoped, however, that diplomacy might still save us all sorts of a nasty row.

To my relief, when the pair appeared for tea that afternoon—a sight no longer causing the least sensation—I saw that his lordship must have returned to his first or diplomatic manner. Doubtless he still hated her, but one would little have suspected it from his manner of looking at her. I mean to say that he looked at her another way. The opposite way, in fact. He was being subtle in the extreme. I fancied it must have been her wretched levity regarding his beard that had goaded him into the exhibitions of hatred noted by Cousin Egbert and the Mixer. Unquestionably his lordship may be goaded in no time if one deliberately sets about it. At the time, doubtless, he had sliced a drive or two, as one might say, but now he was back in form.

Again I confess I was not a little sorry for the creature, seeing her there so smartly taken in by his effusive manner. He was having her on in the most obvious way, and she, poor dupe, taking it all quite seriously. Prime it was, though, considering the creature's designs; and I again marveled that in all the years of my association with his lordship I had never suspected what a topping sort he could be at this game. His mask was now perfect. It recalled, indeed, Cousin Egbert's simple but telling phrase about the Honorable George: "He looks at her!" It could now have been said of his lordship with the utmost significance to any but those in the know.

And so began, quite as had the first, the second week of his lordship's stay among us. Knowing he had booked a return I realized that results of some sort must soon ensue. The pressure he was putting on the woman must begin to tell. And this was the extreme of the encouragement I was able to offer the Belknap-Jacksons. Both he and his wife were, of course, in a bit of a state. Nor could I blame them. With an earl for house guest they must be content with but a glimpse of him at odd moments. Rather a barren honor they were finding it.

His lordship's conferences with the woman were unabated. When not secluded with her at her own establishment he would be abroad with her in her trap or in the car of Belknap-Jackson. The owner, however, no longer drove his car. He had never taken another chance. And well

The Honorable George Stared Up at the Chaffing Signboard

I knew these activities of his lordship's were being basely misconstrued by the gossips.

"The Cap is certainly some queener," remarked Cousin Egbert, which perhaps reflected the view of the deceived public at this time, the curious term implying that his lordship was by way of being a bit of a dog. But calm I remained under these aspersions, counting upon a clean-cut vindication of his lordship's methods when he should have got the woman where he wished her.

I remained, I repeat, serenely confident that a signal triumph would presently crown his lordship's subtly planned attack. And then at midweek I was rudely shocked to the suspicion that not all might be going well with his plan. I had not seen the pair for a day, and when they did appear for their tea I instantly detected a profound change in their mutual bearing. His lordship still looked at the woman, but the raillery of their past meetings had gone. Too plainly something momentous had occurred. Even the woman was serious. Had they fought to the last stand? Had she been too much for him? I mean to say was the Honorable George cooked?

I now recalled that I had observed an almost similar change in the latter's manner. His face wore a look of wildest gloom that might have been mitigated perhaps by a proper trimming of his beard, but even then it would have been remarked by those who knew him well. I divined, I repeat, that something momentous had now occurred and that the Honorable George was one not least affected by it.

Rather a sleepless night I passed, wondering fearfully if after all his lordship had been unable to extricate the poor chap from this sordid entanglement. Had the creature held out for too much? Had she refused to compromise? Would there be one of those appalling legal things which our best families so often suffer, if the victim were to cut off home?

Nor was my trepidation allayed by the cryptic remark of Mrs. Judson as I passed her at her tasks in the pantry that morning.

"A prince in his palace not too good—that's what I said!"

She shot the thing at me with a manner suspiciously near to flippancy. I sternly demanded her meaning.

"I mean what I mean," she retorted, shutting her lips upon it in a definite way she has. Well enough I knew the import of her uncivil speech, but I resolved not to bandy words with her because in my position it would be undignified; because, further, of an unfortunate effect she has upon my temper at such times.

"She's being terrible careful about *her* associates," she presently went on—with a most irritating effect of addressing only herself—"nothing at all but just dukes and earls and lords day in and day out!"

Too often when the woman seems to wish it she contrives to get me in motion, as the American saying is.

"And it is deeply to be regretted," I replied with dignity, "that other persons must say less of themselves if put to it."

Well she knew what I meant. Despite my previous clear warning she had more than once accepted small gifts from the cattle persons, Hank and Buck, and had even been seen brazenly in public with them at a cinema palace. One with a more suspicious nature than mine might have guessed that she conducted herself thus for the specific purpose of enraging me, but I am glad to say that no nature could be more free than mine from vulgar jealousy, and I spoke now from the mere wish that she should more carefully guard her reputation. As before, she exhibited a surprising meekness under this rebuke, though I uneasily wondered if there might not be guile beneath it.

"Can I help it," she asked, "if they like to show me attentions? I guess I'm a free woman." She lifted her head to observe a glass she had polished. Her eyes were curiously lighted. She had this way of embarrassing me. And invariably, moreover, she aroused all that is evil in my nature against the two cattle persons, especially the Buck one, actually on another occasion professing admiration for his wavy chestnut hair! I saw now that I could not trust myself to speak of the fellow. I took up another matter.

"That baby of yours is too horribly fat," I said suddenly. I had long meant to put this to her. "It's too fat. It eats too much!"

To my amazement the creature was transformed into a vixen.

"It—it! Too fat! You call my boy 'it' and say he's too fat! Don't you dare! What does a creature like you know of babies? Why, you wouldn't even know ——"

But the thing was too painful. Let her angry words be forgotten. Suffice to say, she permitted herself to cry out things that might have given grave offense to one less certain of himself than I. Rather chilled I admit I was by her frenzied outburst. I was shrewd enough to see instantly that anything in the nature of a criticism of her offspring must be led up to rather; perhaps couched in less direct phrases than I had chosen. Fearful I was that she would burst into another torrent of rage, but to my amazement she all at once smiled.

"What a fool I am!" she exclaimed. "Kidding me, were you? Trying to make me mad about the baby? Well, I'll give you good. You did it. Yes, sir; I never would have thought you had a kidding streak in you, old glum face!"

"Little you know me," I retorted, and quickly withdrew, for I was then more embarrassed than ever; and besides there were other and graver matters forward to depress and occupy me.

In my fitful sleep of the night before I had dreamed vividly that I saw the Honorable George being dragged, shackled, to the altar. I trust I am not superstitious, but the vision had remained with me in all its tormenting detail. A veiled woman had grimly awaited him as he struggled with his uniformed captors. I mean to say he was being hustled along by two constables.

That day, let me now put down, was to be a day of the most fearful shocks that a man of rather sensitive nervous organism has ever been called upon to endure. There are now lines in my face that I make no doubt showed then for the first time.

And it was a day that dragged interminably, so that I became fair off my head with the suspense of it, feeling that at any moment the worst might happen. For hours I saw no one with whom I could consult. Once I was almost moved to call up Belknap-Jackson, so intolerable was this menacing uncertainty; but this, I knew, bordered on hysteria and I restrained the impulse with an iron will.

But I wretchedly longed for a sight of Cousin Egbert or the Mixer, or even of the Honorable George; some one to assure me that my horrid dream of the night before had been a baseless fabric, as the saying is. The very absence of these people and of his lordship was in itself ominous.

Nervously I kept to a post at one of my windows where I could survey the street. And here at midday I sustained my first shock. Terrific it was. His lordship had emerged from the chemist's across the street. He paused a moment, as if to recall his next mission, then walked briskly off. And this is what I had been stupefied to note: He was clean shaven. The Brinstead side whiskers were gone!

"Yes, Sour-Dough's Right. That Earl Just Hates the Sight of Her"

Whiskers that had been worn in precisely that fashion by a tremendous line of the earls of Brinstead! And the tenth of his line had abandoned them. As well, I thought, could he have defaced the Brinstead arms.

It was plain as a pillar box indeed. The woman had our family at her mercy, and she would show no mercy. My heart sank as I pictured the Honorable George in her toils. My dream had been prophetic. Then I reflected that this very circumstance of his lordship's having pandered to her lawless whim about his beard would go to show he had not yet given up the fight. If the thing were hopeless I knew he would have seen her dashed before he would have relinquished it. There plainly was still hope for poor George. Indeed his lordship might well have planned some splendid *coup;* this defacement would be a part of his strategy, suffered in anguish for his ultimate triumph. Quite cheered I became at this thought. I still scanned the street crowd for some one who could acquaint me with developments I must have missed.

But then a moment later came the call by telephone of Belknap-Jackson. I answered it, though with little hope other than to hear more of his unending complaints about his lordship's negligence. Startled instantly I was, however, for his voice was stranger than I had known it even in moments of his acutest distress. Hoarse it was and his words alarming but hardly intelligible.

"Heard? . . . My God! . . . Heard? . . . Marriage! Marriage!" But here he broke off into the most appalling laughter—the blood-curdling laughter of a chained patient in a madhouse. Hardly could I endure it and grateful I was when I heard the line close. Even when he attempted vocables he had sounded quite like an inferior record on a phonographic machine. But I had heard enough to leave me aghast. Beyond doubt now the very worst had come upon our family. His lordship's tremendous sacrifice would have been all in vain. Marriage! The Honorable George was done for. Better had it been the typing girl, I bitterly reflected. Her father had at least been a curate!

Thankful enough I now was for the luncheon-hour rush; I could distract myself from the appalling disaster. That day I took rather more than my accustomed charge of the serving. I chatted with our business chaps, recommending the joint in the highest terms; drawing corks; seeing that the relish was abundantly stocked at every table. I was striving to forget.

Mrs. Judson alone persisted in reminding me of the impending scandal. "A prince in his palace," she would maliciously murmur as I encountered her. I think she must have observed that I was bitter, for she at last spoke quite amiably of our morning's dust-up.

"You certainly got my goat," she said in the quaint American fashion, "telling me little No-no was too fat. You had me going there for a minute, thinking you meant it!"

The creature's name was Albert, yet she persisted in calling it "No-no" because the child itself would thus falsely declare its name upon being questioned, having in some strange manner gained this impression. It was another matter I meant to bring to her attention, but at this crisis I had no heart for it.

My crowd left. I was again alone, to muse bitterly upon our plight. Still I scanned the street, hoping for a sight of Cousin Egbert, who, I fancied, would be informed as to the wretched details. Instead, now, I saw the Honorable George. He walked on the opposite side of the thoroughfare, his manner of dejection precisely what I should have expected. Followed closely as usual he was by the Judson cur. A spirit of desperate mockery seized me. I called to Mrs. Judson, who was gathering glasses from a table. I indicated the pair.

"Mr. Barker," I said, "is dogging his footsteps." I mean to say I uttered the words in the most solemn manner. Little the woman knew that one may often be moved in the most distressing moments to a jest of this sort. She laughed heartily, being of quick discernment. And thus jauntily did I carry my knowledge of the lowering cloud. But I permitted myself no further sallies of that sort. I stayed expectantly by the window, and I dare say my bearing would have deceived the most alert. I was steadily calm. The situation called precisely for that.

The hours sped darkly and my fears mounted. In sheer desperation, at length, I had myself put through to Belknap-Jackson. To my astonishment he seemed quite revived, though in a state of feverish gayety. He fair bubbled:

"Just leaving this moment with his lordship to gather up some friends. We meet at your place. Yes, yes—all the uncertainty is past. Better set up that largest table—rather a celebration."

Almost more confusing it was than his former message, which had been confined to calls upon his Maker and to maniac laughter. Was he, I wondered, merely making the best of it? Had he resolved to be a dead sportsman? A few moments later he discharged his lordship at my door and drove rapidly on—only a question of time it is when he will be had heavily for damages due to his reckless driving.

His lordship bustled in with a cheerfulness that staggered me. He, too, was gay—almost debonair. A gardenia was in his lapel. He was vogue to the last detail in a form-fitting gray morning suit that had all the style essentials. Almost it seemed as if three valets had been needed to groom him. He briskly rubbed his hands.

"Biggest table—people. Tea, that sort of thing. Have a go of champagne, too, what, what! Beard off, much younger appearing? Of course, course! Trust women those matters. Tea cake, toast, crumpets, marmalade—things like that. Plenty champagne. Not happen every day, ha, ha!"

To my acute distress he here thumbed me in the ribs and laughed again. Was he, too, I wondered, madly resolved to be a dead sportsman in the face of the unavoidable? I sought to edge in a discreet word of condolence, for I knew that between us there need be no pretense.

"I know you did your best, sir," I observed. "And I was never quite free of a fear that the woman would prove too many for us. I trust the Honorable George ——"

But I had said as much as he would let me. He interrupted me with his thumb again, and on his face was what in a lesser person I should unhesitatingly have called a leer.

"You dog, you! Woman prove too many for us, what, what! Dare say you knew what to expect. Silly old George! Though how she could ever have fancied the juggins ——"

I was about to remark that the creature had, of course, played her game from entirely sordid motives, and I should doubtless have ventured to applaud the game spirit in which he was taking the blow. But before I could shape my phrases on this delicate ground Mrs. Effie, the Senator and Cousin Egbert arrived. They somewhat formally had the air of being expected. All of them rushed upon his lordship with an excessive manner. Apparently they were all to be dead sportsmen together. And then Mrs. Effie called me aside.

"You can do me a favor," she began. "About the wedding breakfast and reception. Dear Kate's place is so small. It wouldn't do. There'll be a crush, of course. I've had the loveliest idea for it—our own house. You know how delighted we'd be. The earl has been so charming and everything has turned out so splendidly. Oh, I'd love to do them this little parting kindness. Use your influence like a good fellow, won't you, when the thing is suggested?"

"Only too gladly," I responded, sick at heart, and she returned to the group. Well I knew her motive: she was by way of getting even with the Belknap-Jacksons. As Cousin Egbert in his American fashion would put it, she was trying to pass them a bison. But I was willing enough she should house the dreadful affair. The more private the better, thought I.

A moment later Belknap-Jackson's car appeared at my door, now discharging the Klondike woman, effusively escorted by the Mixer and by Mrs. Belknap-Jackson. The latter at least, I had thought, would show more principle. But she had buckled atrociously, quite as had her husband, who had quickly, almost merrily, followed them. There was increased gayety as they seated themselves about the large table, a silly noise of pretended felicitation over a calamity that not even the tenth Earl of Brinstead had been able to avert. And then Belknap-Jackson beckoned me aside.

"I want your help, old chap, in case it's needed," he began.

"The wedding breakfast and reception?" I said quite cynically.

"You've thought of it? Good! Her own place is far too small. Crowd of course. And it's rather proper at our place, too, his lordship having been our house guest. You see? Use what influence you have. The affair will be rather widely commented on, even the New York papers, I dare say."

"Count upon me," I answered blandly, even as I had promised Mrs. Effie. Disgusted I was. Let them maul each other about over the wretched honor. They could all be dead sportsmen if they chose, but I was now firmly resolved that for myself I should make not a bit of pretense. The creature might trick poor George into a marriage, but I for one would not affect to regard it as other than a blight upon our house. I was just on the point of hoping that the victim himself might have cut off to unknown parts when I saw him enter. By the other members of the party he was hailed with cries of delight, though his own air was finely honest, being dejected in the extreme. He was dressed as regrettably as usual, this time in parts of two lounge suits.

As he joined those at the table I constrained myself to serve the champagne. Senator Floud arose with a brimming glass.

"My friends," he began in his public-speaking manner, "let us remember that Red Gap's loss is England's gain—to the future Countess of Brinstead!"

To my astonishment this appalling breach of good taste was received with the loudest applause, nor was his lordship the least clamorous of them. I mean to say the chap had as good as wished that his lordship would directly pop off. It was beyond me. I walked to the farthest window and stood a long time gazing pensively out; I wished to be away from that false show. But they noticed my absence at length and called to me. Monstrously I was desired to drink to the happiness of the groom. I thought they were pressing me too far, but as they quite gabbled now with their tea and things I hoped to pass it off. The Senator, however, seemed to fasten me with his eye as he proposed the toast, "To the happy man!"

"A body would think Bill was drinking to the judge," remarked Cousin Egbert.

"Eh?" I exclaimed, startled to this outburst by his strange words.

I Feel That My Voice Is Going to Carry

"Good old George!" exclaimed his lordship. "Owe it all to the old juggins, what, what!"

The Klondike person spoke. I heard her voice as a bell pealing through breakers at sea. I mean to say I was now fair dazed.

"Not to old George," said she. "To old Ruggles!"

"To old Ruggles!" promptly cried the Senator, and they drank.

Muddled indeed I was. Again in my eventful career I felt myself tremble; I knew not what I should say, my *savoir-faire* being quite gone. I had received a crumpler of some sort—but what sort?

My sleeve was touched. I turned blindly as in a nightmare. The Hobbs cub who was my *testiaire* was handing me our evening paper. I took it from him, staring—staring until my knees grew weak. Across the page in clarion type rang the unbelievable words:

BRITISH PEER WINS AMERICAN BRIDE

HIS LORDSHIP, TENTH EARL OF BRINSTEAD, TO WED ONE OF RED GAP'S FAIR DAUGHTERS

My hands so shook that in quick subterfuge I dropped the sheet, then stooped for it, trusting to control myself before I again raised my face. Mercifully the others were diverted by the journal. It was seized from me, passed from hand to hand, the incredible words read aloud by each in turn. They jested of it!

"Amazing chaps, your press men!" Thus the tenth Earl of Brinstead, while I pinched myself viciously to bring back my lost aplomb. "Speedy beggars, what, what! Never knew it myself till last night. She would and she wouldn't."

"I think you knew," said the lady. Stricken as I was I noted that she eyed him rather strangely, quite as if she felt some decent respect for him.

"Marriage is serious," boomed the Mixer.

"Don't blame her, don't blame her—swear I don't!" returned his lordship. "Few days to think it over—quite right, quite right. Got to know their own minds, my word!"

While their attention was thus mercifully diverted from me my own world by painful degrees resumed its stability. I mean to say I am not the fainting sort, but if I were then I should have keeled over at my first sight of that journal. But now I merely recovered my glass of champagne and drained it. Rather pigged it a bit, I fancy. Badly needing a stimulant I was, to be sure.

They now discussed details; the ceremony, that sort of thing.

"Before a registrar quickest way," said his lordship.

"Nonsense! Church of course!" rumbled the Mixer very arbitrarily.

"Quite so, then," assented his lordship. "Get me the rector of the parish—a vicar, a curate, something of that sort."

"Then the breakfast and reception," suggested Mrs. Effie with a meaning glance at me before she turned to the lady. "Of course, dearest, your own tiny nest would never hold your host of friends ——"

"I've never noticed," said the other quickly. "It's always seemed big enough," she added in pensive tones and with downcast eyes.

"Oh, not large enough by half," put in Belknap-Jackson. "Most charming little home nook, but worlds too small for all your well-wishers." With a glance at me he narrowed his eyes in friendly calculation. "I'm somewhat puzzled myself. Suppose we see what the capable Ruggles has to suggest."

"Let Ruggles suggest something by all means," cried Mrs. Effie.

I mean to say they both quite thought they knew what I would suggest, but it was nothing of the sort. The situation had entirely changed. Quite another sort of thing it was. Quickly I resolved to fling them both aside. I, too, would be a dead sportsman.

"I was about to suggest," I remarked, "that my place here is the only one at all suitable for the breakfast and reception. I can promise that the affair will go off smartly."

The two had looked up with such radiant expectation at my opening words and were so plainly in a state at my conclusion that I dare say the future Countess of Brinstead at once knew what. She flashed them a look, then eyed me with a quick understanding.

"Great!" she exclaimed in a hearty American manner. "Then that's settled," she continued briskly as both Belknap-Jackson and Mrs. Effie would have interposed. "Ruggles shall do everything; take it off our shoulders—ices, flowers, invitations."

"The invitation list will need great care, of course," remarked Belknap-Jackson with a quite savage glance at me.

"But you just called him the capable Ruggles," insisted the fiancée. "We shall leave it all to him. How many will you ask, Ruggles?" Her eyes flicked from mine to Belknap-Jackson.

"Quite almost every one," I answered firmly.

"Fine," she said.

"Ripping," said his lordship.

"His lordship will, of course, wish a best man," suggested Belknap-Jackson. "I should be only too glad ——"

"You're going to suggest Ruggles again," cried the lady. "Just the man for it! You're quite right. Why, we owe it all to Ruggles, don't we?"

I Had Caught Her Eyes. They Brimmed With Understanding

She here beamed upon his lordship. Belknap-Jackson wore an expression of the keenest disrelish.

"Of course, course!" replied his lordship. "Dashed good man, Ruggles. Owe it all to him, what, what!"

I fancy in the cordial excitement of the moment he was quite sincere. As to her ladyship I am to this day unable to still a faint suspicion that she was having me on. True, she owed it all to me. But I hadn't a bit meant it, and well she knew it. Subtle she was, I dare say, but bore me no malice, though she was not above setting Belknap-Jackson back a pace or two each time he had moved up, as I noted with satisfaction.

A final toast was drunk and my guests drifted out. Belknap-Jackson again glared savagely at me as he went, but Mrs. Effie rather outglared him. Even I should hardly have cared to face her at that moment.

And I was still in a high state of muddle. It was all beyond me. Had his lordship, I wondered, too seriously taken my careless words about American equality? Of course I had meant them to apply only to those stopping on in the States.

Cousin Egbert lingered to the last, rather with a troubled air of wishing to consult me. When I at length came up with him he held the journal before me, indicating lines in the article—"relict of an Alaskan capitalist, now for some years one of Red Gap's social favorites."

"Read that there," he commanded grimly. Then with a terrific earnestness I had never before remarked in him: "Say, listen here, I better go round right off and mix it up with that fresh guy. What's he hinting around at by that there word 'relict'? Why, say, she was married to him ——"

I hastily corrected his preposterous interpretation of the word, much to his relief.

I was still in my precious state of muddle. Mrs. Judson took occasion to flounce by me in her work of clearing the table.

"A prince in his palace," she taunted.

I laughed in a lofty manner.

"Why, you poor thing, I've known it all for some days," I said.

"Well, I must say you're the deep one if you did—never letting on ——" she returned, unable to repress a glance of admiration as she moved off.

I stood where she had left me, meditating profoundly.

XX

TWO days later at high noon was solemnized the marriage of his lordship to the woman whom, without a bit meaning to, I had so curiously caused to enter his life. The day was for myself so crowded with emotions that it returns in rather a jumble—patches of incidents; little floating clouds of memory, some meaningless, and one at least to be significant to my last day.

The affair was had in our most nearly smart church. It was only a Methodist church, but I took pains to assure myself that a ceremony performed by its curate would be legal. I seem still to hear the organ strains of The Voice That Breathed Through Eden, as we neared the altar; also the Mixer's rumbling whisper about a lost handkerchief which she apparently found herself needing at that moment.

The responses of bride and groom were unhesitating, even firm. Her ladyship, I thought, had never appeared to better advantage than in the pearl-tinted lusterless going-away gown she had chosen. As always, she had finely known what to put on her head.

Senator Floud, despite Belknap-Jackson's suggestion of himself for the office, had been selected to give away the bride, as the saying is. He performed his function with dignity, though I recall being seized with horror when the moment came; almost certain I am he restrained himself with difficulty from making a sort of a speech.

The Methodist Church was thronged. I had seen to that. I had told her ladyship that I should ask quite almost every one, and this I had done, squarely in the face of Belknap-Jackson's pleading that discretion be used. For a great white light, as one might say, had now suffused me. I had seen that the moment was come when the warring factions of Red Gap should be reunited. A Bismarck I felt myself indeed. That I acted ably was later to be seen.

Even for the wedding breakfast, which occurred directly after the ceremony, I had shown myself a dictator in the matter of guests. Covers were laid in my room for seventy, and among these were included not only the members of the North Side set and the entire Bohemian set, but many worthy persons not hitherto socially existent who yet had been friends or well-wishers of the bride.

I am persuaded to confess that in a few of these instances I was not above a snarky little wish to correct the social horizon of Belknap-Jackson; to make it more broadly accord, as I may say, with the spirit of American equality for which their forefathers bled and died on the battlefields of Boston, New York and Vicksburg.

Not the least of my reward, then, was to see his eyebrows more than once eloquently rise, as when the cattle persons, Hank and Buck, appeared in suits of decent black, or when the driver chap, Pierce, entered with his quite obscure mother on his arm, or when arrived a few other cattle and horse persons with whom the Honorable George had pulled up during his process of going in for America.

This laxity I felt that the Earl of Brinstead and his bride could amply afford, while for myself I had roundly determined that Red Gap should thenceforth be without sets. I mean to say having frankly taken up America, I was at last resolved to do it whole-heartedly. If I could not take up the whole of it I would not take up a part. Quite instinctively I had chosen the slogan of our chamber of commerce: "Don't Knock—Boost; and Boost All Together." Rudely worded though it is, I had seen it to be sound in spirit.

(Continued on Page 25)

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Boosting Our Credit

IN JANUARY three million dollars of gold was shipped from Shanghai to San Francisco for the account of a New York bank. This, we believe, is the first movement of gold on any important scale from China to America, for London is China's international banker, and debts due in this country have heretofore been paid by drafts on the English capital. In the same week arrangements were announced for the shipment of French gold to New York, and the Russian Government established a credit of twenty-five million dollars with Morgan and Company.

For some time things of that sort have been occurring until nearly every important country has opened a bank account here, either by shipment of gold or by securing credit from syndicates of American banks. They are, of course, purchasing foodstuffs, army supplies, and so on, from us in large quantities and must have ready means of making payments. But in the past payments for such purchases would usually have been made by London draft, and the establishment of direct credits in this country on an extensive scale is an innovation.

For three months last fall there was no big banking center outside of America in which a foreigner's credit was immediately available. In London, Paris, Vienna, Rome, and so on, there were moratoriums, and in Berlin what amounted to the same thing, so far as concerned a foreign bill of exchange. One might have had any amount of money owing to him in any of those capitals and yet have been unable to collect a dollar.

Renewal of European moratoriums is improbable, but by no means impossible while the war lasts. No such unpleasant contingency attaches to a bank balance in this country. A credit in the United States looks more attractive than ever before. European investment markets are still closed to foreign applicants and will no doubt remain so indefinitely.

The New York investment market is restricted, but still the freest in the world. That also will eventually help Uncle Sam's position as an international banker.

Where to Find Trade

OUR trade with South America suffered more proportionately last year than that of any other grand division of the globe. It decreased more than one-third, while our exports to Europe fell off only fifteen per cent. The explanation is found mostly, of course, in the poor general conditions down there throughout the year. There was depression before the war, and war brought rather acute demoralization. No amount of enthusiasm for trade expansion will bring trade with a customer who simply is not in a position to buy. Our sales to Canada decreased more than twenty per cent as compared with the year before, for 1914 was a period of business reaction in the Dominion.

It is noteworthy, on the other hand, that the steadiest big trade we had during the year was with England and France. Physical obstacles in the shape of British cruisers prevented Germany from buying of us during the last five months of the year, so our exports to that country were cut about in half. But in spite of a big loss in cotton exports we sold England and France just about as much in 1914 as in 1913. There was a big difference in the items, of course, but the aggregates were nearly the same. The first place to look for foreign—or any other—trade is where the biggest buying capacity is.

The Competing Jitney

THE strange word "jitney" has become of quite poignant importance on the Pacific Coast. Some etymologists hold that it is of Japanese origin; others that it is merely a slang term for a nickel, originating in sporting circles. It means an automobile—generally a low-priced five-passenger touring car—which operates over a fixed route in competition with the street cars, carrying passengers for five cents a head. There are said to be over a thousand jitneys in Los Angeles alone, whose receipts average six to seven dollars a day. Traction people there place the loss in street railway revenue above a million dollars a year and naturally want the competition suppressed. In San Francisco jitneys are said to cost one trolley line over two hundred dollars a day. The bankruptcy of a weak line is attributed to jitney competition. Meanwhile, jitney owners have organized for mutual defense and from deep trenches defy the traction forces to bring on their forty-two centimeter guns.

This is what often happens when a firmly established industry, with an immense capital investment, is assailed by an innovation. But the remarkable thing is that automobiles should be able to compete with street cars at all. Only twenty years ago an automobile was a rare and expensive luxury. Now dependable cars are so cheap and can be operated at so low a cost that carrying four passengers at five cents a head, or twenty cents a load, over considerable distances is profitable—at least in Los Angeles, where there is fine pavement and open weather all the year round. The rule is that the newest thing grows fastest. Within a generation the newer electrical traction has developed much faster than the older steam traction, and gasoline traction faster still.

A Dog With a Bad Name

THREE years ago a Wall Street house promoted and floated a combination of farm-machinery makers. There were the usual encouraging statements as to the combination's condition and outlook. That sort of thing being much in vogue then, the shares were readily taken by investors, both the preferred and common stock selling above par. Since then the combination has been sadly wabbling down to one misfortune after another, until recently it went into bankruptcy, the preferred stock selling at nine dollars a share and the common at one dollar and twelve cents. It was, of course, only a case of poor information, poor judgment and poor luck; yet these conditions must add somewhat to the number of persons scattered round the country who get black in the face when you say Wall Street to them.

The Final Answer

THIS great stir in Europe naturally provokes reference to other big commotions. We find some observers comparing it with the French Revolution and hopefully expecting it to be accompanied by a like change in human institutions and the complexion of human thought. But the really comparable date seems to be 1815 rather than 1789. No liberal aspirations and no questioning of old institutions inspired this disturbance. The case is exactly the opposite. This is the overthrow of liberal thought and the vehement reaffirmation of the old order. It takes its sanction from Frederick the Great, not from Voltaire and Rousseau. The only authority which it questions is that of the newest, most free and humane ideas. Everything uplooking in Europe it has clouted over the head.

On the surface 1815 is the comparable date, and this is revolution downward, with social progress set back for another twenty years, as it was then. Effective revolution usually begins with a square meal. The poverty of Europe after this war will be a handicap to free thought and action.

But certainly a century hasn't gone for nothing—especially that century which has seen by far the greatest progress in democracy; at least the habit of asking social questions has become pretty thoroughly ingrained. After it is over people will question this war as they have never questioned any other. To the main question—why it happened at all—they may find an answer that will permanently change Europe's political relations.

After the War

GREAT BRITAIN, Russia, France and Austria-Hungary, it may be recalled, were in an acutely disturbed state last July. In Great Britain civil war was openly threatened. Ulster volunteers were training and cheering for it. In Russia strike riots had assumed such proportions that impartial observers on the ground have said another attempt at revolution impended. Austria's irritation over anti-Austrian agitation hatched in Servia was extreme, precisely because the empire's internal discords were extreme. In France there had been several changes of ministry and the political temper was decidedly stormy.

War simply has blanketed all these domestic disorders. The Home Rule business was immediately shelved. Instead of indulging in a general strike and attacking the police Petrograd and Moscow workmen have flocked to the colors. Even in Austria-Hungary there was at least an appearance of unity. Political factions in France have promptly coalesced. But the war has not settled, nor materially mitigated, any of these differences. The Ulster trouble will pop out of its box the day after the conflict stops. Unless the Russian Government has experienced a permanent change of heart, which we consider doubtful, troubles of the Russian workman and peasant will be aggravated rather than alleviated by the war. There is some evidence even now of deeper bitterness in Austria-Hungary. French factions will have not only their old questions but new ones to quarrel over. Probably all the old difficulties will be on hand and some fresh ones; and the war will have settled nothing that is of real moment to the people of Europe.

Saving Goose Eggs

WE WERE talking the other evening with a pair of the most ingenious and persistent savers we have ever known. Of saving they have made both a science and an art. It would appear that hardly anything is beyond their reach in that line.

There was the matter, for example, of the wife's fur coat. The husband began preparing for it a year ago by rigidly cutting out cigars and cabs. Sticking heroically to pipes and street cars, he had nearly two-thirds of the necessary sum when he bought the coat, before Christmas—a beautiful garment and a great bargain, too, costing only two hundred and twenty dollars.

The dinner had been ample and excellent. "And what do you think the meat course cost?" asked the wife, abrim with culinary pride. We were unable to guess. "Just twenty-six cents!" she announced triumphantly, which really, with fresh memories of its toothsomeness, quite astonished us. With a couple of dollars she can set forth a meal for six people that no one would begrudge fifteen dollars for downtown.

A tangible result of her economy is the loveliest writing desk, made out of an old spinet, which cost only a hundred and ten dollars—the nearly new article that it supplanted, and which had never been anything but a writing desk, being stored in the attic.

They are now planning a vacation at the seashore and will certainly accomplish it in good style. I am confident that couple could save a steam yacht if they really set out to do it.

"And next year," said the husband firmly, "I am going to begin saving some money"—that being the only article they have been utterly unable to save.

There are some hundreds of thousands of couples in this country whose household accounts disclose numerous shifts and economies that would make any miser's mouth water, but whose bank accounts are a sorry succession of goose eggs.

U. S., Incorporated

PROBABLY three-fifths or more of the property in the United States is held by corporations. The internal revenue collector's reports show over three hundred thousand corporations with sixty-four billion dollars capital stock and thirty-seven billion dollars bonded and other indebtedness—a total of a hundred and one billions. Probably this exceeds the value of property owned by the corporations, for the total wealth of the country is commonly reckoned round a hundred and fifty billions and there is forty billions of farm property, hardly any of which is incorporated. A little less than a quarter of the total capitalization is listed on the New York Stock Exchange. On other exchanges, excluding duplications, probably ten per cent more is listed, so that a share of ownership of perhaps a fifth of the total wealth of the country is as open to purchase as a paper of pins or a yard of calico.

It is all, so to speak, on the table, so that anyone who likes—and has the price—may take his pick of it with hardly more bother or formality than attends buying a lead pencil. Making due allowance for probable duplications and overcapitalization among the reporting corporations, it still appears that the amount of individually owned property in the country, aside from real estate, is quite negligible, and corporations own an immense amount of real estate. Ownership of a share in some one thing, or in various things, along with many other owners is the rule. Outside of real estate, for a man to own the whole of anything beyond the coat on his back is the exception.

THE MYSTERY STORY

"Alas, Monsieur, in Spite of Our Fine Courtesies, the Conception of Justice by One Race Must Always Seem Outlandish to Another!"

By Melville Davisson Post

ILLUSTRATED BY HARVEY DUNN

WAS it not De Musset who said mediocre people always imagined that works of art were produced with ease because they themselves never, under any circumstances, did anything which was not easy for them? The common idea that the author of a short story is seized with an inspiration and writes it out at one sitting, scattering the pages about him, is a figment of the fancy. Some one asked Sterne how he composed a book, and he said he wrote the first sentence and trusted the Lord for the second.

It is true that the only directions one of the greatest painters left behind him for the production of a masterpiece were to do it in a hurry and put on lots of varnish.

All this is the laughter of genius, however. The short story, like any work of art, is produced only by painstaking labor and according to certain structural rules. The laws that apply to mechanics and architecture are no more certain or established than those that apply to the construction of the short story. These rules have been known for hundreds of years.

Aristotle laid down precisely how the short story ought to be built up. He was dealing with the structure of the drama, but what he had to say about the play applies equally to the short story. The highest type of short story will be found to follow precisely the rules laid down in the Poetics.

It may be suggested that men who never heard of these rules have produced excellent short stories; but it must be remembered that the men who have done this have divined the rules—that is to say, they knew instinctively how the thing ought to be done. And when they had finished, their story, if excellent, followed the rules assembled in the Poetics.

Though libraries of books have been written on the subject, all that is known concerning the proper structure of the short story may be given in a small space—the Poetics of Aristotle, Maupassant's Essay on the Novel, a few paragraphs from Poe, one or two suggestions from Matthew Arnold, and a single rule from Walter Pater. Outside of these there is nothing to be learned on the subject.

The Plot and the Problem

IN THE first place the short story must have a plot, just as the great Greek said a play should have a plot; and it must be put together, like the plan of the architect for a house, before the story is begun. It is the first thing to do in building a short story, because the story must be a unity; it must be a complete thing. In spite of the ideas one gets from innumerable stories, the possible plots are limited.

The Greeks, who knew how works of art ought to be produced, laid down the formulas for all possible plots. The length of the plot should be sufficient for the sequence of events to admit of a change from bad fortune to good, or from good fortune to bad; and it ought not to be of greater length than can be easily carried in the memory and comprehended in one sitting.

The problem, or mystery, story should have a plot that is mathematically accurate. He who undertakes to write a problem, or mystery, story, before he begins ought to be able to construct a plot as clearly defined as a geometrical figure. If one can imagine a complicated geometrical figure made up of a great number of fine lines, he will realize the requirements of such a plot. Every word in the story makes one of those lines; it is useful at the point where it is drawn and also helps to make the complete figure.

It is not too much to say that, before the writer begins such a story, he ought to be able to make a geometrical diagram of it which would show the proper proportions, just as an architect is able to make a diagram of the house he proposes to build, or the artist is able to make a drawing of the picture he proposes to paint. It is fatal to begin before that is done.

No architect would dream of undertaking to build a house until he had made definite, specific plans for its construction; nor must any man undertake to write a story until he has made such a plan for it. That is the first essential.

In order to be of universal interest to the reader, the plot of the story, as the Greeks pointed out, must contain a surprise. It must be something to unravel. It must give the mind a problem. It must move from one incident or event to another, the reader being interested in each of these movements, until the whole conception of the story is before him. And as one thing happens after another in life and we do not realize the scope of an event as it begins to arrive, so, in the construction of the story, the reader must be led from one step to another; and these steps must be in proper sequence.

For the purpose of developing the situation, after constructing a plot that is mathematically correct in proportion, the author must select characters and incidents. The plot is wholly an arbitrary thing; he must make it a complete unity, though in life nothing is complete. Having made the plot, he may take characters from life if he likes, or he may modify them; but if he would have the best result he must take the incidents from life—for the great Greek said:

"Since the objects of imitation are men in action, and these men must be either of a higher or a lower type—for moral character mainly answers to these divisions, goodness and badness being the distinguishing marks of moral differences—it follows that we must represent men either as better than in real life or as worse, or as they are. It is the same in painting. Polygnotus depicted men as nobler than they are, Pauson as less noble; Dionysius drew them true to life. . . .

"Homer, for example, makes men better than they are; Cleophon, as they are; Hegemon, the Thasian, the inventor of parodies, and Nicochares, the author of the Deiliad, worse than they are."

The short story is a work of art. It is not a segment of human experience. It is a finished product of a certain sort of skilled laborer, and it must be constructed according to established rules. As the Greek pointed out in his essay, the structure of all plots falls naturally into two divisions the complication or building up, and the unraveling or dénouement. By complication he meant, and we mean, all that extends from the beginning to the action and the part which marks the turning point of good or bad fortune. The unraveling is that which extends from the beginning of the change to the end.

Many poets, the Greeks said, tied the knot well, but unraveled it unskillfully. Both arts, however, they insisted, should be mastered. They advised one to make a sketch or general outline first and then fill in the details. They held, also, that whoever endeavored to construct a work of art of this character must be able to see everything he undertook to represent.

"In constructing the plot and working it out with the proper diction the poet should place the scene, so far as possible, before his eyes. In this way, seeing everything with the utmost vividness, as though he were a spectator of the action, he will discover what is in keeping with it and be most unlikely to overlook inconsistencies."

They were also of the opinion, as we are to-day, that the play or story would be better if its germinal incidents are taken from some actual event. Thus, in the problem, or mystery, story, if the germinal incidents in it are taken from some actual happening—as, for instance, the records of some criminal case—one will have a better basis for the story, and he will be able to give it an appearance of reality. As Aristotle said:

"What has not happened we do not at once feel sure to be possible; but what has happened is manifestly possible; otherwise it could not have happened."

A Royal Flutist in Trafalgar Square

IN CONSTRUCTING his plot one had better take the basic incidents from life, as the Greeks in their tragedies took them from the experiences of certain great families. It should be remembered, however, that, so far as the story as a work of art is concerned, it is of no intrinsic importance whether the events on which it is based are true or not. False events are as good as any if they can be made to conform to what the Greeks called the order of Nature—or, as we should say, if they are convincing.

It is here that the tragic plots of unskillful writers fail. It is not, in any sense, because tragic things fail to happen, but that these persons fail to make them happen in a necessary or inevitable way, as they happen in life. And for this reason it is better for even the most skillful writer to take his germinal incidents from actual happenings, since they will then, of themselves, give an air of probability.

In dealing with very unusual events one should prefer a probable impossibility to a thing improbable and yet possible; for, as Agathon says, "It is probable that many things should happen contrary to probability." Plainly this means that it is better in a certain kind of fiction to use an impossible thing rather than an improbable thing.

Thus, for example, it would be better in a certain sort of story to say that a dead man walked and uttered words than to say that the King of England appeared in Trafalgar Square playing a flute. It is impossible for a dead man to walk and utter words; and it is possible, but not likely, that the King of England will play a flute in Trafalgar Square.

In spite of what the realists tell us, the element of the wonderful is perfectly legitimate in any story of this character. "Now, the wonderful is pleasing," said the author of the Poetics, "as may be inferred from the fact that, in telling a story, every one adds something startling of his own, knowing that his hearers like it."

The story turning on tragic incidents will affect the mind with greater influence if the events in it seem to move of themselves, with some sinister design. What old authorities said about tragedy is equally applicable now.

"Such an effect is best produced when the events come on us by surprise; and the effect is heightened when, at the

same time, they follow as cause and effect. The tragic wonder will then be greater than if they happened of themselves or by accident; for even coincidences are most striking when they have an air of design. We may instance the statue of Mitys, at Argos, which fell on his murderer while he was a spectator at a festival and killed him. Such events seem not to be due to mere chance. Plots, therefore, constructed on these principles are necessarily the best."

This construction is strikingly exemplified by Poe in The Fall of the House of Usher; and it is for this reason that even the most unskilled writers begin their stories of the supernatural with deserted houses; dank, lonely lagoons; storms, and the like.

A well-constructed plot should be single in its issue. It should present one moving event in its complete unity. It should be so constructed that it unfolds itself or builds itself up by a natural and orderly moving of events. Every event should follow the preceding one in inevitable sequence, and the explanation should appear suddenly.

The element of surprise must come swiftly at the end. When the story is ended the reader will not wait for explanations. Everything he must know or ought to know should be given to him before the explanation. The complications must be cleared in a few words. It is here that most mystery stories fail. The reader is interested in the first half of a story, but when the other half is devoted to explanations of the mystery, which he already understands, he will not read it.

"The Greek Fell. The Apache and the Prisoner Fled"

Hence the plot for the mystery, problem or detective story must now be constructed better than it used to be. Even Poe's long explanations, as in The Murders in the Rue Morgue, are no longer tolerated. After the reader discovers who the criminal agent was he does not wish to read the long explanations.

The important thing in the structure of stories now is to get every explanation of every character before the reader in advance of the revelation of the mystery, and to uncover the mystery, with a rush, at the end. This is manifestly more difficult than the old-fashioned method; but the reader demands it and the writer must do it.

In this respect he can no longer follow Poe, Gaboriau, Doyle, and their like. An illustration of this new method is in one or two mild little stories by Thomas Bailey Aldrich—Marjorie Daw, and Our Neighbors at Ponkapog; for in those stories, when the mystery is revealed, no explanation follows.

In short, if the mystery depends on the identity of a criminal agent the story must end immediately after the reader discovers the criminal agent. Whatever the mystery may be, the moment it is made known to the reader the story ends at once. Therefore the first requisite of such a story is that everything necessary for the reader to know must precede this discovery.

What Writers Should Strive For

THE vital factor in the structure of a plot is to make it complete in itself. Events must speak for themselves. They must require no outside explanation. The thing should be a piece of mechanism so perfect that, by virtue of its own structure, it folds and unfolds itself, following the law of mechanics.

Now it will be seen that the structure of a plot is an extremely difficult piece of work, and not apt to be successfully done by any but skilled workmen. For this reason the Greek said that a poet was primarily a maker of plots; and the short-story writer of to-day—notwithstanding all pretensions to the contrary—is primarily a maker of plots.

This is what editors mean when they say they are looking for "a story"—"stuff that has a story in it"; for if there is no story—that is to say, no plot—no amount of skill and workmanship will avail. However, when the plot is finished one has not yet produced a short story.

He has now only a diagram, a plan or specification. He must build this up with characters, properly assembled incidents, appropriate dialogue, and such description as is necessary to make events visible.

It must be remembered that the story-teller is not relating what has happened; he is relating what may happen. He is not reproducing life; he is using life for the purpose of producing art. And after he assembles all his elements from life he may undertake something better than Nature produces.

This is what Walter Pater meant when he said: "For, just in proportion as the writer's aim, consciously or unconsciously, comes to be the transcribing, not of the world, not of mere fact, but of his sense of it, he becomes an artist, his work fine art."

That is to say, by using these elements a writer may produce something nobler than Nature has been able to produce; and he, therefore, becomes an inspiration to the race—a thing he cannot become if he merely reproduces life as it is. We do not help men on by following the army of humanity and dissecting the dead, but by drumming in front.

As to the characters, one may make men—the Greek said—as they are, or better or worse; but when it comes to dialogue that must always be what Stevenson calls sustained. There never was any continuous natural dialogue that would answer the purpose, as there were never any continuous natural incidents that would do, unless subjected to a discriminating selection. Dialogue must be constructed so that it unfolds and discloses some essential intent in the story. There must be no word of it that does not run along like a line in a geometrical figure, making a part of the complete design.

The incidents must be assembled from life. They must be precisely as they occur in life. One cannot use any fabulous incident. He may use a fabulous design, but he must fill it in with natural incident. One may build any kind of house he likes, but he must build it of material that is real. He must get his stone from the field and his wood from the forest. There must be no incident that does not serve to elaborate and establish the motif of the story.

Walter Pater laid down one rule that ought to be branded into the hand of everybody. He did not originate it—like everything else, it was known to Aristotle; but Pater formulated it so that it remains in the memory:

"All art does but consist in the removal of surplusage."

This is what Poe meant when he said that a writer who, in the beginning of his story, put in a word or sentence which did not have a direct and essential bearing on the ultimate end of the story, had already failed. There must be no word of description, explanation or dialogue that is not as essential to the whole structure of the story as every link is essential to the whole structure of a chain. It is by this elimination that one produces a work of art.

"The artist," says Schiller, "may be known rather by what he omits." Schiller did not invent that rule. He got it from the Greeks.

It is surplusage, as Pater insisted, that the man of true literary sense should dread. "For, in truth, all art does but consist in the removal of surplusage, from the last finish of the gem engraver, blowing away the last particle of invisible dust, back to the earliest divination of the finished work-to-be, lying somewhere, according to Michelangelo's fancy, in the rough-hewn block of stone."

When it comes to the style in which the story is to be done, that will depend on the character of it; but "perfection of style," the Greek said, "is to be clear without being mean." It is to be "simple and noble," as Matthew Arnold used to repeat in his lectures. It is to avoid all useless ornamentation. It is to give the picture with clearness, simplicity and force. Homer and the King James translation of the Hebrew Scriptures are the great examples of how to be simple, virile and noble.

Some one will say, however, that to construct a short story by all these rules is to reduce it to the working carpentry of the bench. Is there no such thing, then, as inspiration? When one begins to build his story there is no such thing. Before he begins to build, it is the thing we call inspiration that gives him the story itself. The getting of the idea for the story—that is the business of inspiration; and unless one has this sense of romance—the story-teller's instinct—he will never get inspiration. It seems to be something with which one must be born. Everything else he can acquire, but not this; and if he has this, and proper industry, he can attain, if he likes, to the highest art.

Flaubert told Maupassant: "Talent—to quote the saying of Buffon—is nothing but long patience. Go and work!" This was known before Buffon's time, but he made an epigram of it for Carlyle to steal.

Given a story-teller's sense, everything else—even originality—can be acquired. Flaubert told Maupassant how to be original:

"Everything which one desires to express must be looked at with sufficient attention, and during a sufficiently long time, to discover in it some aspect which no one has as yet seen or described. In everything there is still some spot unexplored, because we are accustomed only to use our eyes with the recollection of what others before us have thought on the subject which we contemplate. The smallest object contains something unknown. Find it. To describe a fire that flames, and a tree on a plain, look, keep looking, at that flame and that tree until in your eyes they have lost all resemblance to any other tree or any other fire.

"This is the way to become original."

"Having, besides, laid down this truth, that there are not in the whole world two grains of sand, two specks, two hands or two noses exactly alike," Maupassant said, "he compelled me to describe in a few phrases a being or an object in such a manner as clearly to particularize it, and to distinguish it from all the other beings or all the other objects of the same race or the same species."

The Age of the Short Story

"WHEN you pass," he used to say, "a grocer seated at his shop door, a janitor smoking his pipe, a stand of hackney coaches, show me that grocer and that janitor—their attitude, their whole physical appearance—embracing likewise, as indicated by the skillfulness of the picture, their whole moral nature; so that I cannot confound them with any other grocer or any other janitor. Make me see, in one word, that a certain cab horse does not resemble the fifty others that follow or precede it."

This is the great age of the short story. It is to the American people to-day what the drama was to the Greeks. We seek the same elements of interest in it, and we should reach the whole people with it as the Greeks undertook to reach the whole people with their tragedies. We must, therefore, combine those elements of interest that the Greeks found to be universal. If we would interest everybody in our publications, as they undertook to interest everybody in their open forums, we must give them a work of art following strictly the rules they pointed out.

It is only with a work of art one can appeal to the whole people; to the one of highest culture as well as to the one of dullest intelligence. If we would reach alike the man of refinement in his club and the cab driver waiting for him outside, we must combine in the story the elements that commonly appeal to the human mind; and we must combine them so as to produce a work of art.

We must have a plot that is a complete unity to do this, complicating itself by an inevitable sequence of events, unraveling by a like sequence, and containing a surprise at the end of it.

We must work it out with characters agreeable to its intent; with sustained dialogue; with incidents assembled from life, and such descriptions as will make it a succession of vivid pictures. And we must do all this without a single line or word or idea or suggestion that is not organically essential to the whole design.

Works of the finest art, however, can never be produced unless the whole people of a state are moved to appreciation of the thing at which the workman labors. There is some great creative virtue in public feeling. The Elgin Marbles were not cut simply for the academies. It was when the statue and the drama were for the whole people that they attained the excellence that we admire.

If the short story reaches a perfection of art it will be when everybody is brought to an interest in it. It will be

by the labor of men who publish for the whole people. Those of a narrow clan who publish for themselves travel in a circle, cluttered with mannerisms.

The club, the salon and the academy inbreed and corrupt themselves. Only the waters of the ocean cannot be infected. The great things of life are uninclosed and available to everybody. On the mountains do the immortals dwell, Homer tells us; and Seneca says: The gods are naked and in the open!

The following story illustrates some of the leading principles laid down in the preceding paragraphs.

1—Its central, germinal incident is based on an extraordinary conception of justice established in the law of this country.

2—Only the plot or vehicle for the story is fictitious. Every incident in it is from life, and stamped as true by the fiction-removing machinery of the court.

3—Everything the reader should know is given in advance of the surprise; and the story ends with the explanation.

THE MAN IN THE GREEN HAT

ALAS, monsieur, in spite of our fine courtesies, the conception of justice by one race must always seem outlandish to another!"

It was on the terrace of the English Minister's villa at Cannes. The members of the little party were in conversation over their tobacco—the Englishman, with his brier-root pipe; the American Justice, with a Havana cigar; and the aged Italian, with his cigarette. The last was speaking.

He was a very old man, but he gave one the impression of incredible, preposterous age. He was bald; he had neither eyebrows nor eyelashes. A wiry mustache, yellow with nicotine, alone remained. Great wrinkles lay below the eyes and along the jaw, under a skin stretched like parchment over the bony protuberances of the face.

These things established the aspect of old age; but it was the man's expression and manner that gave one the sense of incalculable antiquity. The eyes seemed to look out from a window, where the man behind them had sat watching the human race from the beginning. And his manners had the completeness of one whose experience of life is comprehensive and finished.

"It seems strange to you, monsieur"—he was addressing the American Justice—"that we should put our prisoners into an iron cage, as beasts are exhibited in a circus. You are shocked at that. It strikes you as the crudity of a race not quite civilized.

"You inquire about it with perfect courtesy; but, monsieur, you inquire as one inquires about a custom that his sense of justice rejects."

He paused.

"Your pardon, monsieur; but there are some conceptions of justice in the law of your admirable country that seem equally strange to me."

The men about the Marquis on the exquisite terrace, looking down over Cannes into the arc of the sea, felt that the great age of this man gave him a right of frankness, a privilege of direct expression, they could not resent. Somehow, at the extremity of life he seemed beyond pretenses; and he had the right to omit the digressions by which younger men are accustomed to approach the truth.

"What is this strange thing in our law, Marquis?" said the American.

The old man made a vague gesture, as one who puts away an inquiry until the answer appears.

"Many years ago," he continued, "I read a story about the red Indians by your author, Cooper. It was named The Oak Openings, and was included, I think, in a volume entitled Stories of the Prairie. I believe I have the names quite right, since the author impressed me as an inferior coiner with an abundance of gold about him. In the story Corporal Flint was captured by the Indians under the leadership of Bough of Oak, a cruel and bloodthirsty savage.

"This hideous beast determined to put his prisoner to the torture of the saplings, a barbarity rivaling the crucifixion of the Romans. Two small trees standing near each other were selected, the tops lopped off and the branches removed; they were bent and the tops were lashed together. One of the victim's wrists was bound to the top of each of the young trees; then the saplings were released and the victim, his arms wrenched and dislocated, hung suspended in excruciating agony, like a man nailed to a cross.

"It was fearful torture. The strain on the limbs was hideous, yet the victim might live for days. Nothing short of crucifixion—that beauty of the Roman law—ever equaled it."

He paused and flicked the ashes from his cigarette.

"Corporal Flint, who seemed to have a knowledge of the Indian character, had endeavored so to anger the Indians by taunt and invective that some brave would put an arrow into his heart, or dash his brains out with a stone ax.

"In this he failed. Bough of Oak controlled his braves and Corporal Flint was lashed to the saplings. But, as the trees sprang apart, wrenching the man's arms out of their sockets, a friendly Indian, Pigeonwing, concealed in a neighboring thicket, unable to rescue his friend and wishing to save him from the long hours of awful torture, shot Corporal Flint through the forehead.

"Now," continued the Marquis, "if there was no question about these facts, and Bough of Oak stood for trial before any civilized tribunal on this earth, do you think the laws of any country would acquit him of the murder of Corporal Flint?"

The whole company laughed.

"I am entirely serious," continued the Marquis. "What do you think? There are three great nations represented here."

"On an Afternoon of Summer, This Man, Alone and Fearless, Followed a Violator of the Law and Arrested Him"

"The exigencies of war," said the English Minister, "might differentiate a barbarity from a crime."

"But let us assume," replied the Marquis, "that no state of war existed; that it was a time of peace; that Corporal Flint was innocent of wrong; and that Bough of Oak was acting entirely from a depraved instinct bent on murder. In other words, suppose this thing had occurred yesterday in one of the Middle States of the American Republic?"

The American felt that this question was directed primarily to himself. He put down his cigar and indicated the English Minister by a gesture.

"Your great jurist, Sir James Stephen," he began, "constantly reminds us that the criminal law is a machine so rough and dangerous that we can use it only with every safety device attached.

"And so, Marquis," he continued, to the Italian, "the administration of the criminal law in our country may seem to you subject to delays and indirections that are not justified. These abuses could be generally corrected by an intelligent presiding judge; but, in part, they are incidental to a fair and full investigation of the charge against the prisoner. I think, however, that our conception of justice does not differ from that of other nations."

The old Marquis shrugged his shoulders at the digression.

"I beg your pardon," he said. "I do not refer to the mere administration of the criminal law in your country; though, monsieur, we have been interested in observing its peculiarities in such notable examples as the Thaw trials in New York, and the Anarchist cases in Chicago some years ago. I believe the judge in the latter trial gave about one hundred instructions on the subject of reasonable doubt—quite intelligible, I dare say, to an American jury, but, I must confess, somewhat beyond me in their metaphysical refinements.

"I should understand reasonable doubt if I were uninstructed, but I do not think I could explain it. I should be, concerning it, somewhat as Saint Augustine was with a certain doctrine of the Church when he said: 'I do not know if you ask me; but if you do not ask me I know very well.'"

He paused and blew a tiny ring of smoke out over the terrace toward the sea.

"There was a certain poetic justice finally in that case," he added.

"The prisoners were properly convicted of the Haymarket murders," said the American Justice.

"Ah, no doubt," returned the Marquis; "but I was not thinking of that. Following a custom of your courts, I believe, the judge at the end of the trial put the formal inquiry as to whether the prisoners had anything to say. Whereupon they rose and addressed him for six days!"

He bowed.

"After that, monsieur, I am glad to add, they were all very properly hanged.

"But, monsieur, permit me to return to my question: Do you think any intelligent tribunal on this earth would acquit Bough of Oak of the murder of Corporal Flint under the conditions I have indicated?"

"No," said the American. "It would be a cold-blooded murder; and in the end the creature would be executed."

The old Marquis turned suddenly in his chair.

"Yes," he said, "in a Continental court, it is certain; but in America, monsieur, under your admirable law, founded on the common law of England?"

"I am sure we should hang him," replied the American.

"Monsieur," cried the old Marquis, "you have me profoundly puzzled."

It seemed to the little group on the terrace that they, and not the Marquis, were indicated by that remark. He had stated a case about which there could be no two opinions under any civilized conception of justice. The English Minister had pointed out the only element—a state of war—which could distinguish the case from plain premeditated murder in its highest degree.

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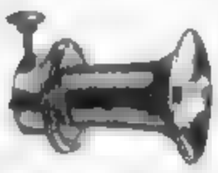

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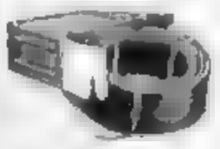

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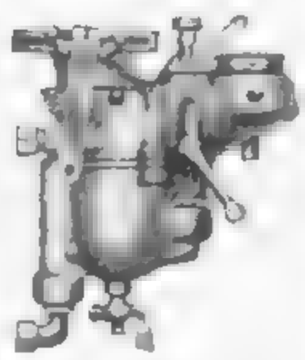

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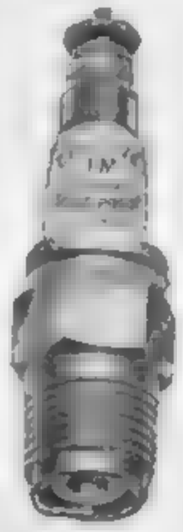

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They looked to him for an explanation; but it did not immediately arrive.

The Marquis noticed it and offered a word of apology.

"Presently—presently," he said. "We have these two words in Italian—*Sperate!* and *Aspetate!* Monsieur."

He turned to the American:

"You do not know our language, I believe. Suppose I should suddenly call out one of these words and afterward it should prove that a life hung on your being able to say which word it was I uttered. Do you think, monsieur, you could be certain?

"No, monsieur; and so courts are wise to require a full explanation of every extraordinary fact. George Goykovich, an Austrian, having no knowledge of the Italian language, swore in the court of an American state that he heard a prisoner use the Italian word *Sperate!* and that he could not be mistaken.

"I would not believe him, monsieur, on that statement; but he explained that he was a coal miner, that the mines were worked by Italians, and that this word was called out when the coal was about to be shot down with powder.

"Ah, monsieur, the explanation is complete. George Goykovich must know this word; it was a danger signal. I would believe now his extraordinary statement."

The Marquis stopped a moment and lighted another cigarette.

"Pardon me if I seem to proceed obliquely. The incident is related to the case I approach; and it makes clear, monsieur, why the courts of France, for example, permit every variety of explanation in a criminal trial, while your country and the great English nation limit explanations.

"You do not permit hearsay evidence to save a man's life; with a fine distinction you permit it to save only his character!"

"The rule," replied the American Justice, "everywhere among English-speaking people is that the best evidence of which the subject is capable shall be produced. We permit a witness to testify only to what he actually knows. That is the rule. It is true there are exceptions to it. In some instances he may testify as to what he has heard."

"Ah, yes," replied the Marquis; "you will not permit such evidence to take away a man's horse, but you will permit it to take away a woman's reputation! I shall never be able to understand these delicate refinements of the English law!"

"But, Marquis," suggested the Minister, "reputation is precisely that—what the neighborhood says about one."

"Pardon, monsieur," returned the Marquis. "I do not criticize your customs. They are doubtless excellent in every variety of way. I deplore only my inability to comprehend them. For example, monsieur, why should you hold a citizen responsible in all other cases only for what he does, but in the case of his own character turn about and try him for what people say he does?

"Thus, monsieur, as I understand it, the men of an English village could not take away my pig by merely proving that everybody said it was stolen; but they could brand me as a liar by merely proving what the villagers said! It seems incredible that men should put such value on a pig."

The English Minister laughed.

"It is not entirely a question of values, Marquis."

"I beg you to pardon me, monsieur," the Italian went on. "Doubtless, on this subject I do nothing more than reveal an intelligence lamentably inefficient; but I had the idea that English people were accustomed to regard property of greater importance than life."

"I have never heard," replied the Englishman, smiling, "that our courts gave more attention to pigs than to murder."

"Why, yes, monsieur," said the Marquis—"that is precisely what they have been accustomed to do. It is only, I believe, within recent years that one convicted of murder in England could take an appeal to a higher court; though a controversy over pigs—or, at any rate, the pasture on which they gathered acorns—could always be carried up."

The great age of the Marquis—he seemed to be the representative in the world of some vanished empire—gave his irony a certain indirection. Everybody laughed. And he added: "Even your word 'murder,' I believe, was originally the name of a fine imposed by the Danes on a village unless it could be proved that the person found dead was an Englishman!

"I wonder when, precisely, the world began to regard it as a crime to kill an Englishman?"

The parchment on the bones of his face wrinkled into a sort of smile. His greatest friend on the Riviera was this pipe-smoking Briton.

Then suddenly, with a nimble gesture that one would not believe possible in the aged, he stripped back his sleeve and exhibited a long, curiously twisted scar, as though a bullet had plowed along the arm.

"Alas, monsieur," he said, "I myself live in the most primitive condition of society! I pay a tribute for life. . . . Ah! no, monsieur; it is not to the Camorra that I pay. It is quite unromantic. I think my secretary carries it in his books as a pension to an indigent relative."

He turned to the American:

"Believe me, monsieur, my estates in Salerno are not what they were; the olive trees are old and all drains on my income are a burden—even this gratuity. I thought I should be rid of it; but, alas, the extraordinary conception of justice in your country!"

He broke the cigarette in his fingers and flung the pieces over the terrace.

"In the great range of mountains," he began, "slashing across the American states and beautifully named the Alleghanies, there is a vast measure of coal beds. It is thither that the emigrants from Southern Europe journey. They mine out the coal, sometimes descending into the earth through pits, or what in your language are called shafts, and sometimes following the stratum of the coal bed into the hill.

"This underworld, monsieur—this sunless world, built beneath the mountains, is a section of Europe slipped under the American Republic. The language spoken there is not English. The men laboring in those buried communities cry out *Sperate!* when they are about to shoot down the coal with powder. It is Italy under there. There is a river called the Monongahela in those mountains. It is an Indian name."

He paused.

"And so, monsieur, what happened along it doubtless reminded me of Cooper's story—Bough of Oak and the case of Corporal Flint."

He took another cigarette out of a box on the table, but he did not light it.

"In one of the little mining villages along this river with the enchanting name there was a man physically like the people of the Iliad; and with that, monsieur, he had a certain cast of mind not un-Hellenic. He was tall, weighed two hundred and forty pounds, lean as a gladiator, and in the vigor of golden youth.

"There were no wars to journey after and no adventures; but there were danger and adventure here. This land was full of cockle, winnowed out of Italy, Austria and the whole south of Europe. It took courage and the iron hand of the state to keep the peace. Here was a life of danger; and this Ionian—big, powerful, muscled like the heroes of the Circus Maximus—entered this perilous service.

"Monsieur, I have said his mind was Hellenic, like his big, wonderful body. Mark you how of heroic antiquity it was! It was his boast, among the perils that constantly beset him, that no criminal should ever take his life; that, if ever he should receive a mortal wound from the hand of the assassins about him, he would not wait to die in agony by it. He himself would sever the damaged thread of life and go out like a man!

"Observe, monsieur, how like the great heroes of legend—like the wounded Saul when he ordered his armor-bearer to kill him; like Brutus when he fell on his sword!"

He looked intently at the American.

"Doubtless, monsieur," he went on, "those near this man along the Monongahela did not appreciate his attitude of grandeur; but to us, in the distance, it seemed great and noble."

He looked out over the Mediterranean, where the great adventurers who cherished these lofty pagan ideals once beat along in the morning of the world.

"On an afternoon of summer," he continued like one who begins a saga, "this man, alone and fearless, followed a violator of the law and arrested him in a house of the village. As he led the man away he noticed that an Italian followed. He was a little degenerate, wearing a green hat, and bearing now one name and now another. They traversed the village toward the municipal prison; and this creature, featured like a Parisian Apache, skulked behind.

"As they went along, two Austrians seated on the porch of a house heard the little man speak to the prisoner. He used the word *sperate*. They did not know what he meant, for he spoke in Italian; but they recognized the word, for it was the word used in the mines before the coal was shot down. The prisoner made his reply in Italian, which the Austrians did not understand.

"It seemed that the atavistic Greek did not know this language, for he stopped and asked the man behind him whether the prisoner was his brother. The man replied in the negative."

The Marquis paused, as though for an explanation.

"What the Apache said was: 'Shall I shoot him here or wait until we reach the ravine?' And the prisoner replied: 'Wait until we come to the ravine.'

"They went on. Presently they reached a sort of hollow, where the reeds grew along the road densely and to the height of a man's head. Here the Italian Apache, the degenerate with the green hat, following some three steps behind, suddenly drew a revolver from his pocket and shot the man twice in the back. It was a weapon carrying a lead bullet as large as the tip of one's little finger. The Greek fell. The Apache and the prisoner fled.

"The wounded man got up. He spread out his arms; and he shouted, with a great voice, like the heroes of the Iliad. The two wounds were mortal; they were hideous, ghastly wounds, ripping up the vital organs in the man's body and severing the great arteries. The splendid pagan knew he had received his death wounds; and, true to his atavistic ideal, the ideal of the Greek, the Hebrew and the Roman, the ideal of the great pagan world to which he in spirit belonged, and of which the poets sing, he put his own weapon to his head and blew his brains out."

The old Marquis, his chin up, his withered, yellow face vitalized, lifted his hands like one before something elevated and noble. After some moments had passed he continued:

"On the following day the assassin was captured in a neighboring village. Feeling ran so high that it was with difficulty that the officers of the law saved him from being lynched. He was taken about from one prison to another. Finally he was put on trial for murder.

"There was never a clearer case before any tribunal in this world.

"Many witnesses identified the assassin—not merely English-speaking men, who might have been mistaken or prejudiced, but Austrians, Poles, Italians—the men of the mines who knew him; who had heard him cry out the fatal Italian word; who saw him following in the road behind his victim on that Sunday afternoon of summer; who knew his many names and every feature of his cruel, degenerate face. There was no doubt anywhere in the trial. Learned surgeons showed that the two wounds in the dead man's back from the big-calibered weapon were deadly, fatal wounds that no man could have survived.

"There was nothing incomplete in that trial.

"Everything was so certain that the assassin did not even undertake to contradict; not one statement, not one word of the evidence against him did he deny. It was a plain case of willful, deliberate and premeditated murder. The judge presiding at the trial instructed the jury that a man is presumed to intend that which he does; that whoever kills a human being with malice aforethought is guilty of murder; that murder which is perpetrated by any kind of willful, deliberate and premeditated killing is murder in the first degree. The jury found the assassin guilty and the judge sentenced him to be hanged."

The Marquis paused and looked at his companions about him on the terrace.

"Messieurs," he said, "do you think that conviction was just?"

There was a common assent. Some one said: "It was a cruel murder if ever there was one." And another: "It was wholly just; the creature deserved to hang."

The old Marquis bowed, putting out his hands.

"And so I hoped he would."

"What happened?" said the American.

The Marquis regarded him with a queer, ironical smile.

"Unlike the great British people, monsieur," he replied, "your courts have never given the pig, or the pasture on which he gathers his acorns, a consideration above the human family. The case was taken to your Court of Appeals of that province."

He stopped and lighted his cigarette deliberately with a match scratched slowly on the table.

"Monsieur," he said, "I do not criticize your elevated court. It is composed of learned men—wise and patriotic, I have no doubt. They cannot make the laws, monsieur; they cannot coin a conception of justice for your people. They must enforce the precise rules of law that the conception of justice in your country has established.

"Nevertheless, monsieur"—and his thin yellow lips curled—"for the sake of my depleted revenues I could have wished that the decision of this court had been other than it was."

"And what did it decide?" asked the American.

"It decided, monsieur," replied the Marquis, "that my estates in Salerno must continue to be charged with the gratuity to the indigent relative.

"That is to say, monsieur, it decided, because the great pagan did not wait to die in agony, did not wait for the mortal wounds inflicted by the would-be assassin to kill him, that interesting person—the man in the green hat—was not guilty of murder in the first degree and could not be hanged!"

Author's Note—See State versus Angelina; 80 Southeastern Reporter, 141: "The intervening responsible agent who wrongfully accelerates death is guilty of the murder, and not the one who inflicted the first injury, though in itself mortal."

RUGGLES OF RED GAP

(Continued from Page 19)

These thoughts ran in my mind during the smart repast that now followed. Insidiously I wrought among the guests to amalgamate into one friendly whole certain elements that had hitherto been hostile. The Bohemian set was not segregated. Almost my first inspiration had been to scatter its members widely among the conservative pillars of the North Side set. Left in one group I had known they would plume themselves quite intolerably over the signal triumph of their leader; perhaps, in the American speech, start something. Widely scattered, they became mere parts of the whole I was seeking to achieve.

The banquet progressed gayly to its finish. Toasts were drunk no end, all of them proposed by Senator Floud, who toward the last kept almost constantly on his feet. From the bride and groom he expanded geographically through Red Gap, the Kulanche Valley, the State of Washington and the United States to the British Empire, not omitting the Honorable George, who, I noticed, called for the relish and consumed quite almost an entire bottle during the meal.

Also was I proposed—"through whose lifelong friendship for the illustrious groom this meeting of hearts and hands has been so happily brought about."

Her ladyship's eyes rested briefly upon mine as her lips touched the glass to this. They conveyed the unspeakable. Rather a fool I felt, and unable to look away until she released me. She had been wondrously quiet through it all. Not dazed in the least, as might have been looked for in one of her lowly station thus prodigiously elevated; and not feverishly gay, as might also have been anticipated. Simple and quiet she was, showing a complete but perfectly controlled awareness of her position.

For the first time then, I think, I did envision her as the Countess of Brinstead. She was going to carry it off. Perhaps quite as well as even I could have wished his lordship's chosen mate to do. I observed her look at his lordship with those strange lights in her eyes, as if only half realizing yet wholly believing all that he believed. And once at the height of the gayety I saw her reach out to touch his sleeve, furtively, swiftly, and so gently he never knew.

It occurred to me there were things about the woman we had taken too little trouble to know. I wondered what old memories might be coming to her now; what staring faces might obtrude, what old, far-off, perhaps hated voices might be sounding to her; what of remembered hurts and heartaches might newly echo back to make her

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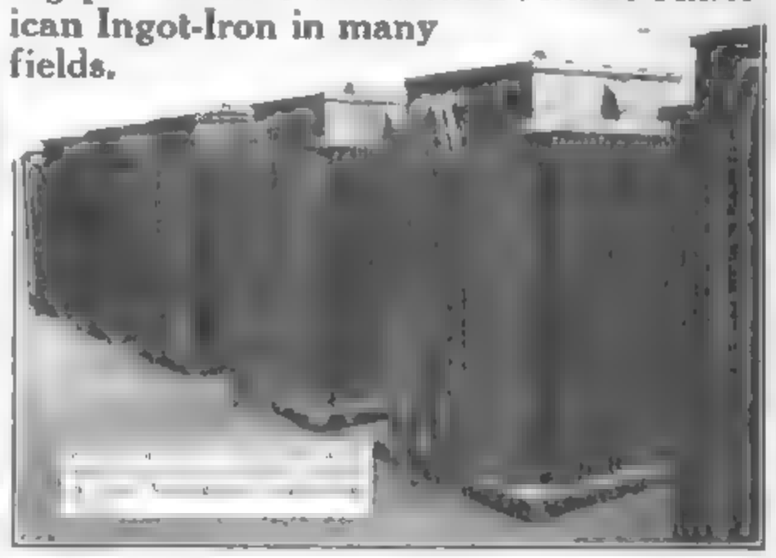

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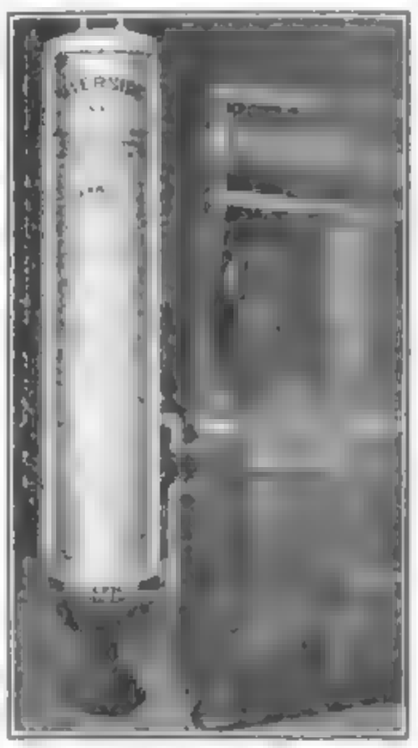

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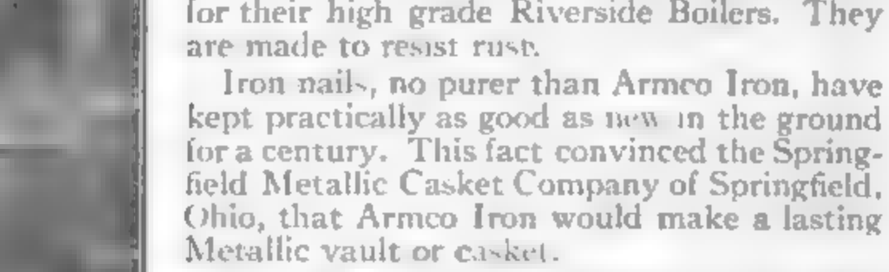

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flinch and wonder if she dreamed. She touched the sleeve again, as it might have been in protection from them, her eyes narrowed, her gaze fixed. It queerly occurred to me that his lordship might find her as difficult to know as we had—and yet would keep always trying more than we had, to be sure. I mean to say she was no gabbler.

The responses to the Senator's toasts increased in volume. His final flight, I recall, involved terms like "our blood-cousins of the British Isles," and introduced a figure of speech about "hands across the sea," which I thought striking indeed. The applause aroused by this was noisy in the extreme, a number of the cattle and horse persons, including the redskin, Tuttle, emitting a shrill concerted yipping which, though it would never have done with us, seemed somehow not out of place in North America, although I observed Belknap-Jackson to make gestures of extreme repugnance while it lasted.

There ensued a rather flurried wishing of happiness to the pair. A novel sight it was, the most austere matrons of the North Side set vying for places in the line that led past them. I found myself trying to analyze the inner emotions of some of them I best knew, as they fondly greeted the now radiant Countess of Brinstead. But that way madness lay, as Shakspere has so aptly said of another matter. I recall, though, the low-toned comment of Cousin Egbert, who stood near me.

"Don't them dames stand the gaff noble!" It was quite true. They were heroic. I recalled then his other quaint prophecy that her ladyship would hand them a bottle of lemonade. As is curiously usual with this simple soul, he had gone to the heart of the matter.

The throng dwindled to the more intimate friends. Among those who lingered were the Belknap-Jacksons and Mrs. Effie. Quite solicitous they were for the dear Countess, as they rather defiantly called her to one another. Belknap-Jackson casually mentioned in my hearing that he had been asked to Chaynes-Wotten for the shooting. Mrs. Effie, who also heard, swiftly remarked that she would doubtless run over in the spring—the dear earl was so insistent. They rather glared at each other. But in truth his lordship had insisted that quite almost every one should come and stop on with him.

"Of course, course, what, what! Jolly party, no end of fun. Week-ends, that sort of thing. Know she'll like her old friends best. Wouldn't be keen for the creature if she'd not. Have 'em all, have 'em all. Capital, by Jove!"

To be sure, it was a manner of speaking, born of the expansive good feeling of the moment. Yet I believe Cousin Egbert was the only invited one to decline. He did so with evident distress at having to refuse.

"I like your little woman a whole lot," he observed to his lordship, "but Europe is too kind of uncomfortable for me; keeps me upset all the time, what with all the foreigners and one thing and another. But, listen here, Cap, you pack the little woman back once in a while, just to give us a flash at her. We'll give you a good time."

"What ho!" returned his lordship. "Of course, course! Fancy we'd like it vastly, what, what!"

"Yes, sir, I fancy you would, too," and rather startlingly Cousin Egbert seized her ladyship and kissed her heartily. Whereupon her ladyship kissed the fellow in return.

"Yes, sir, I dare say I fancy you would," he called back a bit nervously as he left.

Belknap-Jackson drove the party to the station, feeling, I am sure, that he scored over Mrs. Effie, though he was obliged to include the Mixer, from whom her ladyship bluntly refused to be separated. I inferred that she must have found the time and seclusion in which to weep a bit on the Mixer's shoulder. The waist of the latter's purple satin gown was quite spotty at the height of her ladyship's eyes. Belknap-Jackson on this occasion drove his car with the greatest solicitude, proceeding more slowly than I had ever known him do. As I attended to certain luggage details at the station he was regretting to his lordship that they had not had a longer time at the country club the day it was exhibited.

"Look a bit after silly old George," said his lordship to me at parting. "Chap's dotty, I dare say. Talking about a plantation of apple trees now. For his old age—that sort of thing. Be something new in a fortnight, though. Like him, of course, course!"

Her ladyship closed upon my hand with a remarkable vigor of grip.

"We owe it all to you," she said again with dancing eyes. Then her eyes steadied queerly. "Maybe you won't be sorry."

"Know I shan't!" I fancy I rather growled it, stupidly feeling I was not rising to the occasion. "Knew his lordship wouldn't rest till he had you where he wanted you. Glad he's got you!" And curiously I felt a bit of a glad little squeeze in my throat for her. I groped for something light—something American.

"You are some countess," I at last added in a silly way.

"What, what!" said his lordship, but I had caught her eyes. They brimmed with understanding.

With the going of that train all life seemed to go. I mean to say things all at once became flat. I turned to the dull station.

"Give you a lift, old chap," said Belknap-Jackson. Again he was cordial. So firmly had I kept the reins of the whole affair in my grasp—such prestige he knew it would give me—he dared not broach his grievance.

Some half-remembered American phrase of Cousin Egbert's ran in my mind. I had put a buffalo on him!

"Thank you," I said. "I'm needing a bit of a stretch and a breeze-out."

I wished to walk that I might the better meditate. With Belknap-Jackson one does not sufficiently meditate.

A block up from the station I was struck by the sight of the Honorable George. Plodding solitary down that low street he was, heeled as usual by the Judson cur. He came to the Spilmer public house and for a moment stared up, quite still, at the Last Chance on its chafling signboard. Then he wheeled abruptly and entered. I was moved to follow him, but I knew it would never do. He would row me about the service of the Grill—something of that sort. I dare say he had fancied her ladyship as keenly as one of his volatile nature might. But I knew him!

Back on our street the festival atmosphere still lingered. Groups of recent guests paused to discuss the astounding event. The afternoon paper was being scanned by many of them. An account of the wedding was its feature, as they say. I had no heart for that, but on the second page my eye caught a minor item:

"A special meeting of the Ladies' Onwards and Upwards Club is called for tomorrow afternoon at two sharp at the residence of Mrs. Dr. Percy Hailey Martingale, for the transaction of important business."

One could fancy, I thought, what the meeting would discuss. Nor was I wrong, for I may here state that the evening paper of the following day disclosed that her Ladyship, the Countess of Brinstead, had unanimously been elected to a life honorary membership in the club!

Back in the Grill I found the work of clearing the tables well advanced, and very soon its before-dinner aspect of calm waiting was restored. Surveying it I reflected that one might well wonder if aught momentous had indeed so lately occurred here. A motley day it had been.

I passed into the linen and glass pantry. Mrs. Judson, polishing my glassware, burst into tears at my approach, frankly staunching them with her towel. I saw it to be a mere overflow of that meaningless emotion that women stock so abundantly on the occasion of any wedding. She is an almost intensely feminine person, as can be seen at once by anyone who understands women. In a goods box in the passage beyond I noted her nipper fast asleep, a mammoth beef rib clasped to its fat chest. I debated putting this abuse to her once more, but feared the moment was not propitious. She dried her eyes and smiled again.

"A prince in his palace ——" she murmured inanely. "She thought first he was going to be as funny as the other one; then she found he wasn't funny. I liked him too. I didn't blame her a bit. He's one of that kind—his bark's worse than his bite. And to think you knew all the time what was coming off. My, but you're the Mr. Deep-One!"

I saw no reason to stultify myself by denying this. I mean to say if she thought it, let her!

"The last thing yesterday she gave me this dress."

I had already noted the very becoming dull-blue house gown she wore. Quite with an air she carried it. To be sure, it was not suitable to her duties. The excitements of the day, I suppose, had rendered me a bit sterner than is my wont. Perhaps a little authoritative.

"A handsome gown," I replied icily, "but one would hardly choose it for the work you are performing."

"Rubbish!" she retorted plainly. "I wanted to look nice—I had to go in there lots of times. And I wanted to be dressed for to-night."

"Why to-night, may I ask?" I was all at once uncomfortably curious.

"Why, the boys are coming for me. They're going to take No-no home, then we're all going to the movies. They've got a new bill at the Bijou and Buck Edwards especially wants me to see it. One of the cowboys in it that does some star riding looks just exactly like Buck—wavy chestnut hair! Buck himself is one of the best riders in the whole Kulanche."

The woman seemed to have some fiendish power to enrage me. As she prattled thus, her eyes demurely on the glass she dried, I felt a deep flush mantle my brow. She could never have dreamed that she had this malign power, but she was now at last to suspect it.

"Your Mr. Edwards," I began calmly enough, "may be like the cinema actor; the two may be as like each other as makes no difference, *but you are not going.*"

I was aware that the latter phrase was heated where I had merely meant it to be impressive. Dignified firmness had been the line I intended, but my rage was mounting. She stared at me. Astonished beyond words she was, if I can read human expressions.

"I am," she snapped at last.

"You are not," I repeated, stepping toward her. I was conscious of a bit of the rowdy in my manner, but I seemed powerless to prevent it. All my culture was again but the flimsiest veneer.

"I am too!" she again said, though plainly dismayed.

"No!" I quite thundered, I dare say. "No, no! No, no!"

The nipper cried out from its box. Not until later did it occur to me that it had considered itself to be addressed in angry tones.

"No, no!" I thundered again. I couldn't help myself, though silly rot I call it now. And then to my horror the mother herself began to weep.

"I will," she sobbed. "I will, I will, I will!"

"No, no," I insisted, and I found myself seizing her shoulders, not knowing if I mightn't shake her smartly, so drawn-out had the woman got me; and still I kept shouting my senseless "No, no!" at which the nipper was now yelling.

She struggled her best as I clutched her, but I seemed to have the strength of a dozen men; the woman was nothing in my grasp, and my arms were taking their blind rage out on her.

Secure I held her and presently she no longer struggled and I was curiously no longer angry, but found my self soothing her in many strange ways. I mean to say the passage between us had fallen to be of the very utmost sentimental character.

"You are so masterful," she panted.

"I'll have my own way," I threatened; "I've told you often enough."

"Oh, you're so domineering," she murmured.

I dare say I am a bit that way. "I'll show you who's to be master!"

"But I never dreamed you meant this," she answered. True, I had most brutally taken her by surprise. I could easily see how, expecting nothing of the faintest sort, she had been rudely shocked.

"I meant it all along," I said firmly, "from the very first moment." And now again she spoke in almost awed tones of my deepness. I have never believed in that excessive intuition which is so widely boasted for women.

"I never dreamed of it," she said again and added, "Mrs. Kenner and I were talking about this dress only last night and I said—I never, never dreamed of such a thing!" She broke off with sudden inconsequence, as women will.

We had now to quiet the nipper in its box. I saw even then that, domineering though I may be, I should probably never care to bring the child's condition to her notice again. There was something about her—something volcanic in her femininity. I knew it would never do. Better let the thing continue to be a monstrosity! I might—unnoticed of course—snatch a bun from its grasp now and then.

Our evening rush came and went quite as if nothing had happened. I may have been rather absent, reflecting pensively. I mean to say I had at times considered this alliance as a dawning possibility, but never had I meant to be sudden. Only for the woman's remarkably stubborn obtuseness I dare say the understanding might have been deferred to a more suitable moment and arranged in a calm and orderly manner. But the die was cast. Like his lordship I had chosen an American bride—taken her by storm and carried her off her feet before she knew it.

At ten o'clock we closed the Grill upon a day that had been historic in the truest sense of the word.

I shouldered the sleeping nipper. It still passionately clutched the beef rib, and for some reason I felt averse to depriving it of this, even though it would mean a spotty top coat.

Strangely enough we talked but little in our walk. It seemed rather too tremendous to talk of.

When I gave the child into her arms at the door it had become half awake.

"Ruggums!" it muttered sleepily.

"Ruggums," echoed the mother, and again very softly in the still night: "Ruggums—Ruggums!"

That in the few months since that rather agreeable night I have acquired the title of Red Gap's social dictator cannot be denied. More than one person of discernment may now be heard to speak of my reign, though this of course is coming it a bit thick.

The removal by his lordship of one who, despite her sterling qualities, had been a source of discord left the social elements of the town in a state of the wildest disorganization. And having for myself acquired a remarkable prestige from my intimate association with the affair, I promptly seized the reins and drew the scattered forces together.

First, at an early day, I sought an interview with Belknap-Jackson and Mrs. Effie and told them straight precisely why I had played them both false in the matter of the wedding breakfast.

With the honor granted to either of them, I explained, I had foreseen another era of cliques, divisions and acrimony. Therefore I had done the thing myself as a measure of peace.

Flatly then I declared my intention of reconciling all those formerly opposed elements and of creating a society in Red Gap that would be a social union in the finest sense of the word. I said that contact with their curious American life had taught me that their equality should be more than a name, and that, especially in the younger settlements, a certain relaxation from the rigid requirements of an older order is not only unavoidable but vastly to be desired. I meant to say if we were going to be Americans it was silly rot trying to be English at the same time.

I pointed out that their former social leaders had ever been inspired by the idea of exclusion; the soul of their leadership had been to cast others out; and that the campaign I planned was to be one of inclusion—even to the extent of Bohemians and well-behaved cattle persons—which I believed to be in the finest harmony with their North American theory of human association. It might be thought a naïve theory, I said, but so long as they had chosen it I should stanchly abide by it.

I added what I dare say they did not believe, that the position of leader was not one I should cherish for any other reason than the public good. That when one better fitted might appear they would find me the first to rejoice.

I need not say that I was interrupted frequently and acidly during this harangue; but I had handed them both a buffalo, and well they knew it.

And I worked swiftly from that moment. I gave the following week the first of a series of subscription balls in the dancing hall above the Grill, and both Mrs. Belknap-Jackson and Mrs. Effie were among the first to enroll themselves as patronesses, even after I had made it plain that I alone should name the guests.

The success of the affair was all I could have wished. Red Gap had become a social unit. Nor was appreciation for my leadership wanting. There will be malcontents, I foresee, and from the informed inner circles I learn that I have already been slightingly spoken of as a foreigner wielding a scepter over native-born Americans; but I have the support of quite all who really matter and I am confident these rebellions may be put down by tact alone. It is too well understood by those who know me that I have "equality" for my watchword.

I mean to say at the next ball of the series I may even see that the fellow, Hobbs, has a card, if I can become assured that he has quite freed himself from certain debasing class ideals of his native country. This, to be sure, is an extreme case, because the fellow is that type of our serving class to whom equality is unthinkable. They must from their centuries of servility look either up or down; and I scarce know in which attitude they are more offensive to our American point of view. Still I mean to be broad. Even Hobbs shall have his chance with us!

It is late June. Mrs. Ruggles and I are comfortably installed in her enlarged and repaired house.

We have a fowl run on a stretch of her freehold and the kitchen garden thrives under the care of the Japanese agricultural laborer I have employed.

Already I have discharged more than half my debt to Cousin Egbert, who exclaims, "Oh, shucks!" each time I make him a payment. He and the Honorable George remain pally no end and spend much of their abundant leisure at Cousin Egbert's modest country house. At times when they are in town they rather consort with street persons, but such is the breadth of our social scheme that I shall never exclude them from our gayeties, though it is true that more often than not they decline to be present.

Mrs. Ruggles, I may say, is a lady of quite amazing capacities, combined strangely with the commonest feminine weaknesses. She has acute business judgment at most times, yet would fly at me in a rage if I were to say what I think of the nipper's appalling grossness. Quite naturally I do not push my unquestioned mastery to this extreme. There are other matters in which I amusedly let her have her way, though she fondly reminds me almost daily of my brutal self-will.

On one point I have just been obliged to assert this. She came running to me with a suggestion for economizing in the manufacture of the relish.

She had devised a cheaper formula. But I was firm.

"So long as the inventor's face is on that flask," I said, "its contents shall not be debased a tuppence. My name and face will guarantee its purity."

She gave in nicely, merely declaring that I needn't growl like one of their bears with a wounded foot.

At my carefully mild suggestion she has just brought the nipper in from where it was cattying the young fowls, much to their detriment. But she is now heaping compote upon a slice of thickly buttered bread for it, glancing meanwhile at our evening newspaper.

"Ruggums always has his awful own way, doesn't ums?" she remarks to the nipper.

Deeply ignoring this, I resume my elocutionary studies of the Declaration of Independence. For I should say that a signal honor of a municipal character has just been done me: a committee of the chamber of commerce has invited me to participate in their exercises on an early day in July—the fourth, I fancy—when they celebrate the issuance of this famous document. I have been asked to read it, preceding a patriotic address to be made by Senator Floud.

I accepted with the utmost pleasure, and now on my vine-sheltered porch have begun trying it out for the proper voice effects. Its substance, I need not say, is already familiar to me.

The nipper is horribly gulping at its food, jam smears quite all about its countenance. Mrs. Ruggles glances over her journal.

"How would you like it," she suddenly demands, "if I went round town like these English women—burning churches and houses of parliament and cutting up fine oil paintings? How would that suit your grouchy highness?"

"This is not England," I answer shortly. "That sort of thing would never do with us."

"My, but isn't he the fierce old Ruggums!" she cries in affected alarm to the now half-suffocated nipper.

Once more I take up the Declaration of Independence. It lends itself rather well to reciting. I feel that my voice is going to carry.

(THE END)

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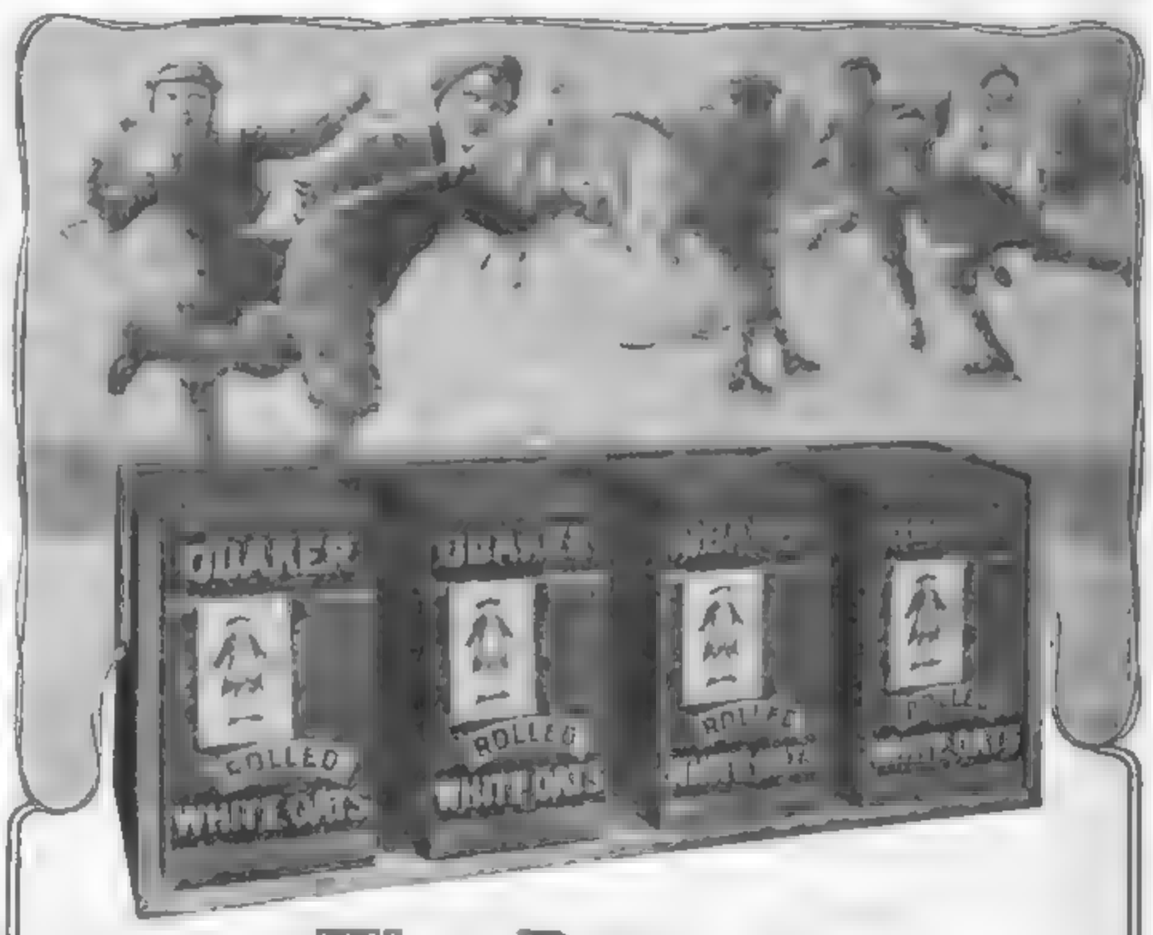

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Every day tens of thousands of these cheery little packages go forth on their errands of good will and benefit. They seem almost things of life, as they pour out from the immaculate factories at Chicago, New York and Toronto where they are created.

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Write today for this charming little book. It will serve to pass many an idle hour and bring a smile to the face of every one who loves imaginative fun!

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Every time you see a package Spearmen. Here are sample book—get a copy and see how Spearmen have acted them for

There was an old Spear
For her many small child
She made them Most Ha
It kept them in trim at a

Little "Spear" Horner sa
His pie all eaten up cl
'Twixt finger and thumb
No brighter boy ever wa

I'LL BET THE NEXT TIME YOU SEE HIM HE'LL HAVE A WOODEN LEG!
LOOK HEINIE, MY FOOT'S STICKIN' OUT—WILL THEY CHARGE EXTRA FOR THAT?
MORE LIKELY THEY'LL CUT IT OFF YOUR CHEESE
YES BUT DON'T PULL TOO HARD OR WELL GO ON A TEAR!
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Goose"—something to cheer the
he motive of giving you a warmer
re frank about that! Let these
ne into your home and help to
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home and help teeth, breath,
pleasure and benefit combined,

of WRIGLEY'S think of the little
verses from the "Mother Goose"
they are illustrated—see how the
your entertainment:

oman lived in a shoe,
en she knew what to do:
by with WRIGLEY'S for all—
cost very small!

in the corner—

e held WRIGLEY'S gum—
een!

WHAT PAPER IS THIS, PETE?
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
IT'S SURE SOME PAPER- LOOK HOW DEEP!
YES, THEY OUGHTA CALL IT THE 'HITCHING POST OR THE 'CLOTHES POST' - IT'S SO TALL!
IT COSTS SOME M TO HITCH A 'LINE TO THIS POST, BO!
WELL, LOOK AT THE BIG CIRCULATION!
NOW FELLOWS, WATCH YOUR STEP OR YOU'LL SPILL YOUR CIRCULATION!
SAY, WHAT'S THE DIFF. BETWEEN THIS LADDER AND GREENLAND'S ICY MOUNTAINS?
A MATTER OF CLIMB IT I SHOULD SAY GUS.
AW, NOBODY'LL GET THOSE BUM JOKES- CUT 'EM OUT!
GONNA GET A CAR THIS SEASON STEVE?
DON KNOW YET- WAITIN TO SEE IF THEYLL THROW IN A PAIR O SHOES
WHAD YA WANT FOR YOUR MONEY / DONT YA GET A HOOD FOR MA A MUFFLER FOR DAD AND A RATTLE FOR THE BABY, NOW?
QUICK, THE NEEDLE, WATSON! OH WHAT A JOKE!
26 ROUNDS WITHOUT A FALL-SOME BOUT WHAT!
BOUT IS RIGHT- JUST ABOUT!
NOTICE! THESE SPEARMEN LEADERS NEED NAMES. DO YOJ WANT TO NAME A SPEARMAN? IF SO, WRITE SUGGESTION ON EDGE OF A WRAPPER FROM EITHER BRAND OF WRIGLEYS AND SEND WITH COUPON
HAVE A HEART, FRIENDS GIVE US NAMES OF ONE SYLLABLE!
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PULL HARD AMOS, WE'RE STRETCHING THIS TRUTH!
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TISH'S SPY

(Continued from Page 16)

I shall never forget the ride after Tish and how we felt when we failed to find her; for there was no sign of her. The wind had come up, and, what with seeing Tish tied to that wretched canoe and sinking with it or shot through the head and lying dead in the bottom of it, we were about crazy. As we passed Island Eleven we could see the spy's camp fire and his tent, but no living person.

At four in the morning we gave up and started back, heavy-hearted. What, therefore, was our surprise to find Tish sitting by the fire in her bathrobe and slippers, with a cup of tea in her lap and her feet in a foot tub of hot water! Considering all we had gone through and that we had obeyed orders exactly, she was distinctly unjust. Indeed, at first she quite refused to speak to any of us.

"I do think, Tish," Aggie said as she stood shivering by the fire, "that you might at least explain where you have been. We have been going up and down the river for hours, burying you over and over."

Tish took a sip of tea, but said nothing.

"You said," I reminded her, "that if there was shooting we were to start after you at once. When we heard the shots we went, of course."

Tish leaned over and, taking the tea-kettle from the fire, poured more water into the foot tub. Then at last she turned to speak.

"Bring some absorbent cotton and some bandages, Hutchins," she said. "I am bleeding from a hundred wounds. As for you"—she turned fiercely on Aggie and me—"the least you could have done was to be here when I returned, exhausted, injured and weary; but, of course, you were gallivanting round the lake in an upholstered motor boat."

Here she poured more water into the foot tub and made it much too hot. This thawed her rather, and she explained what was wrong. She was bruised, scratched to the knees, and with a bump the size of an egg on her forehead, where she had run into a tree.

The whole story was very exciting. It seems she got the green canoe without any difficulty, the spy being sound asleep in his tent; but about that time the wind came up and Tish said she could not make an inch of progress toward our camp.

The chewing gum with which we had repaired our canoe came out at that time and the boat began to fill, Tish being unable to sit over the leak and paddle at the same time. So, at last, she gave up and made for the mainland.

"The shooting," Tish said with difficulty, "was by men from the Indian camp firing at me. I landed below the camp, and was making my way as best I could through the woods when they heard me moving. I believe they thought it was a bear."

I think Tish was more afraid of the Indians, in spite of their sixty-three steel engravings and the rest of it, than she pretended, though she said she would have made herself known, but at that moment she fell over a fallen tree and for fifteen minutes was unable to speak a word. When at last she rose the excitement was over and they had gone back to their camp.

"Anyhow," she finished, "the green canoe is hidden a couple of miles down the river, and I guess Mr. McDonald is safe for a time. Lizzie, you can take a bath to-morrow safely."

Tish sat up most of the rest of the night composing a letter to the authorities of the town, telling them of Mr. McDonald and inclosing careful copies of the incriminating documents she had found.

During the following morning the river was very quiet. Through the binocular we were able to see Mr. McDonald standing on the shore of his island and looking intently in our direction, but naturally we paid no attention to him.

The red-haired man went in swimming that day and necessitated our retiring to the tent for an hour and a half; but at noon Aggie's naturally soft heart began to assert itself.

"Spy or no spy," she said to Tish, "we ought to feed him."

"Huh!" was Tish's rejoinder. "There is no sense in wasting good food on a man whose hours are numbered."

We were surprised, however, to find that Hutchins, who had detested Mr. McDonald, was rather on Aggie's side.

"The fact that he has but a few more hours," she said to Tish, "is an excellent reason for making those hours as little wretched as possible."

It was really due to Hutchins, therefore, that Mr. McDonald had a luncheon. The problem of how to get it to him was a troublesome one, but Tish solved it with her customary sagacity.

"We can make a raft," she said, "a small one, large enough to hold a tray. By stopping the launch some yards above the island we can float his luncheon to him quite safely."

That was the method we ultimately pursued and it worked most satisfactorily.

Hutchins baked hot biscuits; and, by putting a cover over the pan, we were enabled to get them to him before they cooled.

We prepared a really appetizing luncheon of hot biscuits, broiled ham, marmalade and tea, adding, at Aggie's instructions, a jar of preserved peaches, which she herself had put up.

Tish made the raft while we prepared the food, and at exactly half past twelve o'clock we left the house. Mr. McDonald saw us coming and was waiting smilingly at the upper end of the island.

"Great Scott!" he said. "I thought you were never going to hear me. Another hour and I'd have made a swim for it, though it's suicidal with this current. I'll show you where you can come in so you won't hit a rock."

Hutchins had stopped the engine of the motor boat and we threw out the anchor at a safe distance from the shore.

"We are not going to land," said Tish, "and I think you know perfectly well the reason why."

"Oh, now," he protested; "surely you are going to land! I've had an awfully uncomfortable accident—my canoe's gone."

"We know that," Tish said calmly. "As a matter of fact, we took it."

Mr. McDonald sat down suddenly on a log at the water's edge and looked at us.

"Oh!" he said.

"You may not believe it," Tish said, "but we know everything—your dastardly plot, who the red-haired man is, and all the destruction and wretchedness you are about to cause."

"Oh, I say!" he said feebly. "I wouldn't go as far as that. I'm—I'm not such a bad sort."

"That depends on the point of view," said Tish grimly.

Aggie touched her on the arm then and reminded her that the biscuits were getting cold; but Tish had a final word with him.

"Your correspondence has fallen into my hands, young man," she said, "and will be turned over to the proper authorities."

"It won't tell them anything they don't know," he said doggedly. "Look here, ladies: I am not ashamed of this thing. I—I am proud of it. I am perfectly willing to yell it out loud for everybody to hear. As a matter of fact, I think I will."

Mr. McDonald stood up suddenly and threw his head back; but here Hutchins, who had been silent, spoke for the first time.

"Don't be an idiot!" she said coldly. "We have something here for you to eat if you behave yourself."

He seemed to see her then for the first time, for he favored her with a long stare.

"Ah!" he said. "Then you are not entirely cold and heartless?"

She made no reply to this, being busy in assisting Aggie to lower the raft over the side of the boat.

"Broiled ham, tea, hot biscuits and marmalade," said Aggie gently. "My poor fellow, we are doing what we consider our duty; but we want you to know that it is hard for us—very hard."

When he saw our plan Mr. McDonald's face fell; but he stepped out into the water up to his knees and caught the raft as it floated down.

Before he said "Thank you" he lifted the cover of the pan and saw the hot biscuits underneath.

"Really," he said, "it's very decent of you. I sent off a grocery order yesterday, but nothing has come."

Tish had got Hutchins to start the engine by that time and we were moving away. He stood there, up to his knees in water, holding the tray and looking after us. He was really a pathetic figure, especially in view of the awful fate we felt was overtaking him.

He called something after us. On account of the noise of the engine we could not be certain, but we all heard it the same way.

"Send for the whole damned outfit!" was the way it sounded to us. "It won't make any difference to me."

V

THE last thing I recall of Mr. McDonald that day is seeing him standing there in the water, holding the tray, with the teapot steaming under his nose, and gazing after us with an air of bewilderment and fury that did not deceive us at all.

As I looked back there was only one thing we might have noticed at the time. This was the fact that Hutchins, having started the engine, was sitting beside it on the floor of the boat and laughing in the cruelest possible manner. As I said to Aggie at the time:

"A spy is a spy and entitled to punishment if discovered; but no young woman should laugh over so desperate a situation."

I come now to the dénouement of this exciting period. It had been Tish's theory that the red-haired man should not be taken into our confidence. If there was a reward for the capture of the spy we ourselves intended to have it.

The steamer was due the next day but one. Tish was in favor of not waiting, but of at once going in the motor boat to the town, some thirty miles away, and telling of our capture; but Hutchins claimed there was not sufficient gasoline for such an excursion. That afternoon we went in the motor launch to where Tish had hidden the green canoe and, with a hatchet, rendered it useless.

The workings of the subconscious mind are marvelous. In the midst of chopping Tish suddenly looked up.

"Have you noticed," she said, "that the detective is always watching our camp?"

"That's all he has to do," Aggie suggested.

"Stuff and nonsense! Didn't he follow you into the swamp? Does Hutchins ever go out in the canoe that he doesn't go out also? I'll tell you what has happened: She's young and pretty, and he's fallen in love with her."

I must say it sounded reasonable. He never bothered about the motor boat, but the instant she took the canoe and started out he was hovering somewhere near.

"She's noticed it," Tish went on. "That's what she was quarreling about with him yesterday."

"How are we to know," said Aggie, who was gathering up the scraps of the green canoe and building a fire under them—"how are we to know they are not old friends, meeting thus in the wilderness? Fate plays strange tricks, Tish. I lived in the same street with Mr. Wiggins for years, and never knew him until one day when my umbrella turned wrong side out in a gust of wind."

"Fate fiddlesticks!" said Tish. "There's no such thing as fate in affairs of this sort. It's all instinct—the instinct of the race to continue itself."

This Aggie regarded as indelicate and she was rather cool to Tish the balance of the day.

Our prisoner spent most of the day at the end of the island toward us, sitting quietly, as we could see through the glasses. We watched carefully, fearing at any time to see the Indian paddling toward him.

[Tish was undecided what to do in such an emergency, except to intercept him and explain, threatening him also with having attempted to carry the incriminating papers. As it happened, however, the entire camp had gone for a two-days' deer hunt, and before they returned the whole thing had come to its surprising end.]

Late in the afternoon Tish put her theory of the red-haired man to the test.

"Hutchins," she said, "Miss Lizzie and I will cook the dinner if you want to go in the canoe to Harvey's Bay for water lilies."

Hutchins at once said she did not care a rap for water lilies; but, seeing a determined glint in Tish's eye, she added that she would go for frogs if Tish wanted her out of the way.

"Don't talk like a child!" Tish retorted. "Who said I wanted you out of the way?"

It is absolutely true that the moment Hutchins put her foot into the canoe the red-haired man put down his fishing rod and rose. And she had not taken three strokes with the paddle before he was in the blue canoe.

Hutchins saw him just then and scowled. The last we saw of her she was moving rapidly up the river and the detective was dropping slowly behind. They both disappeared finally into the bay and Tish drew a long breath.

"Typical!" she said curtly. "He's sent here to watch a dangerous man and spends his time pursuing a young woman who hates the sight of him. When women achieve the suffrage they will put none but married men in positions of trust."

Hutchins and the detective were still out of sight when suppertime came. The spy's supper weighed on us, and at last Tish attempted to start the motor launch. We had placed the supper and the small raft aboard, and Aggie was leaning over the edge untying the painter—not a man, but a rope—when unexpectedly the engine started at the first revolution of the wheel.

It darted out to the length of the rope, where it was checked abruptly, the shock throwing Aggie entirely out and into the stream. Tish caught the knife from the supper tray to cut us loose, but Aggie refused to be left alone at the camp. So, while Tish cut I pulled Aggie in, wet as she was. The boat was straining and panting, and, on being released, it sprang forward like a dog unleashed.

Aggie had swallowed a great deal of water and was most disagreeable; but the Mebbe was going remarkably well, and there seemed to be every prospect that we should get back to the camp in good order. Alas, for human hopes! Mr. McDonald was not very agreeable.

"You know," he said as he waited for his supper to float within reach, "you needn't be so blamed radical about everything you do! If you object to my hanging round, why not just say so? If I'm too obnoxious I'll clear out."

"Obnoxious is hardly the word," said Tish.

"How long am I to be a prisoner?"

"I shall send letters off by the first boat."

He caught the raft just then and examined the supper with interest.

"Of course things might be worse," he said; "but it's dirty treatment anyhow. And it's darned humiliating. Somebody I know is having a good time at my expense. It's heartless! That's what it is heartless!"

Well, we left him, the engine starting nicely and Aggie being wrapped in a tarpaulin; but about a hundred yards above the island it began to slow down, and shortly afterward it stopped altogether. As the current caught us we luckily threw out the anchor, for the engine refused to start again. It was then we saw the other canoes.

The girl in the pink tam-o'-shanter was in the first one.

They glanced at us curiously as they passed, and the P. T. S.—that is the way we grew to speak of the pink tam-o'-shanter—raised one hand in the air, which is a form of canoe greeting, probably less upsetting to the equilibrium than a vigorous waving of the arm.

It was just then, I believe, that they saw our camp and headed for it. The rest of what happened is most amazing. They stopped at our landing and unloaded their canoes. Though twilight was falling, we could see them distinctly. And what we saw was that they calmly took possession of the camp.

"Good gracious!" Tish cried. "The girls have gone into the tent! And somebody's working at the stove. The impertinence!"

Our situation was acutely painful. We could do nothing but watch. We called, but our voices failed to reach them. And Aggie took a chill, partly cold and partly fury. We sat there while they ate the entire supper!

They were having a very good time. Now and then somebody would go into the tent and bring something out, and there would be shrieks of laughter.

[We learned afterward that part of the amusement was caused by Aggie's false front, which one of the wretches put on as a beard.]

It was while thus distracted that Aggie suddenly screamed, and a moment later Mr. McDonald climbed over the side and into the boat, dripping.

"Don't be alarmed!" he said. "I'll go back and be a prisoner again just as soon as I've fixed the engine. I couldn't bear to think of the lady who fell in sitting here indefinitely and taking cold." He was examining the engine while he spoke. "Have visitors, I see," he observed, as calmly as though he were not dripping all over the place.

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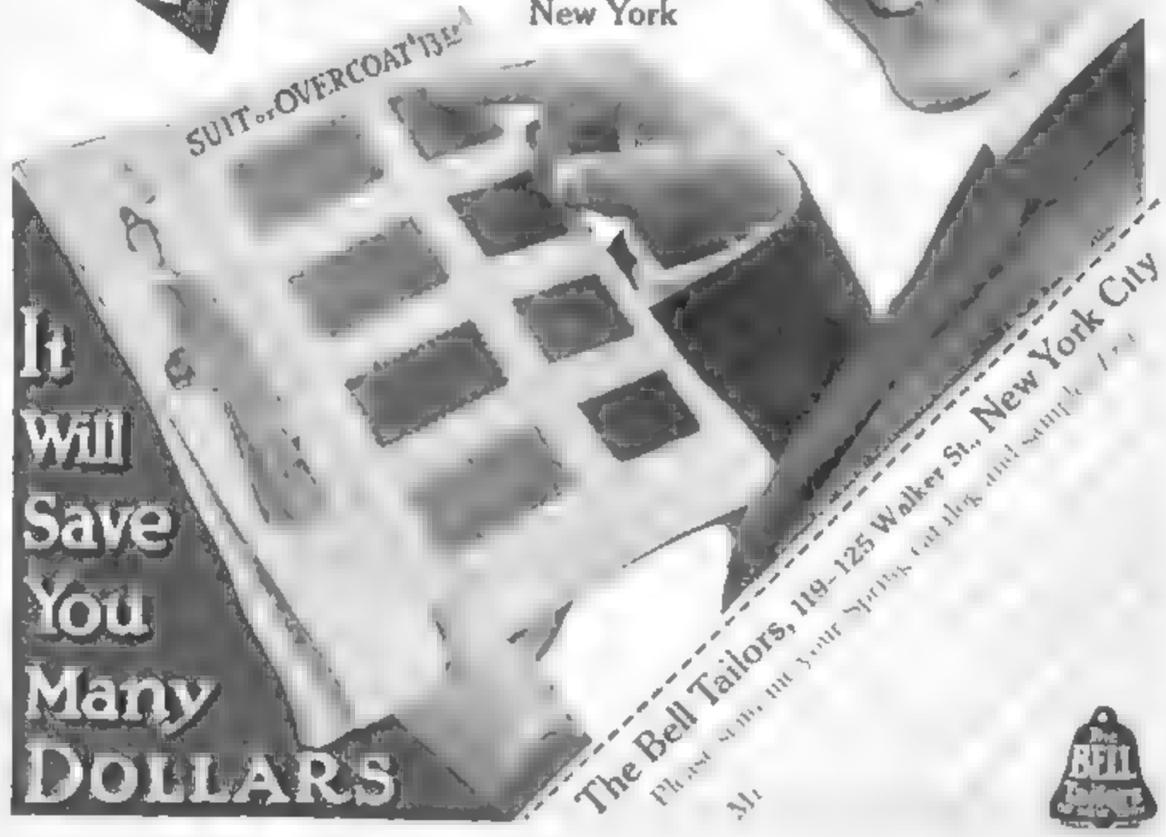

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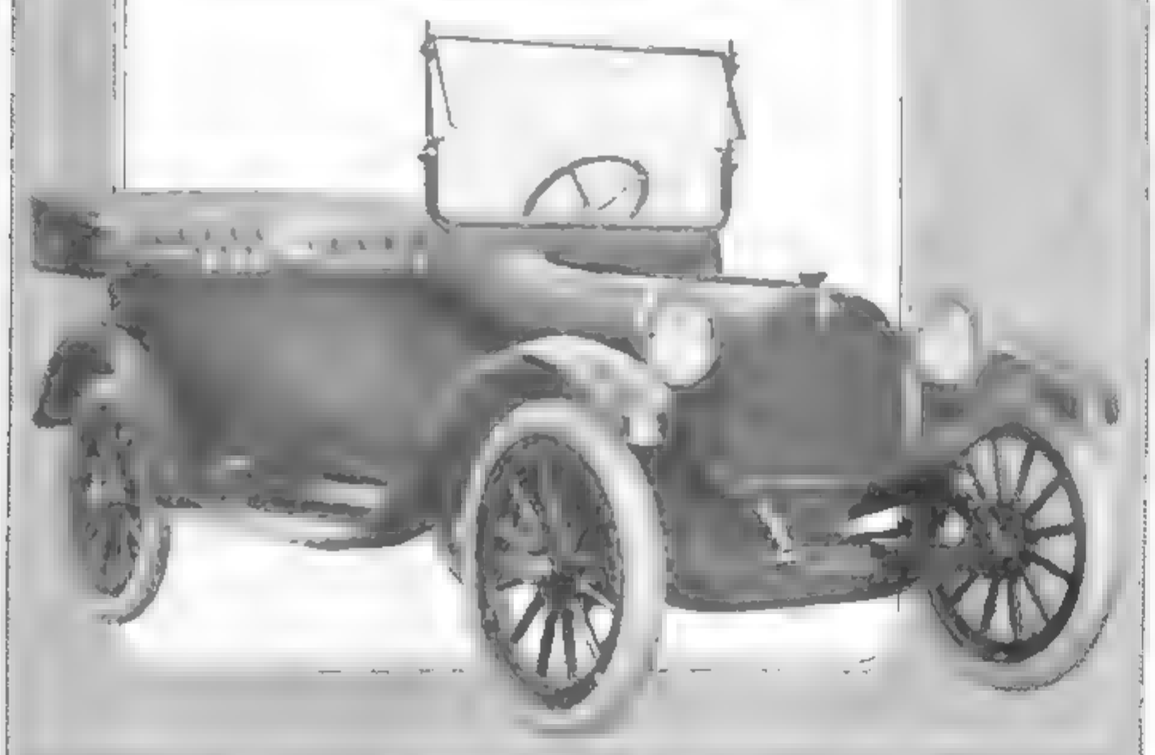

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"Intruders, not visitors!" Tish said angrily. "I never saw them before."

"Rather pretty, the one with the pink cap. May I examine the gasoline supply?" There was no gasoline. He shrugged his shoulders. "I'm afraid no amount of mechanical genius I intended to offer you will start her," he said; "but the young lady—Hutchins is her name, I believe?—will see you here and come after you, of course."

Well, there was no denying that, spy or no spy, his presence was a comfort. He offered to swim back to the island and be a prisoner again, but Tish said magnanimously that there was no hurry. On Aggie's offering half of her tarpaulin against the wind, which had risen, he accepted.

"Your Miss Hutchins is reckless, isn't she?" he said when he was comfortably settled. "She's a strong swimmer; but a canoe is uncertain at the best."

"She's in no danger," said Tish. "She has a devoted admirer watching out for her."

"The deuce she has!" His voice was quite interested. "Why, who on earth ——"

"Your detective," said Aggie softly. "He's quite mad about her. The way he follows her and the way he looks at her—it's thrilling!"

Mr. McDonald said nothing for quite a while. The canoe party had evidently eaten everything they could find, and somebody had brought out a banjo and was playing. Tish, unable to vent her anger, suddenly turned on Mr. McDonald.

"If you think," she said, "that the grocery list fooled us, it didn't!"

"Grocery list?"

"That's what I said."

"How did you get my grocery list?"

So she told him, and how she had deciphered it, and how the word dynamite had only confirmed her early suspicions.

His only comment was to say "Good heavens!" in a smothered voice.

"It was the extractor that made me suspicious," she finished. "What were you going to extract? Teeth?"

"And so, when my Indian was swimming, you went through his things! It's the most astounding thing I ever —— My dear, an extractor is used to get the hooks out of fish. It was no cipher, I assure you. I needed an extractor and I ordered it. The cipher you speak of is only a remarkable coincidence."

"Huh!" said Tish. "And the paper you dropped in the train—was that a coincidence?"

"That's not my secret," he said, and turned sulky all at once.

"Don't tell me," Tish said triumphantly, "that any young man comes here absolutely alone without a purpose!"

"I had a purpose, all right; but it was not to blow up a railroad train."

Apparently he thought he had said too much, for he relapsed into silence after that, with an occasional muttering.

It was eight o'clock when Hutchins' canoe came into sight. She was paddling easily, but the detective was far behind and moving slowly.

She saw the camp with its uninvited guests, and then she saw us. The detective, however, showed no curiosity; and we could see that he made for his landing and stumbled exhaustedly up the bank.

Hutchins drew up beside us.

"He'll not try that again, I think," she said in her crisp voice. "He's out of training. He panted like a motor launch. Who are our visitors?"

Here her eyes fell on Mr. McDonald and her face set in the dusk.

"You'll have to go back and get some gasoline, Hutchins."

"What made you start out without looking?"

"And send the vandals away. If they wait until I arrive I'll be likely to do them some harm. I have never been so outraged."

"Let me go for gasoline in the canoe," said Mr. McDonald. He leaned over the thwart and addressed Hutchins. "You're worn out," he said. "I promise to come back and be a perfectly well-behaved prisoner again."

"Thanks, no."

"I'm wet. The exercise will warm me."

"Is it possible," she said in a withering tone that was lost on us at the time, "that you brought no dumb-bells with you?"

If we had had any doubts they should have been settled then; but we never suspected. It is incredible, looking back.

The dusk was falling and I am not certain of what followed. It was, however, something like this: Mr. McDonald muttered something angrily and made a motion to get into the canoe. Hutchins replied that she would not have help from him if she died for it. The next thing we knew she was in the launch and the canoe was floating off on the current. Aggie squealed; and Mr. McDonald, instead of swimming after the thing, merely folded his arms and looked at it.

"You know," he said to Hutchins, "you have so unpleasant a disposition that somebody we both know of is better off than he thinks he is!"

Tish's fury knew no bounds, for there we were marooned and two of us wet to the skin. I must say for Hutchins, however, that when she learned about Aggie she was bitterly repentant, and insisted on putting her own sweater on her. But there we were and there we should likely stay.

It was quite dark by that time, and we sat in the launch, rocking gently. The canoeing party had lighted a large fire on the beach, using the driftwood we had so painfully accumulated.

We sat in silence, except that Tish, who was watching our camp, said once bitterly that she was glad there were three beds in the tent. The girls of the canoeing party would be comfortable.

After a time Tish turned on Mr. McDonald sharply.

"Since you claim to be no spy," she said, "perhaps you will tell us what brings you alone to this place? Don't tell me it's fish—I've seen you reading, with a line out. You're no fisherman."

He hesitated.

"No," he admitted. "I'll be frank, Miss Carberry. I did not come to fish."

"What brought you?"

"Love," he said, in a low tone. "I don't expect you to believe me, but it's the honest truth."

"Love!" Tish scoffed.

"Perhaps I'd better tell you the story," he said. "It's long and—and rather sad."

"Love stories," Hutchins put in coldly, "are terribly stupid, except to those concerned."

"That," he retorted, "is because you have never been in love. You are young and—you will pardon the liberty?—attractive; but you are totally prosaic and unromantic."

"Indeed!" she said, and relapsed into silence.

"These other ladies," Mr. McDonald went on, "will understand the strangeness of my situation when I explain that the—the young lady I care for is very near; is, in fact, within sight."

"Good gracious!" said Aggie. "Where?"

"It is a long story, but it may help to while away the long night hours; for I dare say we are here for the night. Did anyone happen to notice the young lady in the first canoe, in the pink tam-o'-shanter?"

We said we had—all except Hutchins, who, of course, had not seen her. Mr. McDonald got a wet cigarette from his pocket and, finding a box of matches on the seat, made an attempt to dry it over the flame; so his story was told in the flickering light of one match after another.

VI

"I AM," Mr. McDonald said, as the cigarette steamed, "the son of poor but honest parents. All my life I have been obliged to labor. You may say that my English is surprisingly pure, under such conditions. As a matter of fact I educated myself at night, using a lantern in the top of my father's stable."

"I thought you said he was poor," Hutchins put in nastily. "How did he have a stable?"

"He kept a livery stable. Any points that are not clear I will explain afterward. Once the thread of a narrative is broken it is difficult to resume, Miss Hutchins. Near us, in a large house, lived the lady of my heart."

"The pink tam-o'-shanter girl!" said Aggie. "I begin to understand."

"But," he added, "near us also lived a red-headed boy. She liked him very much, and even in the long-ago days I was fiercely jealous of him. It may surprise you to know that in those days I longed—fairly longed—for red hair and a red mustache."

"I hate to interrupt," said Hutchins; "but did he have a mustache as a boy?"

He ignored her.

"We three grew up together. The girl is beautiful—you've probably noticed that—and amiable. The one thing I admire in a young woman is amiability. It would not,

for instance, have occurred to her to isolate an entire party on the bosom of a northern and treacherous river out of pure temper."

"To think," said Aggie softly, "that she is just over there by the camp fire! Don't you suppose, if she loves you, she senses your nearness?"

"That's it exactly," he replied in a gloomy voice, "if she loves me! But does she? In other words, has she come up the river to meet me or to meet my rival? She knows we are here. Both of us have written her. The presence of one or the other of us is the real reason for this excursion of hers. But again the question is—which?"

Here the match he was holding under the cigarette burned his fingers and he flung it overboard with a violent gesture.

"The detective, of course," said Tish. "I knew it from the beginning of your story."

"The detective," he assented. "You see his very profession attracts. There's an element of romance in it. I myself have kept on with my father and now run the—er—livery stable. My business is a handicap from a romantic point of view.

"I am aware," Mr. McDonald went on, "that it is not customary to speak so frankly of affairs of this sort; but I have two reasons. It hurts me to rest under unjust suspicion. I am no spy, ladies. And the second reason is even stronger. Consider my desperate position: In the morning my rival will see her; will paddle his canoe to the great rock below your camp and sing his love song from the water.

"In the morning I shall sit here helpless—ill, possibly—and see all that I value in life slip out of my grasp. And all through no fault of my own! Things are so evenly balanced, so little will shift the weight of her favor, that frankly the first one to reach her will get her."

I confess I was thrilled. And even Tish was touched; but she covered her emotion with hard common sense.

"What's her name?" she demanded.

"Considering my frankness I must withhold that. Why not simply refer to her as the pink tam-o'-shanter—or, better still and more briefly, the P. T. S.? That may stand for pink tam-o'-shanter, or the Person That Smiles—she smiles a great deal—or or almost anything."

"It also stands," said Hutchins, with a sniff, "for Pretty Tall Story."

Tish considered her skepticism unworthy in one so young, and told her so; on which she relapsed into a sulky silence.

In view of what we knew, the bonfire at our camp and the small figure across the river took on a new significance.

As Aggie said, to think of the red-haired man sleeping calmly while his ladylove was so near and his rival, so to speak, *hors de combat!*

Shortly after finishing his story Mr. McDonald went to the stern of the boat and lifted the anchor rope.

"It is possible," he said, "that the current will carry us to my island with a little judicious management. Even though we miss it, we'll hardly be worse off than we are."

It was surprising we had not thought of it before, for the plan succeeded admirably. By moving a few feet at a time and then anchoring we made slow but safe progress, and at last touched shore. We got out, and Mr. McDonald built a large fire, near which we put Aggie to steam. His supper, which he had not had time to eat, he generously divided, and we heated the tea. Hutchins, however, refused to eat.

Warmth and food restored Tish's mind to its usual keenness. I recall now the admiration in Mr. McDonald's eyes when she suddenly put down the sandwich she was eating and exclaimed:

"The flags, of course! He told her to watch for a red flag as she came up the river; so when the party saw ours they landed. Perhaps they still think it is his camp and that he is away overnight."

"That's it, exactly," he said. "Think of the poor wretch's excitement when he saw your flag!"

Still, on looking back, it seems curious that we overlooked the way the red-headed man had followed Hutchins about. True, men are polygamous animals, Tish says, and are quite capable of following one woman about while they are sincerely in love with somebody else. But, when you think of it, the detective had apparently followed Hutchins from the start, and had gone into the wilderness to be near her, with only a suitcase and a mackintosh coat; which looked like a mad infatuation.

Tish says she thought of this at the time, and that, from what she had seen of the P. T. S., Hutchins was much prettier. But she says she decided that men often love one quality in one girl and another in another; that he probably loved Hutchins' beauty and the amiability of the P. T. S. Also, she says, she reflected that the polygamy of the Far East is probably due to this tendency in the male more than to a preponderance of women.]

Tish called me aside while Mr. McDonald was gathering firewood.

"I'm a fool and a guilty woman, Lizzie," she said. "Because of an unjust suspicion I have possibly wrecked this poor boy's life."

I tried to soothe her.

"They might have been wretchedly unhappy together, Tish," I said; "and, anyhow, I doubt whether he is able to support a wife. There's nothing much in keeping a livery stable nowadays."

"There's only one thing that still puzzles me," Tish observed: "Granting that the grocery order was a grocery order, what about the note?"

We might have followed this line of thought, and saved what occurred later, but that a new idea suddenly struck Tish. She is curious in that way; her mind works very rapidly at times, and because I cannot take her mental hurdles, so to speak, she is often impatient.

"Lizzie," she said suddenly, "did you notice that when the anchor was lifted we drifted directly to this island? Don't stare at me like that. Use your wits."

When I failed instantly to understand, however, she turned abruptly and left me, disappearing in the shadows.

For the next hour nothing happened. Tish was not in sight and Aggie slept by the fire. Hutchins sat with her chin cupped in her hands, and Mr. McDonald gathered driftwood.

Hutchins only spoke once.

"I'm awfully sorry about the canoe, Miss Lizzie," she said; "it was silly and—and selfish. I don't always act like a bad child. The truth is, I'm rather upset and nervous. I hate to be thwarted—I'm sorry I can't explain any further."

I was magnanimous.

"I'm sure, until to-night, you've been perfectly satisfactory," I said; "but it seems extraordinary that you should dislike men the way you do."

She only eyed me searchingly.

It is my evening custom to prepare for the night by taking my switch off and combing and braiding my hair; so, as we seemed to be settled for the night, I asked Mr. McDonald whether the camp afforded an extra comb. He brought out a traveling case at once from the tent and opened it.

"Here's a comb," he said. "I never use one. I'm sorry this is all I can supply."

My eyes were glued to the case. It was an English traveling case, with gold-mounted fittings. He saw me staring at it and changed color.

"Nice bag, isn't it?" he said. "It was a gift, of course. The—the livery stable doesn't run much to this sort of thing."

But the fine edge of suspicion had crept into my mind again.

Tish did not return to the fire for some time. Before she came back we were all thoroughly alarmed. The island was small, and a short search convinced us that she was not on it!

We wakened Aggie and told her, and the situation was very painful. The launch was where we had left it. Mr. McDonald looked more and more uneasy.

"My sane mind tells me she's perfectly safe," he said. "I don't know that I've ever met a person more able to take care of herself; but it's darned odd—that's all I can say."

Just as he spoke a volley of shots sounded from up the river near our camp, two close together and then one; and somebody screamed.

It was very dark. We could see lanterns flashing at our camp and somebody was yelling hoarsely. One lantern seemed to run up and down the beach in mad excitement, and then, out of the far-off din, Aggie, whose ears are sharp, suddenly heard the splash of a canoe paddle.

I shall tell Tish's story of what happened as she told it to Charlie Sands two weeks or so later.

"It is perfectly simple," she said, "and it's stupid to make such a fuss over it. Don't talk to me about breaking the law! The girl came; I didn't steal her."

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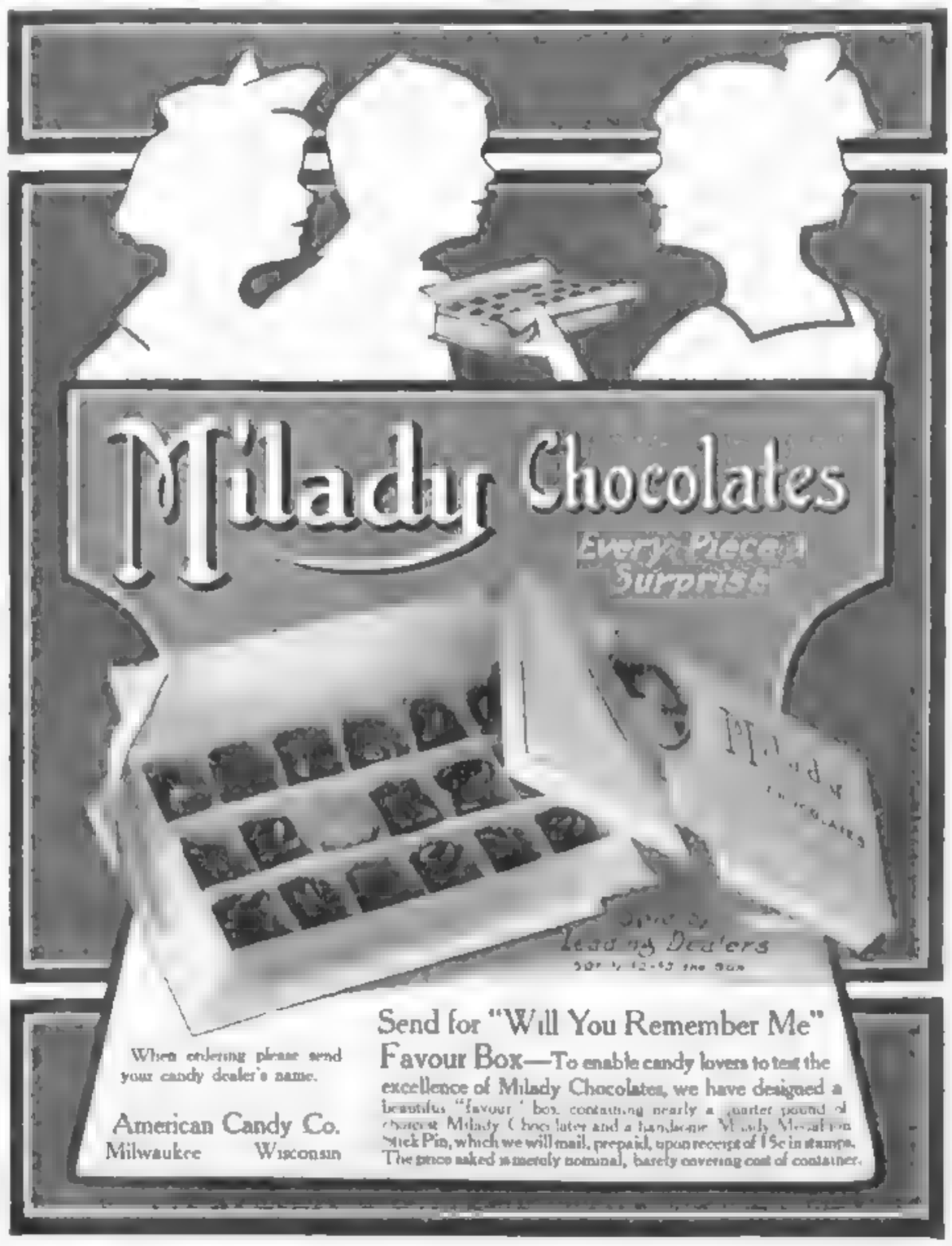
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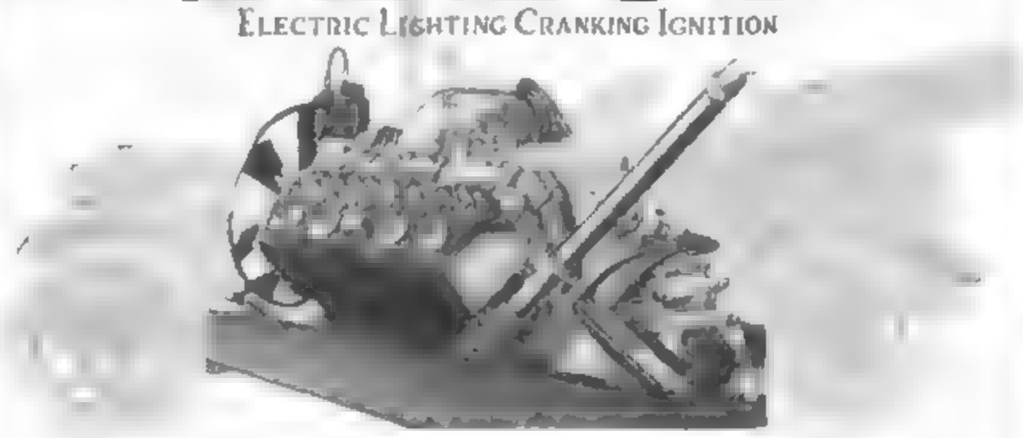

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Charlie Sands, I remember, interrupted at that moment to remind her that she had shot a hole in the detective's canoe; but this only irritated her.

"Certainly I did," she snapped; "but it's perfectly idiotic of him to say that it took off the heel of his shoe. In that stony country it's always easy to lose a heel."

But to return to Tish's story:

"It occurred to me," she said, "that, if the launch had drifted to Mr. McDonald's island, the canoe might have done so too; so I took a look round. I'd been pretty much worried about having called the boy a spy when he wasn't, and it worried me to think that he couldn't get away from the place. I never liked the red-haired man. He was cruel to Aggie's cat—but we've told you that.

"I knew that in the morning the detective would see the P. T. S., as we called her, and he could get over and propose before breakfast. But when I found the canoe—yes, I found it—I didn't intend to do anything more than steal the detective's boat."

"Is that all?" said Charlie Sands sarcastically. "You disappoint me, Aunt Letitia! With all the chances you had—to burn his pitiful little tent, for instance, or steal his suitcase ——"

"But on my way," Tish went on with simple dignity, "it occurred to me that I could move things a step farther by taking the girl to Mr. McDonald and letting him have his chance right away. Things went well from the start, for she was standing alone, looking out over the river. It was dark, except for the starlight, and I didn't know it was she. I beached the canoe and she squealed a little when I spoke to her."

"Just what," broke in Charlie Sands, "does one say under such circumstances? Sometime I may wish to abduct a young woman and it is well to be prepared."

"I told her the young man she had expected was on Island Eleven and had sent me to get her. She was awfully excited. She said they'd seen his signal, but nothing of him. And when they'd found a number of feminine things round they all felt a little—well, you can understand. She went back to get a coat, and while she was gone I untied the canoes and pushed them out into the river. I'm thorough, and I wasn't going to have a lot of people interfering before we got things fixed."

It was here, I think, that Charlie Sands gave a low moan and collapsed on the sofa.

"Certainly!" he said in a stifled voice. "I believe in being thorough. And, of course, a few canoes more or less do not matter."

"Later," Tish said, "I knew I'd been thoughtless about the canoes; but, of course, it was too late then."

"And when was it that you assaulted the detective?"

"He fired first," said Tish. "I never felt more peaceable in my life. It's absurd for him to say that he was watching our camp, as he had every night we'd been there. Who asked him to guard us? And the idea of his saying he thought we were Indians stealing things, and that he fired into the air! The bullets sang past me. I had hardly time to get my revolver out of my stocking."

"And then?" asked Charlie Sands.

"And then," said Tish, "we went calmly down the river to Island Eleven. We went rapidly, for at first the detective did not know I had shot a hole in his canoe, and he followed us. It stands to reason that if I'd shot his heel off he'd have known there was a hole in the boat. Luckily the girl was in the bottom of the canoe when she fainted or we might have been upset."

It was at this point, I believe, that Charlie Sands got his hat and opened the door.

"I find," he said, "that I cannot stand any more at present, Aunt Tish. I shall return when I am stronger."

So I shall go back to my own narrative. Really my justification is almost complete. Anyone reading to this point will realize the injustice of the things that have been said about us.

We were despairing of Tish, as I have said, when we heard the shots and then the approach of a canoe. Then Tish hailed us.

"Quick, somebody!" she said. "I have a cramp in my right leg."

[The canoeing position, kneeling as one must, had been always very trying for her. She frequently developed cramps, which only a hot footbath relieved.]

Mr. McDonald waded out into the water. Our beach fire illuminated the whole scene distinctly, and when he saw the P. T. S. huddled in the canoe he stopped as though he had been shot.

"How interesting!" said Hutchins from the bank, in her cool voice.

I remember yet Tish, stamping round on her cramped limb and smiling benevolently at all of us. The girl, however, looked startled and unhappy, and a little dizzy. Hutchins helped her to a fallen tree.

"Where—where is he?" said the P. T. S.

Tish stared at her.

"Bless the girl!" she said. "Did you think I meant the other one?"

"I —— What other one?"

Tish put her hand on Mr. McDonald's arm.

"My dear girl," she said, "this young man adores you. He's all that a girl ought to want in the man she loves. I have done him a grave injustice and he has borne it nobly. Come now—let me put your hand in his and say you will marry him."

"Marry him!" said the P. T. S. "Why, I never saw him in my life before!"

We had been so occupied with this astounding scene that none of us had noticed the arrival of the detective. He limped rapidly up the bank—having lost his heel, as I have explained and, dripping with water, confronted us. When a red-haired person is pale he is very pale. And his teeth showed.

He ignored all of us but the P. T. S., who turned and saw him, and went straight into his arms in the most unmaidenly fashion.

"By heaven," he said, "I thought that elderly lunatic had taken you off and killed you!" He kissed her quite frantically before all of us; and then, with one arm round her, he confronted Tish.

"I'm through!" he said. "I'm done! There isn't a salary in the world that will make me stay within gunshot of you another day." He eyed her fiercely. "You are a dangerous woman, madam," he said. "I'm going to bring a charge against you for abduction and assault with intent to kill. And if there's any proof needed I'll show my canoe, full of water to the gunwale."

Here he kissed the girl again.

"You—you know her?" gasped Mr. McDonald, and dropped on a treetrunk, as though he were too weak to stand.

"It looks like it, doesn't it?"

Here I happened to glance at Hutchins, and she was convulsed with mirth! Tish saw her, too, and glared at her; but she seemed to get worse. Then, without the slightest warning, she walked round the camp fire and kissed Mr. McDonald solemnly on the top of his head.

"I give it up!" she said. "Somebody will have to marry you and take care of you. I'd better be the person."

"But why was the detective watching Hutchins?" said Charlie Sands. "Was it because he had heard of my Aunt Letitia's reckless nature? I am still bewildered."

"You remember the night we got the worms?"

"I see. The detective was watching all of you because you stole the worms."

"Stole nothing!" Tish snapped. "That's the girl's house. She's the Miss Newcomb you read about in the papers. Now do you understand?"

"Certainly I do. She was a fugitive from justice because the cat found dynamite in the woods. Or—perhaps I'm a trifle confused, but—— Now I have it: she had stolen a gold-mounted traveling bag and given it to McDonald. Lucky chap! I was crazy about Hutchins myself. You might tip her the word that I'm badly off for a traveling case myself."

Tish knows Charlie Sands, so she let him talk. Then:

"He was too wealthy, Charlie," she said; "so when she wanted him to work and be useful, and he refused, she ran off and got a situation herself to teach him a lesson. She could drive a car. But her people heard about it, and that wretched detective was responsible for her safety. That's why he followed her about."

"I should like to follow her about myself," said Charlie Sands. "Do you think she's unalterably decided to take McDonald, money and all? He's still an idler. Lend me your car, Aunt Tish. There's a story there; and—who knows?"

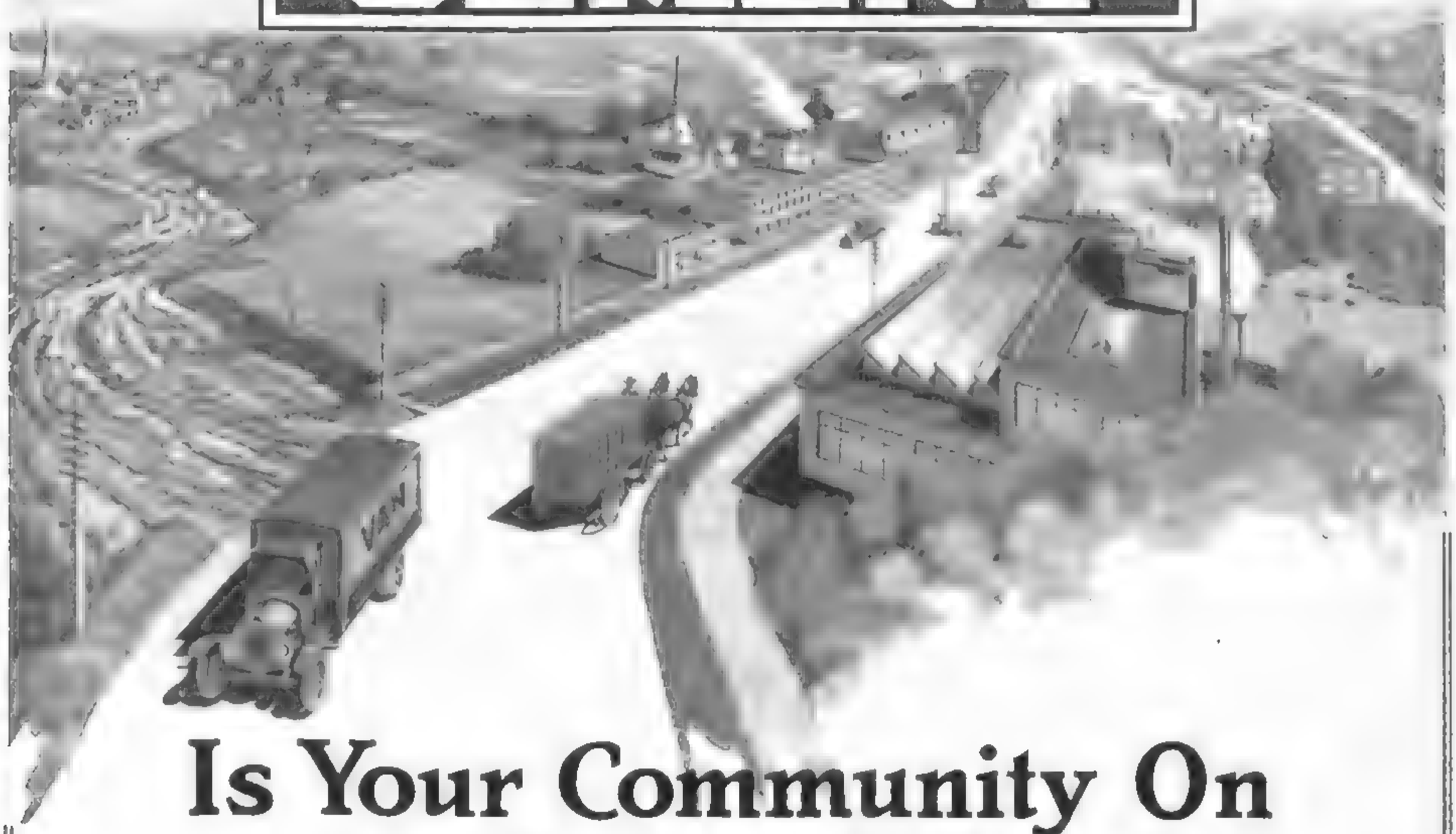
"He is going to work for six months before she marries him," Tish said. "He seems to like to work, now he has started."

She rang the bell and Hannah came to the door.

"Hannah," said Tish calmly, "call up the garage and tell McDonald to bring the car round. Mr. Sands is going out."

(THE END)

LEHIGH PORTLAND CEMENT



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THE STRANGE BOARDER

(Continued from Page 5)

Then the florid gentleman returned, apologized for the interruption, looked over the reports Mr. Mudge had collected, thanked Mr. Mudge profusely for his courtesy, took up his hat and departed.

One of the special policemen remembered seeing three strangers—this gentleman with the short reddish beard, a tall florid gentleman, and a lank gentleman with a bushy red mustache standing at one of the desks for customers counting some money. But he had paid no particular attention to them—strangers were always standing at the desks counting money.

When the story was told, Mr. Farson holy-smoked and damned himself again, but in a less impetuous manner; in fact, he was reflecting that it would be disagreeable to have the Cereal National Bank advertised as a place where innocent strangers might lose their money. So he advised Gardner confidentially to turn the affair over to a private detective agency he recommended instead of to the police who would immediately tip it off to the newspapers.

Even before he mentioned the newspapers, however, Gardner's imagination had been conceiving a picture of the small, weatherbeaten post-office at Los Indios, fronting a poor little street of sand, and a group in front of the post-office roaring with laughter and congratulating themselves that Sam Gardner's insanity always took such diverting forms.

"Yes; but I think I'll see first what I can do myself," he replied gravely to the banker's recommendation. He rose and with a callous brown hand smoothed down the stubborn mop of sandy hair before settling the old man's hat on it. "I'm certainly very much obliged to you, Mr. Farson," he added gratefully, and shuffled out.

He smoothed down his hair again as he took off the hat in his room at the hotel and returned to the green plush armchair. If Billy had not been absorbed in the new kind of building blocks they had bought during their walk after breakfast that morning he might have noticed that his father was pale under the tan; but he would hardly have known that the thing in his father's eyes was called fear by grown-up persons.

After luncheon Gardner inquired at the desk and found that the two automobile rides to which genial Mr. Westmark had treated him the day before had been duly charged to his account—not that it really mattered now; only the question had persistently troubled his mind.

His mind was like that now. It seemed incapable of grappling with large problems; but inconsequential little things stuck to it like burs, and at a quarter past five he could not forbear going out and finding his way to the magnificent Egyptian barroom. Almost the first person he saw was Mr. Kittie Hinch, just turning away from the bar with Mr. Maloney.

Mr. Hinch's serpentine grin frankly recognized him, yet he paused rather watchfully, not knowing what form their encounter might take; but Gardner nodded and said, "Good afternoon, Mr. Hinch!" with grave courtesy, and extended his brown hand.

That seemed to please Mr. Hinch, and in a friendly, companionable spirit—with his broadest grin—he immediately asked:

"How much did Noisy Joe touch you for?"

"You mean Westmark?" Gardner replied.

"Sure—Noisy Joe Westmark. Say, kid, you ain't the only one. They all come across when Noisy Joe gets after 'em. He told Jake he touched you for ten thousand; but he's a 'orrible liar."

Kittie's intention was obviously friendly and consolatory—though a keen professional curiosity was present also.

"Yes; it was ten thousand," Gardner replied soberly.

"Th' 'ell!" Mr. Hinch exclaimed admiringly. "Say, you can get 'im all right if you just lay for 'im long enough. Any of these dubs could get 'im if they'd just laid for 'im long enough. But quick's they drop their wads they blow the town. Then he comes back. You lay for 'im and you'll get 'im."

Gardner perceived that Kittie would admire Noisy Joe's getting him and his getting Noisy Joe with the same faultless impartiality.

"I don't know as I want to get him," he replied thoughtfully, drawing the tips of his right-hand fingers down his bearded cheek. "But I expect to be round here some time."

"Sure! Lay for 'im and you'll get 'im," Kittie encouraged, ignoring the qualified disclaimer. "And you know, if you want a game any time, I'm going to open up a little place of my own on the North Side next week. Drop in." He gave directions.

"Well, thank you; perhaps I will," Gardner replied soberly. "No, thank you; I won't stop for any beer now. You see, I've got my son with me. He'll be expecting me at the hotel."

Leaving the Egyptian barroom he felt oddly relieved. What had happened to him evidently was by no means extraordinary, but a mere everyday incident—a common fate of man. That idea mysteriously reconciled him to it. After dinner that evening he talked to Billy quite cheerfully.

"We'll look round tomorrow, son," he said, holding the boy on his knee, "and find us some nice quiet little place to live—out where there's some trees and grass. And we'll settle down here and you can start in school. That's the main thing now, you know—you must begin your education. I'll get a job and we'll get along fine."

Indeed, he had already begun to see that the loss of his ten thousand dollars need cause only an incidental variation in their plans. In the long run it might prove a good thing, because now he would have to start in and learn city business from the ground up. Certainly in a place like Chicago there must be plenty of opportunities for employment.

The next morning he brought up two newspapers from the breakfast table and carefully examined the advertisements of board and lodging. One especially caught his fancy and he cut it out. It ran as follows:

"Large, airy front bedroom, with alcove, in very select residence district. The atmosphere is that of a very refined and cultured Christian home. Excellent tableboard. Highest references given and required. Call afternoon. Number 2 Carlisle Terrace."

That seemed just the place for Billy.

II

TO UNDERSTAND Carlisle Terrace we must go back to flinty old Peter Carlisle, who squared accounts in two worlds by the heroic expedient of donating half a million dollars to endow a theological seminary. That was back in the seventies, when theological seminaries were still occasionally endowed. The donation was partly in land, which, with the city's huge growth, constantly increased in value. Financially, therefore, the seminary flourished. Otherwise the times had been against it.

Beef rose, but ministerial salaries remained stationary. Fewer students came to fit themselves for a calling which, however rich in spiritual rewards, offered only a more or less genteel poverty on the material side. Of those who did come many had to be powerfully assisted through the courses, not only financially but intellectually.

And, with the city's growth, all rural or even suburban flavor had long since been smoked and elbowed out of the seminary's neighborhood. To the west the elevated railroad roared; to the east trolley cars clanged and rattled. Sooty fumes from the big chair factory, three blocks north, drifted into the classrooms. Three saloons impudently stared the little campus out of countenance.

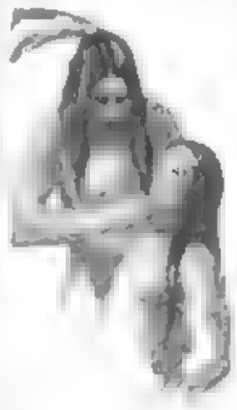
The endowment comprised Carlisle Terrace, adjoining the seminary on the west—a double row of dun pressed-brick dwellings facing each other across a tiny park. Time was when Carlisle Terrace had been very exclusive; but, with the steady deterioration of the neighborhood for residence purposes, all that had changed. Number 9 was now held by a swarthy person, with a numerous swarthy family, who was understood to be prosperously engaged in the fruit trade. Number 5 was empty and Number 10 was frankly nothing but a boarding house.

Number 2—the large house on the corner—had been occupied for many years by Magnus McChesney, head professor of exegesis. At his uninsured demise Mrs. McChesney and her daughter Julia permitted certain friends of the family to pay them an honorarium for the privilege of

What happens to your face when you shave?

The answer is in the lather

IF your face burns or smarts after shaving -if the lather dries before you are through, or if you have to soften the beard by "rubbing-in," you are using the wrong shaving preparation.



The Indian used to pull out the hairs on his face to prevent the growth of a beard. Even such torture is almost preferable to the use of some shaving soaps of today.

There are radical differences in chemical composition, and in action, between hard soaps (cakes, sticks, powders) and Mennen's Shaving Cream, which a comparison in use will show.

Mennen's Shaving Cream will absorb much more water than any other preparation, making a firm, moist lather with only one-half inch of cream. Glycerin, which is extracted from hard soaps and sold as a by-product, is present in extra quantity in Mennen's, emollient, soothing and healing. The particular properties of Mennen's enable it to soften the hair so that "rubbing in," which brings the blood to the surface and makes the skin tender, is totally unnecessary. There is no "free caustic" to burn or smart.

How to prove these facts

To prove how much easier and more pleasant Mennen's Cream makes shaving, send a dime in a piece of paper, and we will mail you a medium-sized tube. At the same time, we will send, free, a trial can of the Mennen After-Shaving Talcum for men. This talcum is a neutral tint, and does not show on the face.

We ask one thing: When you use Mennen's, use it according to the directions contained in every tube. Only one-half inch of cream is necessary for a shave. You will then get the very best results.

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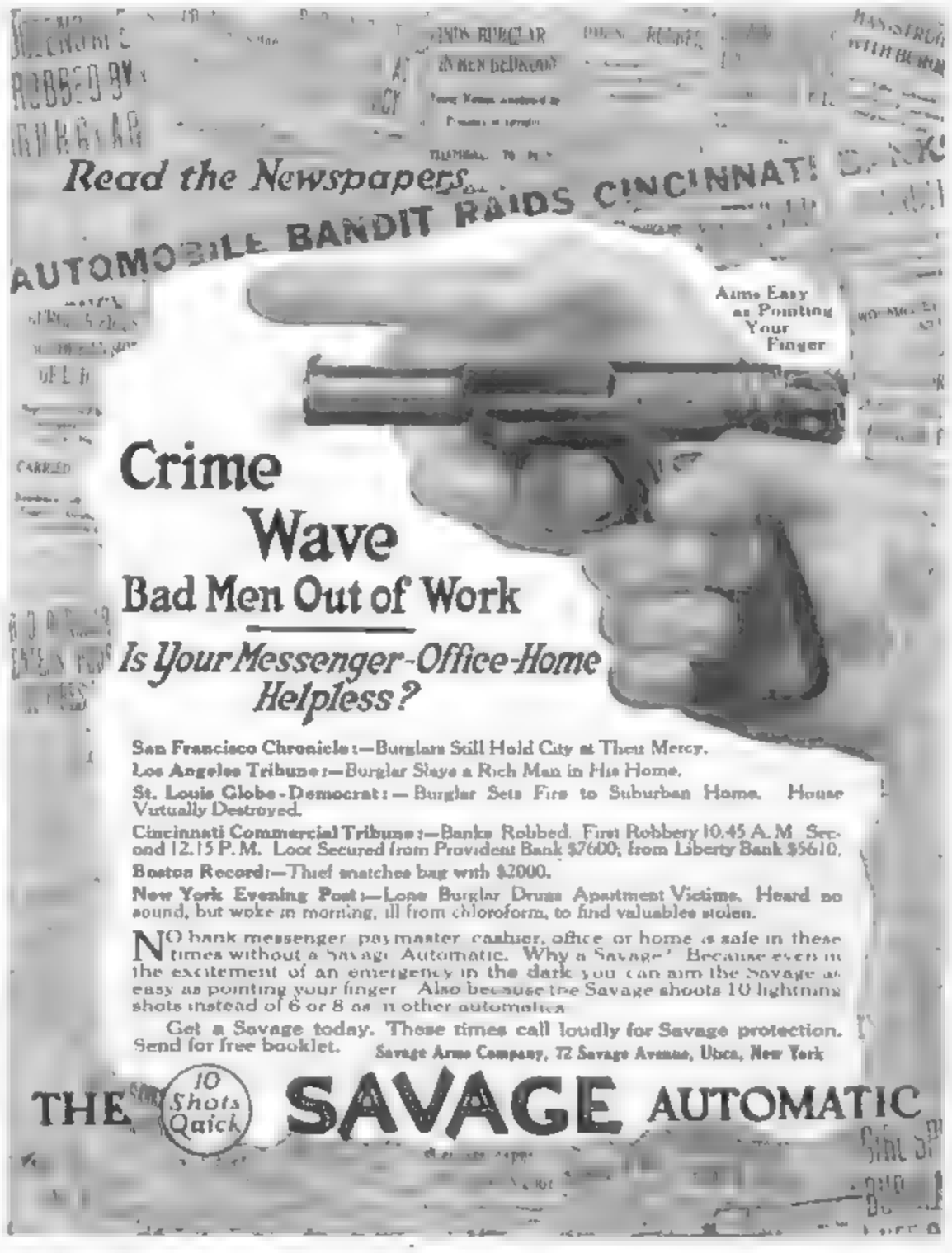
MENNEN'S SHAVING CREAM


Read the Newspapers...
AUTOMOBILE BANDIT RAIDS CINCINNATI
Aim Easy as Pointing Your Finger
Crime Wave
Bad Men Out of Work
Is Your Messenger-Office-Home Helpless?
San Francisco Chronicle:—Burglars Still Hold City at Their Mercy.
Los Angeles Tribune:—Burglar Slays a Rich Man in His Home.
St. Louis Globe-Democrat:—Burglar Sets Fire to Suburban Home. House Virtually Destroyed.
Cincinnati Commercial Tribune:—Banks Robbed. First Robbery 10.45 A.M. Second 12.15 P.M. Loot Secured from Provident Bank $7600; from Liberty Bank $5610.
Boston Record:—Thief snatches bag with $2000.
New York Evening Post:—Lone Burglar Drugs Apartment Victims. Heard no sound, but woke in morning, ill from chloroform, to find valuables stolen.
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lodging and boarding there. Julia McChesney—her mother having died still bravely kept up a pretense that the lodging and boarding were good-natured favors to certain exceptional persons; but the tragic fact was that, of late, Miss McChesney had been compelled more than once to advertise for a lodger.

She was well past forty, very tall and thin, with brow, nose and chin as elongated as those caricatures of oneself that one sees in concave mirrors. There were always dark circles under her large, dull blue eyes. She was good-hearted, emotional, garrulous—and intended to be quite truthful.

When Tilly, the muscular and frowzy maid of all work, notified her that a gentleman had called in answer to the advertisement, she descended to the parlor in that deep trepidation which always seized her on such occasions. Who could tell in what terrifying guise the unknown, advertisement-answering applicant might come? He might be a coarse, ill-mannered, assertive person, smelling of liquor; so when she confronted a stockily built man, with a bronzed and bearded face, who stood up with a deferential little bow as she entered the room, and looked at her with a modest friendliness out of round, honest, gray eyes, she felt much relieved.

And when she saw that he was accompanied by a chubby little boy, with a round curly head and broad brow, whose deep blue eyes regarded her with innocent curiosity, she really felt a kind of affection for the applicant—and their business was settled with no trouble at all.

By the time the applicant had finished inspecting the large, airy bedroom with an alcove—heartily seconding everything she could say in praise of it—she had given him an outline history of the place from old Peter Carlisle down; and to both of them the final necessity of mentioning the number of dollars Miss McChesney would expect weekly seemed quite embarrassingly vulgar. The number was twelve and Gardner apologetically produced them from a flat-looking wallet.

He had told her his name was Gardner; and he explained, in a low, pleasant voice, that he would have to write to Arizona for references, as he was a total stranger in the city—which gave Miss McChesney an opportunity to make a fine stroke by laying a bony hand on the boy's curly head and saying: "Billy shall be your reference"—Gardner having more than once spoken of "myself and Billy."

And at dinner—the new members of the family having been introduced to the older—the landlady explained expansively that Mr. Gardner was heavily interested in the cattle industry in Arizona and would spend some time in Chicago for the purpose of arranging to irrigate his ranch, an enterprise for which her adjectives suggested rather imperial dimensions. Gardner blushed guiltily behind his beard and was much embarrassed—for he had told her no such things. He had been careful, in fact, to speak in the most general and indefinite terms concerning his situation and prospects; but wherever Miss McChesney's good heart was concerned her lively imagination swept facts before it as a whirlwind sweeps chaff.

The older members of the family included—sitting at the landlady's right—Professor Byers, whose name on the Faculty list was followed by Ph. D., D. D. By virtue of intellect and scholarship he felt himself much superior to his table companions, and he had a pleasant way of obviously overlooking his own superiority for their benefit. He was fond of replying to a question with a Latin or Greek quotation—laughing very loudly and good-naturedly when the questioner could not understand him. He was thirty-seven years old, had a pugnacious little snub nose and a cleft in the middle of his narrow chin. He dressed inexpensively, but privately treated his wavy brown hair with a curling iron.

Next him sat globular and gloomy Mrs. Wharton, who ate immoderately, was always consulting doctors and telling her acquaintances what they said about her case. Frequently in the most irrelevant manner she introduced with a sigh references to her departed spouse. With these and the landlady Gardner modestly conversed; but two persons at the table were silent, Billy whose attention wandered from his plate only as he stole shy glances round at the strange faces from under long, dark eyelashes—and Miss Ingraham, who sat next him. Naturally she and Gardner had noticed each other at the introduction.

He had observed a young woman almost as tall as himself—he being but five feet ten—whose smooth cheeks had that slightly dusky tinge which holds the red longer than very fair skins. Her hair and eyes were dark. Partly from the way she bore herself and held up her chin and partly from the way she took the introduction to himself, he gathered an impression that she was proud and willful—not that he resented at all the way her dark eyes passed over him or her purely mechanical little smile, quite as though the landlady, instead of saying, "Miss Ingraham, Mr. Gardner—a new member of our family," had said: "Miss Ingraham, the object beside you is a chair." It did not occur to him that so handsome a young woman should be any more interested in him than in a doorknob.

For her part Miss Ingraham noticed that the new boarder's clothes were of cheap material, badly made and needed pressing; that his ridiculous little blue string tie was askew. She was of opinion that a man who wore whiskers like a piece of half-sheared buffalo robe must be a fool; and she observed in the stranger's eye and manner a kind of effulgent, indiscriminate friendliness which indicated that he would talk to her if she encouraged it. She did not encourage it; and for three days the new members of the household were no more to her than animated pieces of furniture.

Between Carlisle Terrace and the Elevated railroad lay a vacant plot of ground. On any fair day there was pretty sure to be a casual game of ball going on there. Miss Ingraham was much interested in athletics. Coming home at two o'clock on Saturday afternoon and noticing that some schoolboys were practicing at ball, she left the flagging and crossed over to watch their play a moment.

However, for a minute after she reached the score of spectators lounging on the grass she did not notice the play. Instead she noticed the little boy from Number 2 Carlisle Terrace, because he was standing with his chubby legs far apart, his body slightly bent, his small, brown hands balled into fists, his round face set in a tense scowl, and his tightly compressed lips nervously working—as though he himself were at bat and the fate of nations hung on the stroke. She laughed to herself and felt a sudden impulse to hug the absurd little mimic.

Then the crack of bat on ball sounded, an admiring shout arose, the boy jumped and began dancing excitedly. Somebody beside her cried out: "Go it, whiskers!" She looked across the field and saw with amazement that Gardner was running the bases.

The amazement deepened as she saw that he could run too. Her lips parted breathlessly, and her dark eyes widened and sparkled as he bounded toward them to third, sped away home and crossed the plate. She was talking to Billy when Gardner came over—his ill-fitting coat on his arm; his unfashionable old man's straw hat, his collar and his little string tie clasped in one brown hand; perspiration trickling into his absurd beard. He was embarrassed at finding her there, but from that time forth they were friendly. To be sure, the feat was nothing to boast of. It was only a haphazard knot of grammar-school boys who were playing—anybody might have knocked a home run; but it had not occurred to her that he could run like that, or that there was such muscle on his forearms.

Billy, too, was quick to adopt her as a friend; and having taken her as a friend her status with him was immediately fixed once for all. He brought her his clothes when they needed buttons, and his various doubts and perplexities. For example, there was the obnoxious swarthy boy—son of the fruit merchant—who had twice called him a dago. He was undecided whether to hit that boy on the head with a very large cinder or turn him over to a policeman. What would she do in a like case?

She had not supposed that she cared particularly for small boys; but now she became increasingly aware of a new sort of being—a man sort, because he frequently stood in front of her, with his small legs apart and his thumbs thrust in the belt of his blouse, asserting dogmatic opinions with the utmost positiveness; and he was capable, on no provocation, of developing all the heartbreaking stubbornness of a balky mule. A woman kind too—for he was subject to impetuous hungers to be coddled and comforted; also he frequently developed an unquenchable and distracting loquacity.

Meanwhile Gardner had been getting that matter of a job arranged—in the following extraordinary manner: For three weeks after settling at Number 2 Carlisle Terrace he diligently answered advertisements in the newspapers; offered himself at employment agencies; trudged over miles of hot pavement; stood deferentially, unfashionable hat in hand, before many desks.

There were plenty of openings. By paying down only twenty-five or fifty dollars in cash for an agent's outfit he could get splendid chances to sell—on commission—patent clothes-wringers, shoetrees, grease eradicators, hair renewers, magic lanterns, books, collapsible umbrellas, can openers, lawn sprinklers, kitchen scales, mousetraps. He did spend twenty-five dollars and three days of prodigious suburban toil on the collapsible umbrella. Usually a frowzy maid or indignant matron shut the door in his face before he could finish his abashed apology for having rung the bell. A Swedish lady suggested doubtfully and in broken English that if he would come round that evening her husband might trade him two old umbrellas for one of the new collapsible articles. That was the nearest he came to making a sale.

There were openings for persons trained and experienced in doing particular things, for untrained manual laborers and for untrained youths; but for an intelligent, sober, industrious man from Arizona, who knew no trade or business and needed about eighteen dollars a week, the great city had absolutely no use.

Gardner finally grasped this fact and for three days did scarcely anything except stare at the landscape, whistle bars from La Paloma, run a stubby hand through a mop of sandy hair, and visit with Billy a great deal. He and the boy spent every day in Lincoln Park together. On the third day, as they were walking home to dinner, Billy called attention to the obvious fact that his shoes were nearly worn out. There was still money in the flat wallet, but Gardner could count it with three motions of his finger.

After dinner he craftily stalked Miss McChesney, so as to catch her alone in the hall. With embarrassment and apologies, he begged the favor of a latchkey for that evening, because he must go downtown to meet some gentlemen. He then asked Jane Ingraham—also with embarrassment—please to see that Billy went to bed about half past eight, as he could not be in until late. Kissing Billy and saying Good night! to Jane, he jammed his hat on his head and hurried over to the Elevated.

He left the Elevated at Van Buren Street—in the soft summer twilight as the street lamps were being lighted—and made his way to the Egyptian barroom. From there he had little trouble in finding the alley down which, beside Mr. Kittie Hinch, he had followed Noisy Joe Westmark and Pat Maloney. He turned at the corner of the building, went up the stairs and knocked at the door. A panel slid back and an ugly black face peered doubtfully out at him. He mentioned apologetically that he had been there with Messrs. Westmark and Hinch, whereupon a bolt slid back and he entered the gambling rooms.

Jake Bloom—in cream-colored flannel trousers, the creases of which fell true as plumblines from his swelling paunch to his glistening tan shoes—stood in the middle of the front room carelessly slipping a couple of twenty-dollar goldpieces back and forth through strong white fingers as he conversed with Mr. Maloney and Peter, the subtle-eyed Italian. His finely plaited shirt-bosom was beautifully laundered, but instead of the opal pin he wore a large pearl in his tie. His brilliant brown eyes rested questioningly upon Gardner for a moment; but when the latter said "Good evening, Mr. Bloom!" in a very friendly way, he nodded impassively.

Gardner made straight for the faro table. Selecting one of the three ten-dollar bills in the flat wallet, he pushed it across to the dealer. When the latter shoved back a stack of chips, his brown fingers closed over them in a practiced manner—and immediately he forgot everything else in the world.

For him there was no other drug like this breast-to-breast grapple with chance. All disappointments, perplexities and fears smoothly expunged themselves. Nothing existed except this parallelogram of green cloth with playing cards pictured upon it, the chips that came and went, and the motion of the dealer's fingers deftly slipping a card from the little silver box.

He played on and the stack of chips in front of him increased. By and by an unbidden idea began pressing stubbornly

(Continued on Page 41)

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Branches, Distributors and Service Stations in all Principal Cities. Dealers Everywhere.

(Continued from Page 38)

against the door of his brain. Subconsciously he knew what the idea was and thrust it back; but it insisted and finally he looked at his large silver watch, which showed ten minutes past midnight. He rearranged his chips in piles of uniform height and moved them across to the dealer, who measured them with his eye and expertly showered some rumpled greenbacks into a heap in the middle of the table. Gardner took the heap in a handful, thrust it into his trousers pocket and went out.

The heap amounted to one hundred and eighty dollars. It was a strange thing, but unlucky at everything else—he was always lucky at cards. Going over to the elevated he pondered that singular fact.

Meanwhile Jane had helped Billy put himself to bed on the cot in the alcove. Two hours later, being about to retire and knowing that Gardner had not returned, she slipped through the empty front bedroom and turned on a light. The boy lay asleep, his small round limbs sprawled, his face flushed rosy, and his eyelids, fringed with long dark lashes, tight shut. He seemed to have slipped back into the babe he had been only a few years before. Stooping over him, she drew a long, fluttering breath, and a glow so powerful that it was half pain suffused her heart.

Without saying anything to Miss McChesney about it, Gardner kept the latchkey; and thereafter, two or three evenings a week, business detained him downtown until about midnight. He noticed that Miss Ingraham had become very fond of the boy; that Billy called her Aunt Jane, and accepted her affection as naturally as a plant takes the sun and rain. He noticed, also, her warmer friendliness to himself, which he diagnosed correctly as a reflection of her love for the boy.

His business arrangements left him much leisure daytimes, and he and Billy made all sorts of little excursions. Naturally enough Aunt Jane sometimes accompanied them on a Saturday afternoon or a Sunday. Twice they took automobile rides, and it shocked Gardner to think what her sentiment might be if she knew where the money came from!

It was Saturday afternoon and they were going to the ball game. Jane and Billy, on the porch of Number 2 Carlisle Terrace, were waiting for Gardner, and she looked up from her magazine at Billy's excited pip:

"What for—what for—— Where is they?"

She saw Gardner coming up the porch steps and was as surprised as Billy, who had run to meet his father and was saying amazedly: "Lemme feel!" As Gardner stooped, the boy rubbed his hands over his father's beardless cheeks, gurgling with a kind of incredulous glee.

"It's like mine now," he announced, feeling his own smooth cheek.

"I've been thinking of doing that for some time," Gardner explained to Jane, flushing with embarrassment. "It seemed as though this was as good a time as any."

A curving line down his cheek separated the tan from the fairer skin that had been hidden under his beard. This assisted her odd fancy that he had been cut in two and put together differently. Above the curving line were the undistinguished nose, the round gray eyes thatched with heavy reddish brows, the square forehead and mop of unruly sandy hair—in short, the Gardner she knew; but below the line was a strange youth that looked like Billy. It was as though he had stepped back a dozen years.

"How old are you?" she asked abruptly.

"Twenty-eight," he replied.

She colored a little, because she had been just about ready to begin calling him Sam, and nearly ready to advise him—as a candid, family-like friend—to shave his beard and get different clothes.

Certain liberties that a young woman might very well take with the bearded, ill-dressed, middle-age-like father of Billy would hardly be appropriate for this shaved young man. In fact, he had different clothes that fairly fitted him and a hat like other people's. The clothes gave him better advantage of his broad shoulders and deep chest; so it did not matter so much that he fell two inches below six feet.

This barbered and tailored father of Billy confused her. The man she knew had to percolate back through that disguise, so to speak. She was glad when he ran his stubby hand through his hair as of old, and jammed the more fashionable hat down on his head, and when, on the elevated, he began talking in the most friendly manner to the stranger beside him. That seemed to be his distinguishing quality—a modest, simple-minded, gregarious friendliness that overflowed to everybody and everything.

For example, they were sitting on a bench in Lincoln Park on Sunday morning a week later when a strolling couple drew up in front of them; and Gardner immediately rose, hat in hand.

The man was about Gardner's own height and age, but slimmer and very noticeably dressed in a black-and-yellow plaid flannel suit, with gleaming tan shoes; and his Panama hat was circled with a broad red-and-green band. There was a diamond in his shirtfront, and a large cluster-diamond ring glittered on his left hand. His concave face was of a peculiar salmon-pink from the collar to the roots of his wavy brown hair; and as he confronted Gardner without lifting his hat, his thin, curved lips expanded in a serpentine grin.

"Hello, Sam! Shake hands with my wife," he said; and to the lady: "This is my old friend, Sam Gardner."

The lady thus introduced was clothed even more noticeably than her spouse. Her dress of lace reminded Jane of a wonderfully constructed frosted cake, such as one sometimes sees in bakery windows. Her lace hat was two stories high and bore many flowers.

She smiled, showing beautifully white and even teeth, and held out a pretty milk-white hand, three fingers of which were loaded with rings; and Jane wanted to laugh, because the smile and motion of the hand seemed to have been produced by pulling a string. The lady had features as regular as any doll's, golden curly hair, and large violet eyes. It occurred to Jane that if she were tipped into a horizontal position the eyes would close automatically.

"Why, I didn't know you were married, Kittie," Gardner was saying.

"I wasn't until yesterday," the man replied promptly, expanding his salmon-pink face in another serpentine grin and looking down at Jane with unabashed friendliness. Whereupon Gardner felt constrained to say:

"Miss Ingraham—Mrs. Hinch and Mr. Hinch."

Mr. Hinch held out his hand and, by an afterthought, removed his hat. Mrs. Hinch repeated her smile and handshake.

"We've got a swell little flat right round the corner from the store, Sam. You must come up and see us," said Mr. Hinch; and by the way he looked at the bride both Gardner and Jane perceived that a mighty proprietary pride exhaled from him.

At parting he made a very elegant bow with his hat on, elegantly twirling a slim cane with a carved amber handpiece. Mrs. Hinch gave a ladylike little nod, with the carved smile that had never left her face or changed in the least; and the pair strolled splendidly away.

"What extraordinary people!" Jane gasped as she and Gardner sat down again. "Who are they?"

"Just friends of mine," Gardner replied, smiling—as though that explained all their peculiarities.

"The man looks like a cutthroat!" Jane observed candidly, glancing after the pair. "What does he do?"

"He's a gambler," Gardner answered gravely. "You see, out in Arizona they don't take gambling as seriously as you do here. Why, when I first went to Los Indios the leading citizen was a gambler."

"You knew him in Arizona then?"

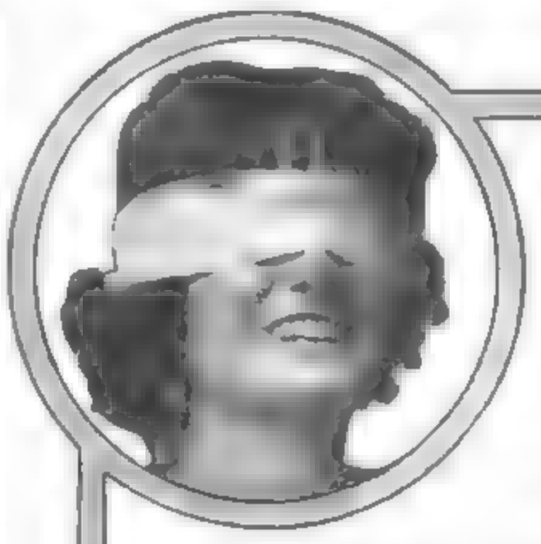
"No," he replied soberly. "He isn't from Arizona—but I am, you see."

It was a delicate and difficult topic for him. He wished she would change it; and fortunately Billy ran over from his play just then.

On the Thursday evening after this Gardner was downtown on one of his mysterious business engagements and Jane put Billy to bed. She was wakened in the morning by a sound at her bedroom door, which was immediately across the hall from Gardner's room with the alcove. It was broad daylight, but the clock on her dresser showed only half past four. The noise at the door continued. Plainly some one was trying to enter—but it was no crafty or formidable intruder, for the effort consisted simply in turning the knob back and forth. She opened the door and confronted Billy in his nightgown, blinking half awake at her.

"My papa ain't in his bed at all," he complained, and began to whimper. "His bed is all made up smooth."

"Well, he'll be here pretty soon, honey," she comforted. "Come in with me."



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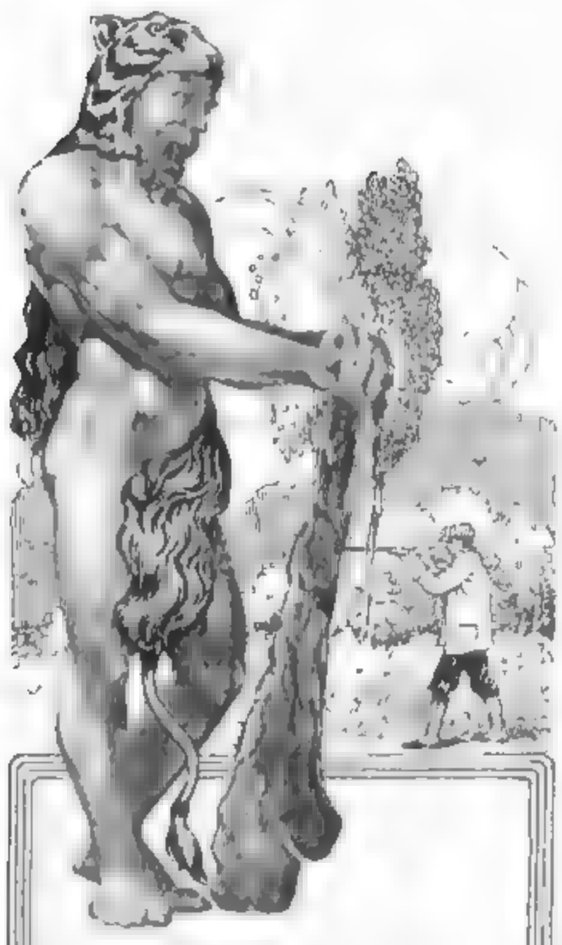

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He cuddled down beside her, half drugged by the first touch of the pillow. At first, in spite of her whispered assurances, he was inclined to cry; but yawned and dropped to sleep instead. Jane lay close, not daring to touch him lest she disturb his sleep, but looking at his rosy face, while her heart beat hot with greed. What if she could keep him always!

At breakfast-time Gardner had not appeared. Jane reassured Billy again and, for company, let him trudge over to the Elevated with her. She was not greatly concerned, yet did look carefully through the morning paper on the way downtown to see whether an unidentified man had been hurt in a street accident.

It was hot downtown. As she swung into La Salle Street the great hives thereabout were absorbing their swarms of clerkly toilers—thousands of them, male and female, pouring in from the elevated roads, the surface cars, the suburban trains—all perspiring and hastening to their tasks. The broad flagging was thronged with them—mostly a flowing, viscid mass of unparticularized humanity.

Not entirely unparticularized though. Jane wore a linen skirt, a white shirtwaist with a fine dark stripe in it, and a broad-brimmed straw hat. A red rose, which Billy had picked against the rules—on their way through the tiny park, was pinned at her breast. She walked briskly, with straight shoulders and uplifted chin, making her way lithely through the crowd; so that morning a good many male eyes did particularize her.

She turned in at a row of bronze-framed doors, on each side of which was a brass tablet with the sign: Cereal National Bank. Pushing open one of the doors she climbed a flight of broad marble steps to the great banking room; then ran up another flight, longer, steeper and narrower than the first. She could have taken the elevator, but scorned to. She passed down a long gallery overlooking the banking room, with rows of tall desks at which bookkeepers were already at work, and entered a door that looked like rosewood, but was steel.

The room behind it was twenty feet by thirty. Two large windows in the north wall, protected by steel bars, looked across a narrow court to the blank yellow wall of another building. The south wall of the room was occupied to a height of five feet by metal filing cases, which also pretended to be rosewood. Above the filing cases for another five feet were metal bookshelves filled with thick and dreary-looking volumes, mostly bound in black.

Having hung up her hat Jane drew a glass of water at the white lavatory in the corner, unpinned the rose and put it in the glass. With a mettlesome little fling of her head and a swift motion of her hand she restrained a loose strand of hair; then she marched briskly to the long table in the middle of the room, sat down plumply and went to work.

For a long time almost the only sound in the room was made by a big electric fan that swung back and forth, sweeping the table from right to left and left to right. Reaching her end of the table the blast stirred the mass of dark hair over her forehead, fluttered the loose threads at her temples and rustled the papers in front of her. Except for herself, the fan and the rose, the place would have been a mere sepulcher of books—dust and ashes of books; for there was nothing here except statistics, governmental reports, railroad reports, commercial agency reports, gas reports, industrial reports, and great sheaves of cardboard pasted over with newspaper rumors of more reports.

Jane, however, bending silently to her work, was very much alive. Unconsciously she crossed and uncrossed her feet; her body moved slightly in the chair. As she reached for a pamphlet or for an index card, upon which she wrote in an upright, angular, beautifully clear hand, there was always a little swing of the arm and turn of the wrist—motions slight but graceful.

Now and then there was a ring at the telephone on the little desk between the windows, and she would hasten to answer, swinging up from the chair with a lithe motion and stooping to speak into the instrument instead of sitting down. It would be Mr. Farson, or Mr. Pearson, or Mr. Mudge, wanting to know when such and such a dividend was passed, such and such receivers discharged; whether she had this or that report. She would glide briskly to the filing cases, look the matter up and answer.

Now and then some one came in—an officer of the bank to look up something; or a messenger sent by one of the officers for the files in such and such a case; or a youth bringing an armful of papers and pamphlets. Mostly she was alone, shut in as though this were a prison or nunnery; and she liked that best—having an enormous pride in this still, cell-like apartment. It was the place she had fairly won for herself.

For three months after finishing her two-year librarian's course at the university it seemed there was no need of another librarian anywhere in the world. Then she embraced the chance to come in here as assistant to Mr. Plumb, who was partly occupied with more important duties. In less than a year Mr. Plumb was released to the other duties and she—Jane Marshall Ingraham—was duly appointed librarian of the Cereal National Bank.

Since then half of another year had passed; but the sense of independence was still so keen that it fairly hurt her at times. She had made up her mind never to marry; and, though she passed in company for a rather haughty and severe young woman, the scandalous fact was that when shut in here she played over her work like a kitten over a ball of string.

She thought of Gardner several times, with a little substrain of anxiety. Though an unexplained absence of a night was not much to be alarmed over, she intended calling up Miss McChesney to see whether he had come home. For some occult reason she fixed the hour for doing that at three o'clock.

About ten minutes before that hour an A. D. T. messenger boy brought her a note written in a fair hand on a single sheet of very cheap paper, inclosed in a plain, flimsy envelope. The note ran:

Dear Miss Ingraham:

I am in the county jail on a ten-day sentence for gambling. Please tell Billy I have had to go away on business and will not return until the middle of next week. If you should need to communicate with me on his account I have given the name of Sam Williams.

Sincerely yours,
BILLY'S FATHER.

Jane gaped blankly at the note for half a minute and pinched it between her thumb and finger to make sure it was real. Coming to a little, she remembered that the three-o'clock editions of the afternoon papers had just been brought in.

Running through the first one, column by column, she soon found what she sought: James (alias Kittie) Hinch, proprietor of the gambling house on Wycliffe Street, which the police had raided the night before, had been arraigned and pleaded guilty. Samuel Williams, an employee of the gambling house, had also pleaded guilty. The proprietor had been sentenced to pay a fine of a hundred dollars and serve twenty days in jail. The employee had been fined fifty dollars and given ten days in jail.

It reminded her that she had noticed in the morning papers a headline about a raid on a gambling establishment, without having dreamed at the time that it could be of the remotest interest to her. From the wastebasket she recovered a morning paper and read the article through. It said the police had learned of a gambling establishment behind a cigar store on Wycliffe Street and raided it soon after ten o'clock; and it described Gambler Williams as a peculiarly desperate character, to subdue whom required the efforts of three policemen after a fierce hand-to-hand struggle.

As Jane looked up from the page her eyes sparkled with indignation. The idea of describing mild, friendly, self-effacing Mr. Gardner as a furious ruffian! She had a profound distrust of the police—and with excellent reason, for the newspapers were always accusing them and not infrequently convicting them. She had also a profound distrust of the newspapers—and with very good reason, for the newspapers were always accusing one another. This thing presented itself to her indignant mind as some obscure and outrageous conspiracy against Billy's father. He must have pleaded guilty, however, or he would not be in jail. And Hinch was the name of the strange friend to whom he had introduced her. Ever since that Sunday morning a painful question had lain in the back of her mind—namely, Was it possible that Billy's father gambled? It looked decidedly possible.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

$200 for a Name

$200 cash for the most catchy title for this 1916 Pompeian Art Panel. These titles may suggest better ones: Phyllis; A Symphony in Pink; His Letter, Yes or No; The Pompeian Glow of Youth; A Bit of Sunshine [illegible] with beautiful eyes and glorious Pompeian complexion, reading a letter in the sunny, flowery corner.

[illegible] Write your title on 5 words or less on a slip of paper, [illegible] April 17, 1915. 3—Winner announced in May 29 *Saturday Evening Post*. Contest is free, but you may enclose with your title the coupon below, or you may send coupon without title. Study points below for ideas, and don't miss rare coupon offer.

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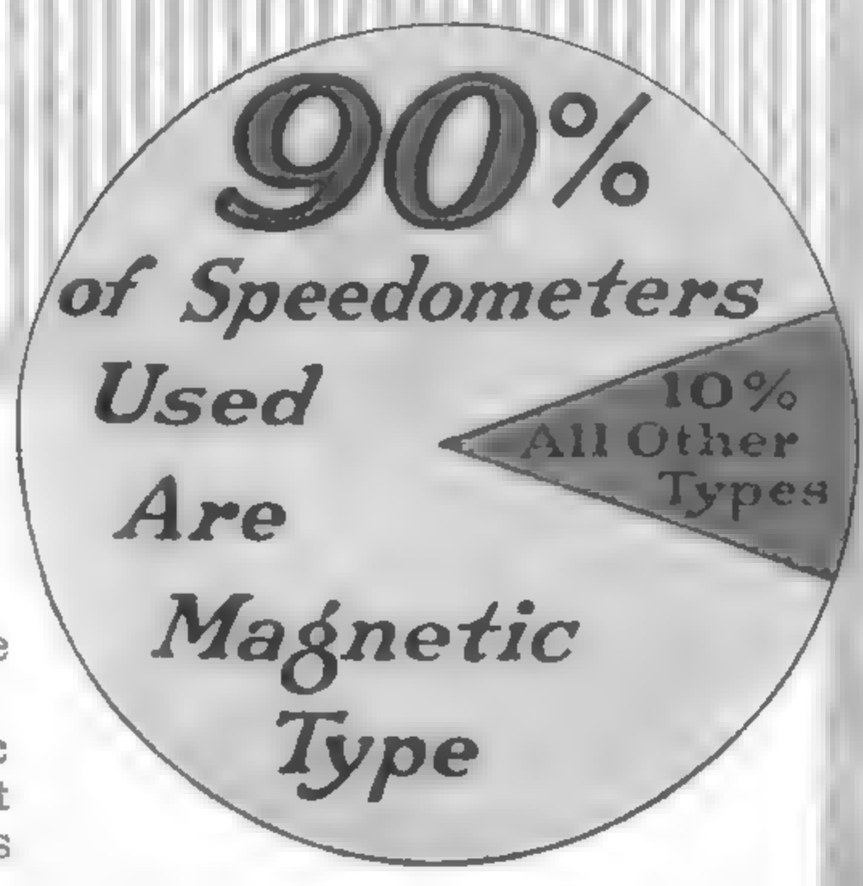

This diagram shows proportion of **Car Manufacturers using Magnetic Type Speedometers** and proportion of **Car Manufacturers using other types.**

Read this list of Car Manufacturers who use our Magnetic Type Speedometers

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American Electric
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Bailey
Barker
Barley
Bay State Truck
Beardsley
Benham Six
Briscoe
Brockway
Brown Cyclecar
Buckeye
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Crawford
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Crow
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Cyclecar
Danielson Truck
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DeHaven
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Denby
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Diamond Truck
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Dorris
Elwood
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Erbes
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Fargo
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Four Wheel Drive
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Kopp Truck
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78 SERVICE STATIONS IN ALL CITIES AND LARGE TOWNS

THE PHŒNIX

(Continued from Page 13)

People's Temple; but think of the years I was so busy with the children I couldn't read a thing! Somehow it seemed that I couldn't finish dressing the eldest before I had to put the youngest to bed; and the days come and go like lightning.

"I wouldn't say ten years had gone since I was twenty, and yet I've buried two children and been proud to send two boys out into the world, and married two girls to good men, and got Emily all ready for life. Somehow my hair grew thin; being over the stove and nursing seven children don't improve the figure; and there is a blue scar on my thumb where I got coal dust into a can-opener cut in 1887. I've just let myself slide downhill while Corse was climbing up; and I can't go away to a foreign place, where I won't understand a word they say, and face courtiers and such people!

"I've heard Doris Turpin talk to-day about the brilliance and cultivation, and those things. They are necessary, she says; and she says American women are often far behind in them. She says there is to be a new standard of American womanhood."

"Stuff!" I said. "Fiddlesticks and stuff!"

"Can't you see?" she said, putting her finger tips on my sleeve and leaning forward. "Can't you see that I mustn't stand in Corse's way? I'd rather be dead! Can't you see I mustn't disgrace my children? I'd like to see Corse in his triumphs, but I'd cut off my hands before I'd let those foreigners know he had a wife who has fallen behind. Emily can go with her father. You must tell him some reason to leave me behind; for, Judge—I never knew—I never knew I could be so unhappy! I ought to be a wife for him to be proud of. And I ain't!"

She said ain't! She said ain't and stared out at the glare of the sun. It was nearly the hottest day I ever saw in Bodbank; it was even too hot for the flies, and the spring-water bottle in the corner was sweating like a stoker.

"You see it wasn't such a joke when I said I'd had a dark past," she said.

No, it was not such a joke; but somehow I remembered that when the river front was growing worse and worse with gambling places and dives, a Bodbank woman led the fight that closed them. It was Alice Babson. And when the epidemic of meningitis came, somebody prevented the stampede of the foreigners in the East End of the town. It was the chief of police taking orders from Alice Babson.

And when Bert Faber's boy got into trouble over in Iowa and came home sick, and would not talk in spite of pleas and threats, they sent for Alice Babson—and he told her. And when they found the Leary girl down on the flats and were going to ship her out of town on the last train at night, unless she could find a place to sleep and escape vagrancy, she found a place. It was in the bed of Alice Babson.

But now Alice Babson saw the truth.

And the trouble was she was not alone. There are women everywhere who, from some points of view, are outgrown. The awkward, raw youth they marry becomes an able man, expanding in an expanding life; and when the two have reached their ripe years he is a figure—she, only the little plain woman at home. Even Bodbank has had other examples of women who are left behind with breaking hearts.

"Alice, you are mistaken if you think I will urge Bab to go to his new post without you," I said. "He probably would go back to chewing, and then where would the reputation of the United States be? I have half an idea if you were not with him he would be wearing blue woolen socks again. You can look the encyclopedia through—the whole twenty volumes—and learn the Bible by heart, and you will never find a word said against having a kitchen scar on your thumb.

"The can openers and the clotheslines and the safety pins, back in the days when you were making Corse save money, may have left their wear and tear on your body, but they never left any marks on your soul. You go abroad and tell 'em that Judge Antrim, of Bodbank, Illinois, says that if they think they have any advantages over you, because they have cocker spaniels instead of boys and girls, and grab a fork instead of a spoon when the ice cream is being passed, they are fools for want of sense!"

She shook her head, however; I had wasted my words. "I simply can't bear it," she said again. "You will never understand a woman's feelings; but I'm grateful, Judge—just the same."

"Hold on a minute! Don't go!" I exclaimed, with an idea coming into my mind. "Don't go before you hear this: Don't you tell your thoughts to Corse. No, ma'am! Don't you tell them to Emily. Don't you tell them to anybody. If God has given you anything to bear—you bear it alone!"

"I may have to stand aside so Corse can have his triumphs," said she as she opened the door to go; "but you needn't worry that I'll complain. I ain't a coward."

When I opened my office door to see whether she had gone, John was still sitting in the stenographer's chair, staring, with his far-away and unprofessional look, at the big insurance calendar. I wondered what he had heard and where his thoughts were.

Late that afternoon I went home to change my wet shirt and wilted collar before I went over to see the President. I found him under the oak trees on the Babson's lot, which runs down to the corner of Sanford Street. He appeared tired; and yet he greeted me by jumping up and proposing that we stroll toward the garden.

Corse Babson, who now acted toward me as though I was a nice old fluff from his home town, and Doris Turpin, with her bare arms, and my boy and Emily, were there; and they all watched us walk off as though they were not sure I would ever bring the President back, safe and sound.

As we walked I talked to the President of Mrs. Babson; and as I talked the sweep of an on-coming storm made a blacker and blacker curtain up the sky. Big splashing drops fell at last on the garden path and we could see the others scampering toward the house. The President put his arm round my shoulders.

"Come, Judge, the President must know at least enough to go in when it rains," he said. "Give me a moment to think about what you have told me, and then bring Mrs. Babson to that room on the corner."

"She has not seen me with you," I said. "She must not know. You must greet me as though I had just come."

"We officeholders are credited with but slight intelligence," he said with a laugh.

When we found him in the stiff and formal parlor, with its high, cold ceiling and awe-inspiring chandelier, which was put up, in expectation of Bodbank gas, fifteen years before the plant was built, my son was with him. The President was sitting deep in the recess of an old wing chair. The windows had been closed to keep out the sheets of rain the wind drove against the panes, and to keep out the roars and crashes of the good old-fashioned lightning that Iowa occasionally sends us. Outside, the low black clouds had brought on the darkness of evening, and the President of the United States was no more than a shadow. We could not see his face or figure.

I shall not soon forget his voice, however; I cannot remember ever having heard a voice that was so sad and tired, and yet so strong and kind.

"I am glad your husband is not with you, Mrs. Babson. I have had no chance to say a word to you that I have wanted to say," he began. "It is about your husband's appointment; and in thinking about it I have felt that I must tell you the part in it which is to be played by you."

"By me!" exclaimed the poor woman.

"Yes, by you," he repeated. "We who are charged with great responsibilities are fortunately furnished with endless sources of information, and you must understand that I know about you as well as I do about Corse."

"About me!"

"Yes, about you. You must see that it would be necessary for me to know. You are going with Corse as his partner. It is not the husband alone at this comparatively small but important post, but the wife as well, who will represent this country. She will be charged with the duty of establishing abroad the accurate impression of American womanhood. Do you understand?"

"Yes; I do," she said. "I do understand; "but I am so afraid –I am so afraid I can be nothing more than myself."

"I was about to speak of that," the President said. "That is exactly what you must do—you must be yourself. You will

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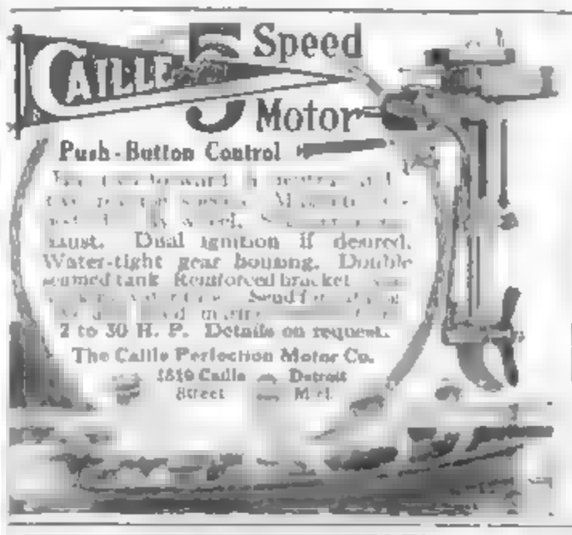
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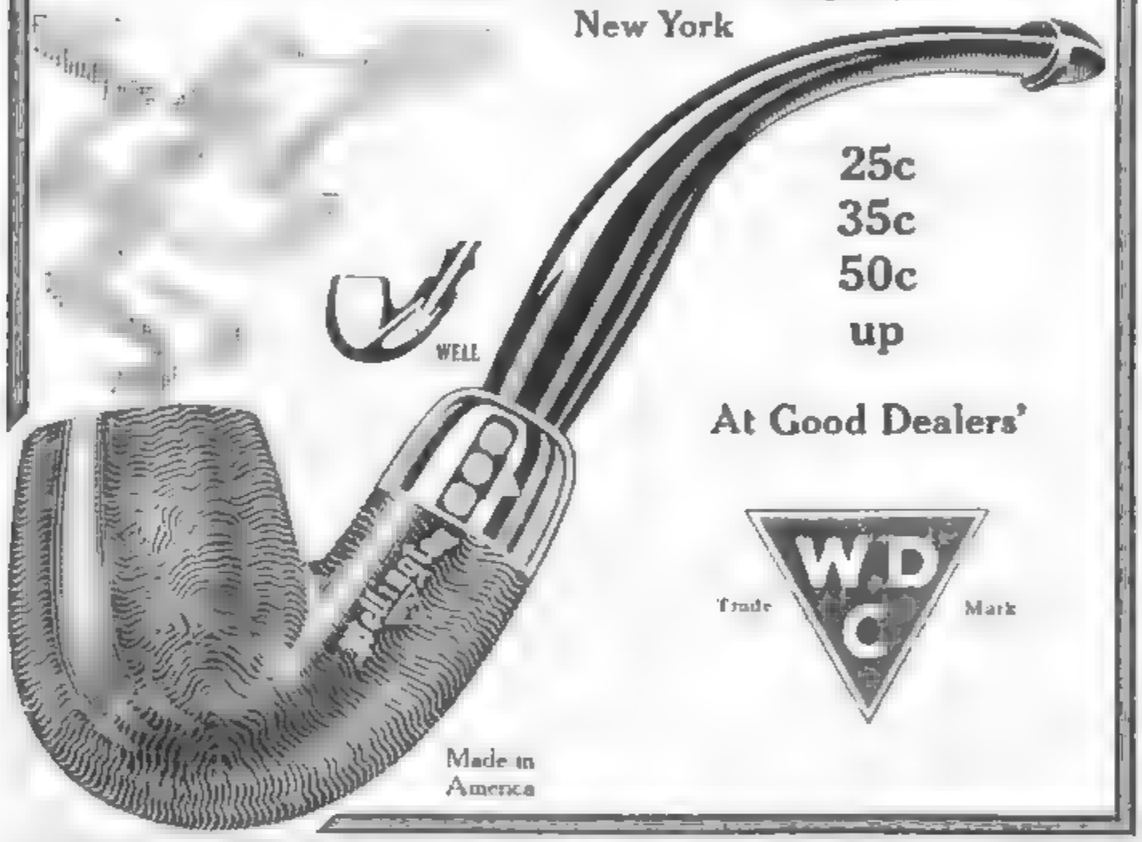

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Mrs. Babson had clasped her fingers. I was near enough to see she was trembling.

"I shall be glad to have them know about the way you and Corse began life together, with so little; and how you attained so much by helping each other. I should be disappointed if they did not know our women can be so refined in heart that no one can reproach them, and yet so firm in fiber that, when there is need, they can stand all the requirements of life—even manual labor—without any 'souring' of spirit.

"You must tell them about your children—there have been seven? Five of them are living, and they are your contribution to our resources. When you have told about them, those who have listened will hear in what you say a story of great national strength—the greatest and most envied of all proofs of a country's character."

"I will try my best," said she, with a little happy laugh.

"Go among those who tell little lies," the President of the United States said. "Go among them with assurance; for you will be the bearer of great truths."

I knew he had said to her all that he was to say. She had leaned back in her chair and was staring at him, with new visions in her old eyes; but ten minutes later, when she came out to where I was standing on the porch looking at the distant lightning of the receding storm, she was radiant.

"I'd have given anything in the world to have had my husband hear what the President said!" she exclaimed, looking up from the blue scar on her thumb. "It would have taken Corse down a peg! He's a dear, vain old thing!"

About Mrs. Babson I felt happy; and yet it was a miserable evening I spent in my own home alone. No man can tell you what fires of anger and pangs of disappointment assailed me. For some reason the fear that John would engage himself to the girl from Chicago had been replaced by the conviction that this was inevitable, and that it was marked down centuries ago by a merciless destiny.

I tried to read Bacon's Essays, but apprehension came tapping me on the shoulder. I played a game of solitaire and found no solace in it. For some reason, after all those years, I thought the spirit of Jennie—my wife—had come back like a personality into the old library. The night was hot again; the insects in the grass outside raised their chorus. I paced to and fro, looking into the dark corners beyond the circle of light. I recalled the times that had gone; I remembered the day I had bought her an engagement ring. And I went to the top drawer of the desk, pulled it open and took out the little white box.

But when I looked I saw—the ring had gone; I had been right!

It was after eleven when John came in and found me sitting there, with the empty little white box in my fingers.

"The ring?" said I.

"I took the ring," he said, turning red.

And then, realizing suddenly that I must make the best of it, I jumped up and put my arm about his shoulders. I determined I would never show what was in my heart, or let him know that a doubt or a fear about Doris had ever entered my mind.

"Boy," said I, "only to-night I was thinking of my own engagement; and to-night the ring has been given a second time."

"Yes," he said.

"Did you take her in your arms?" I asked.

"Yes."

"Did you kiss her?"

"Yes; I kissed her. Of course I kissed her!"

I bent my head so that my face was close to his coat; and then suddenly I straightened up and grabbed his sleeves.

"See here, John!" I exclaimed. "You old rascal! You don't smell of perfumery! You don't mean it was Emily?"

"You bet it was Emily!" said he.

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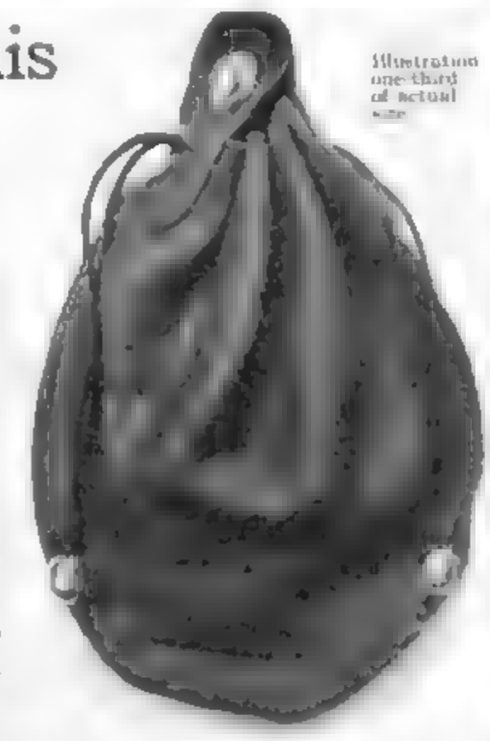

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THE INGÉNUE

(Continued from Page 8)

At this moment the dressing-room door opened and the head of the dresser came into view. Adam stared at the woman a moment, as though she were a ghost.

"Act on, sir," said Adam and withdrew softly, closing the door behind him. Still Felix Wade did not trust himself to face the inevitable encounter. The girl caught the far-away rustle of the curtain parting; the sudden cessation of the music, which had been misty and remote; that curious hum of the house—voices rising suddenly, then ceasing in expectant hush. The very atmosphere became charged with that spontaneous renewal of life behind the scenes which occurs when the act is on.

She had but one thought now—this moment, for which she had sold herself to her gods, was slipping away. In another instant Felix Wade, the man who could make her, would be gone, would be striding across the stage outside, in another world, inaccessible to her. For five precious minutes, when she should have been pouring out her soul, he had treated her like a bit of furniture. She sprang to the door, put her back against it and faced him desperately.

"You shall not go until you have heard what I have to say!" That voice vibrated on his nerves, awoke dead echoes. By a supreme effort he controlled himself. "You must listen!" she cried.

Then for the first time Wade seemed to remember her presence. He turned with an apologetic gesture.

"I had no idea you wished to see me, child," he said quietly. "I don't know you, do I?" he asked as though in some uncertainty.

"If you only knew what it means to me," she burst out again. "Give me only one moment of your time! Only one little word of encouragement! That is all I ask. I have written ——" And she held out the hand in which lay the crumpled letter. "I have sat out in front time and again when it seemed you must have known—oh, you must have known! I have tried to pluck up courage to stop you in the street. It's in me! Just a chance—one chance —— "

At this done-dry formula, uttered with the passion of despair, his whole manner changed. It was no longer he who had offended a woman—it was a woman who had invaded his privacy. Felix Wade, the actor, projected this idea with the subtle business he knew so well how to handle. He checked her outburst with upraised hand and turned on her a smile of ironical tolerance.

"So that is it? You are one of these," he said, waving his hand toward the scented pile of burning billets on the hearth. He laughed, as though the thought of so old a stager as he being caught by so raw a trick amused him. Then with a note of acerbity in his voice: "How did you get in? By the fire-escape, eh?" He took stock of her fine garments, to find some souvenir of such an adventure. "No? How then? You have been corrupting some of my people, eh? That's bad. That means punishment, not only for you but for them. And what, pray, could you expect to gain?"

Once more the door opened and the head of the dresser appeared.

"'*He is such a dear boy.*'" the old man said, parrotlike, as he repeated for his master's benefit the line at that moment spoken on the stage.

"Adam!" cried Wade sharply. "How did this woman get here?"

Adam opened the door wide to let himself in. He looked at the shrinking creature as though he had never seen her before. He shrugged his shoulders and shot a significant glance at his master. Then he resumed his examination of the girl.

"Did you notice her hair?" he said impersonally, as though he had discovered something of note in this female manikin. Then quickly and as if caught off guard he inclined an ear to the stage, listening.

"'*Even so,*'" he repeated parrotlike, "'*I think Sir Charles has plans for his future ——*'"

At the word "*future*" Felix Wade started forward and passed out. He entered, center, and proceeded down-stage to the tea-table in the garden where the old dowager and little Miss Betty were weighing the desirability of the "dear boy" of whom they had been talking. Sir Charles greeted them like the beau he was, accepted his tea from the maid, and paused in the act of raising the cup to his lips. The two women looked at him expectantly, exchanged furtive glances, transferred subtly to the house the tensity of their eagerness. This was the science of small things, the dancing on the needle point of social conventions, as though nothing else in the world really mattered. The situation was as thin as the tea they drank, but the house outside was sipping it as nectar.

Adam and the girl stood silent until Wade's departing footfalls ceased. Then she woke to the present in sudden desolation.

"I have lost!" she cried. Then with one of her abrupt changes of mood: "Let me see him while he is on ——" wheedling the old man. "Put me somewhere out of sight where I may watch him just for this scene, I beg of you!"

Adam scowled at her, scratched his head, then sulkily acceded. He thrust her into a sheltered position of vantage; and, as the scene progressed, he watched with beady little eyes not the scene itself, but the woman watching the scene. Presently he plucked her by the sleeve. The girl tore her eyes from the stage, though her ears still lingered. Adam was beckoning her, and between hope and despair she followed. Was she to be thrust out? But no; the old man led the way into the dressing room and pointed to a chair. She sat down and he arranged her deftly, standing off to survey the work of art. He cocked his ears to listen.

"He is coming off," whispered the dresser. "You are not lost yet. Fight! Fight!" and he vanished.

Felix Wade paused abruptly at the door. She made a striking picture: her clothes really belonged to her, a rare thing in these creatures. The poise of the body, as she sat motionless in the chair, was easy and graceful. Her head was tilted at an angle to display an adorable chin—Adam had seen to that.

"I suppose," Wade resumed quietly, as though there had been no hiatus, "you are like the others—nothing can thwart you in your ambition; you will win or die."

She said nothing nor did she change her position.

"You are fortunate enough—or unfortunate enough"— he said as he came forward, "to have found me in a more tolerant mood than usual. Before I turn you out, which I shall be obliged to do presently, I am going to tell you some plain truths, try to show you the situation. You can hardly appreciate the rashness of your act. Obviously your experience has given you no first-hand knowledge of the life you court. At eighteen, say, things are mostly rose-colored."

She stiffened perceptibly; then catching sight of herself in the mirror she again tilted her head.

"When you have heard me out you may go on undismayed—to the next coal-hole, or fire-escape, or however you manage it—I'm sure I don't know. There's Willie Kittridge up the street at the Comedy; and Van Delson at the Playhouse—look out for Delson! You may continue to haunt stage-doors, or to waylay actors in the street, or to scheme and wait your chance to slip in unobserved to confront others as you have confronted me. But they will all turn you out—that is, the decent ones will. Child, we do not recruit the stage that way!

"It isn't a matter of impulse," he went on gravely as he stood looking down on her.

"Acting is a craft, a profession; and there are well-defined avenues of apprenticeship, just as though you were to be a carpenter or a seamstress."

Still no response. She sat like an image. At least she was good to look upon.

"You want to be a star, of course. You all do—at eighteen. Well, say you get a part; say you violate all the rules of the game, come into your craft without training, without any technical knowledge of the requirements. What are your chances to win? About one in one thousand!"

The color in the girl's cheeks deepened; still she gave no sign.

"You sweep away the nine hundred and ninety-nine chances of failure. What then?" Wade's tones were still ironically impersonal. "You would have employment for, say, thirty weeks in the year. During some fortunate season you might remain in one theater for a long run. That would be exceptional. Usually you would be on

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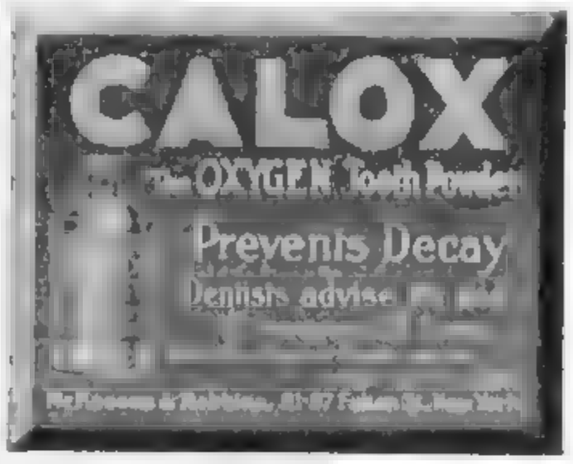

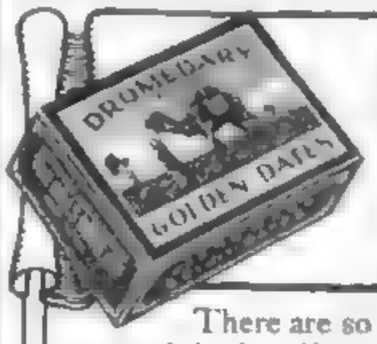

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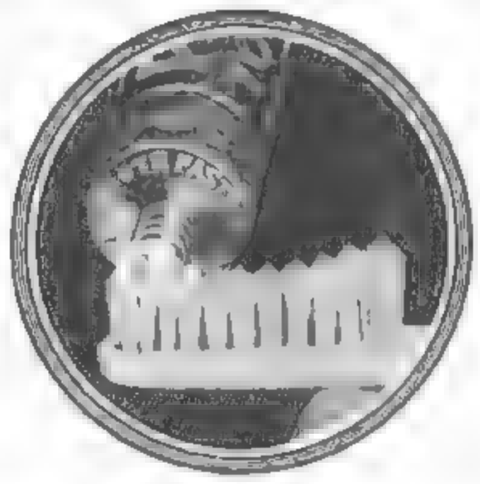

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"Would you"—the girl's voice had an insolent, metallic ring—"would you give up what you have achieved if you could win back what you have sacrificed? No! No! You would not! You could not! You would be false to your ideals, to your art! Yet you ask me to give up the one thing in life which seems worth while!"

Wade's eyes narrowed; but he continued as though she had not spoken.

"You would give up your private life, your private self," he said. "You would be denied the luxury of a natural emotion. If you were so unhappy as to feel a tender sentiment for your leading man you would be promptly banished. The moment a woman begins to play to her stage lover as a man instead of as a rival in art, that moment she ceases to be an actress—she becomes a woman. Does that mean nothing to you?"

She arched her head and gazed into the fire. He had come down to her level; she felt that she was beginning to rise above him. This was no romantic girl! He gathered himself for the supreme test.

"You could break away from your old life without regrets?" asked Wade.

"Yes, I could leave everything behind."

"Your—parents ——" he began, trying to meet her eyes now turned upon him.

"I have no parents," she said lightly. "All I remember of my mother is that one day many people kissed me and cried over me—they told me afterward that was the day she died. And my father—he came to me once; he took away my dolls; he said he did not wish me to play at make-believe. You ask me if I could put behind me the recollection of my parents? You see I have none. They are scarcely a name to me."

Wade stood for a moment, struck by her unconscious accusation. His daughter, whom he had alienated throughout a lifetime! A romantic child? No! A sophisticated woman, rather, a woman who had weighed and calculated, who was not to be turned aside. If she failed here she would go on and on till she found what she sought—a chance. The baffling sense of the futility of all argument overcame him. She was beyond his reach. Even the truth now would be worse than useless.

The girl was tapping her pretty foot on the floor. She began to realize dimly that victory was all but won. In the reaction of assurance she rose to her feet and took a step toward him.

"Impulse!" she cried vehemently—she was playing on her voice now, watchful of its effect. "Impulse! You say you do not recruit your stage by impulse? Did you think it a light resolve, a passing fancy, that could cause me to humiliate myself as I have done to-day? I feel—I see—I understand—it is in me!" she cried with superb pride. "Just now I watched you from the wings—I felt that I was part of it—that I always would be."

She had borrowed his trick of dividing sentences into short, crisp phrases. He caught the echo of his own mannerisms, the stress on the insignificant words that a lesser artist would have slurred.

A sound at the curtained doorway aroused him. Some one was there behind the drapery listening. A coarse, hairy hand decorated with a massive seal ring showed itself for an instant and was quickly withdrawn. It was Heinemann! Heinemann had come on them unawares. Heinemann was eavesdropping! It was not unlike the old schemer to hop up quietly like a toad and hide under a protecting leaf!

In an instant an idea was born in his brain. Here was the solution! Wade took his cue. His change of countenance was so swift that the girl was startled for the moment. Determination shone in his eyes. He would lash her emotions. He would put her through her paces for Heinemann. He would win her through Heinemann!

"Won't you sit down?" he began, smiling at her ingratiatingly.

"Thanks—no."

"You have never known restraint?" he said, his soft tones inviting confidence.

"The only restraints I have known are money—could I afford it? And propriety—is it vulgar? That has been my whole creed."

Conscious, flattered, she preened herself.

"You are gently born and bred. Those things, of course, go without saying. Manner is a matter of blood. Good form is a matter of instinct."

Wade wore all his stage manner; his periods were trifles light as air. But the blood flowed a little faster in her veins, her eyes darted points of fire. Here was tribute, delicate appreciation!

"Of course you are a lady." The satirical emphasis caused her to look up suddenly.

"That is why," Wade hurried on with mocking insistence, "you are here in a man's dressing room, not by his invitation, but by the coalhole or the fire escape. I don't know, I am sure, what is good form in such a situation."

She started as if shot and stared venomously at him.

"You taunt me!" she burst out hotly, tears of rage springing to her eyes. "What do I care for what you call proprieties? I have humiliated myself before you; I have literally hurled myself at your head, to ask for a chance, the smallest chance. And I have it in me; I tell you it is in the blood!"

While she was speaking Wade had been slowly advancing, his head thrust forward, his eyes gleaming. His hand shot out, closed upon her wrist. He dragged her roughly toward him.

"You are an impostor!" he cried, and he threw back his head and laughed. "You fooled me; I admit it, woman. You made me think you a little stage-struck schoolgirl, a rich and petted orphan. You and your fine manners! Where did you get your clothes for the part? Steal them, eh? Tell me that!"

She shrank away from him, tried to free herself from his grasp. He dragged her forward again.

"Come, out with you!" he cried, making toward the curtained doorway.

"No, no, a moment!" The frightened girl clung to him.

"Out!" he said; he pulled aside the curtain. There stood Heinemann. The manager was so wholly engrossed with the scene that he displayed no chagrin at being thus taken unawares.

"Hello! Heinemann!" exclaimed Wade. "I didn't hear you come in."

Heinemann was staring at the woman.

"Take off your hat," he ordered her gruffly.

This was Heinemann—the only Heinemann! And he asked to see her hair! With trembling fingers the excited girl lifted her hat and displayed the profusion of golden tresses. Her abject desperation of a moment before had disappeared. Her eyes danced with suppressed excitement. Heinemann—the only Heinemann! She had not aimed so high!

"Dere is a letter on der shelf. Pring it me," said the old man.

He watched her step with eagle eye. "Where did you get her?" he asked as he turned to Wade.

"Get her?" repeated Felix Wade with a wry face. "I didn't get her. She got me—by the fire escape. She is a poor devil out of a job."

"She iss not a poor devil out of a job!" corrected Heinemann slowly. "She will be your ingénue, the one I look for in the new play. What is your name, huh? What? Fleming—Sibyl Fleming. Vell, Sibyl Fleming, you find my secretary—a man with red mustaches—in the wings. You tell him you are to keep in touch with him—for Heinemann."

She was fairly radiating her triumph. She cast a contemptuous glance at Wade.

"You are green—I can see that. You have much to learn," said Heinemann not unkindly. "But maybe some day—who knows?—you can take a scene away from Felix Wade. Now go!"

That was Heinemann's way of recruiting—the tilt of a head, the carriage. The rest was easy for his talents.

The two men watched her out. Wade fell into a chair and covered his eyes with his hands to shut out the light. He had won—not the daughter, but the actress.

"Act on, sir," chirruped the voice of the dresser at the door. Heinemann walked out with Wade.

"Felix," said the old manager as they stood for a moment at the wings, "I haf been thinking—maybe—maybe your next comedy will not be so—so polite. Eh?"

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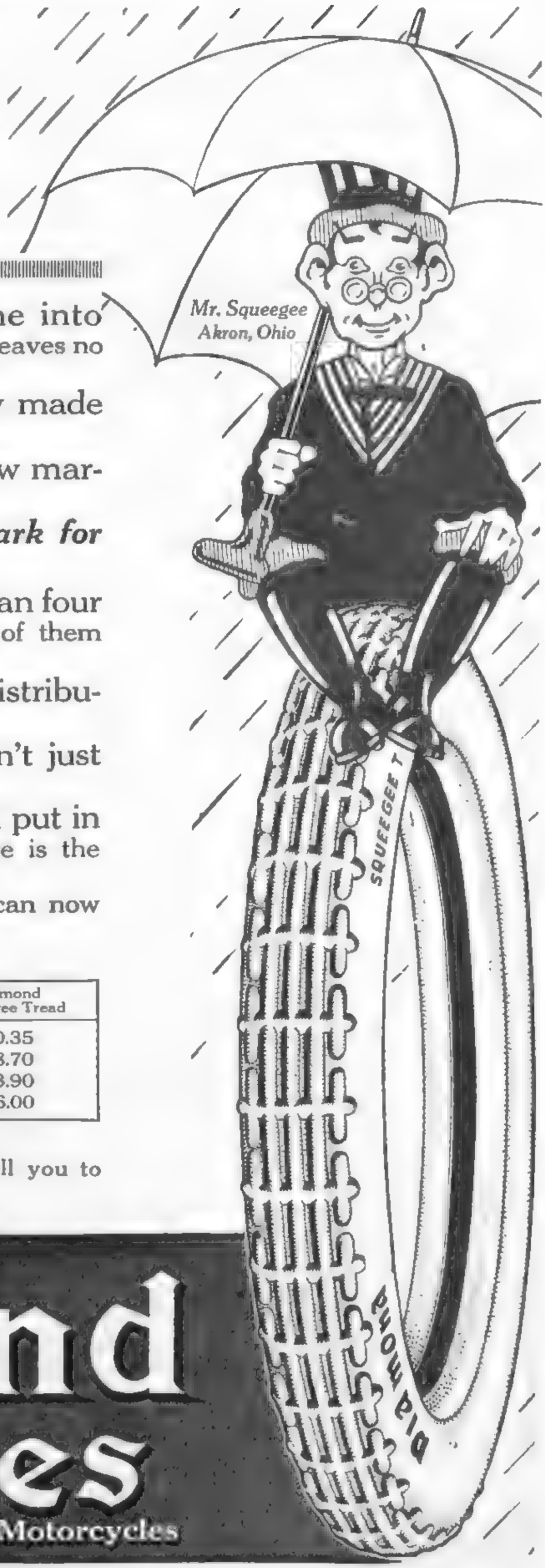

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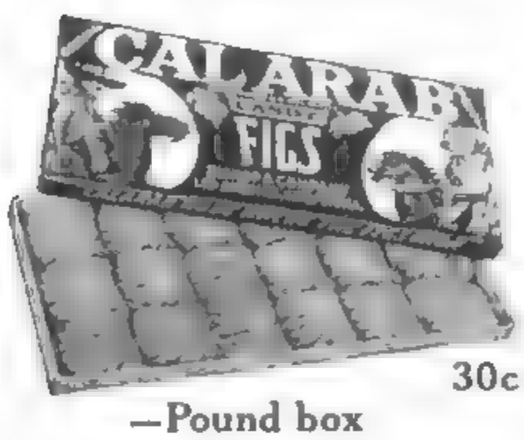

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THINKING IN NINE FIGURES

(Continued from Page 10)

National banks have nearly four billion dollars more on deposit than they had fifteen years ago. The farms of this country produced about five billion dollars more value last year than they did fifteen years ago. The value of manufactured products was about nine billion dollars greater. Eight hundred million dollars more gold was in circulation. Deposits in savings banks were two billion dollars greater. Bank clearings were ninety billion dollars greater. The total circulation of money was $1,400,000,000 more than in 1900.

Not only do the banks have larger deposits and more gold, but there are so many big banks that it is a trifle among them to raise a hundred-million-dollar fund. At the first inauguration of President McKinley, which was not so far back in the Dark Ages, there was no bank in New York with deposits of more than $30,000,000, and only one that approached that figure. To-day eight banks and trust companies have $100,000,000 of deposits or more, and a round score of them have more than $30,000,000. Twenty years ago the deposits of the country's largest bank were only about one-twentieth of what they are to-day. Five years ago a great trust company boasted deposits of $70,000,000; to-day it reports deposits of $170,000,000. The same sort of development has taken place in Chicago and on a smaller scale in almost every other large city.

Banks have grown big to care for the big corporations. The great corporations, whether trusts or not, are all a growth of the last twenty years and they all have huge deposits to make in banks. The United States Steel Corporation has deposited as high as $75,000,000 at one time. Probably the Standard Oil Company has almost equaled that record. At one time the American Tobacco Company kept $20,000,000 in bank. One automobile company had $27,441,469 in cash last September and must have put some of it in bank. Such big corporations as the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, Union Pacific Railroad, American Telephone Company, International Harvester Company, American Sugar Refining Company and many others keep at times immense treasures in banks and trust companies.

The House of a Hundred Phones

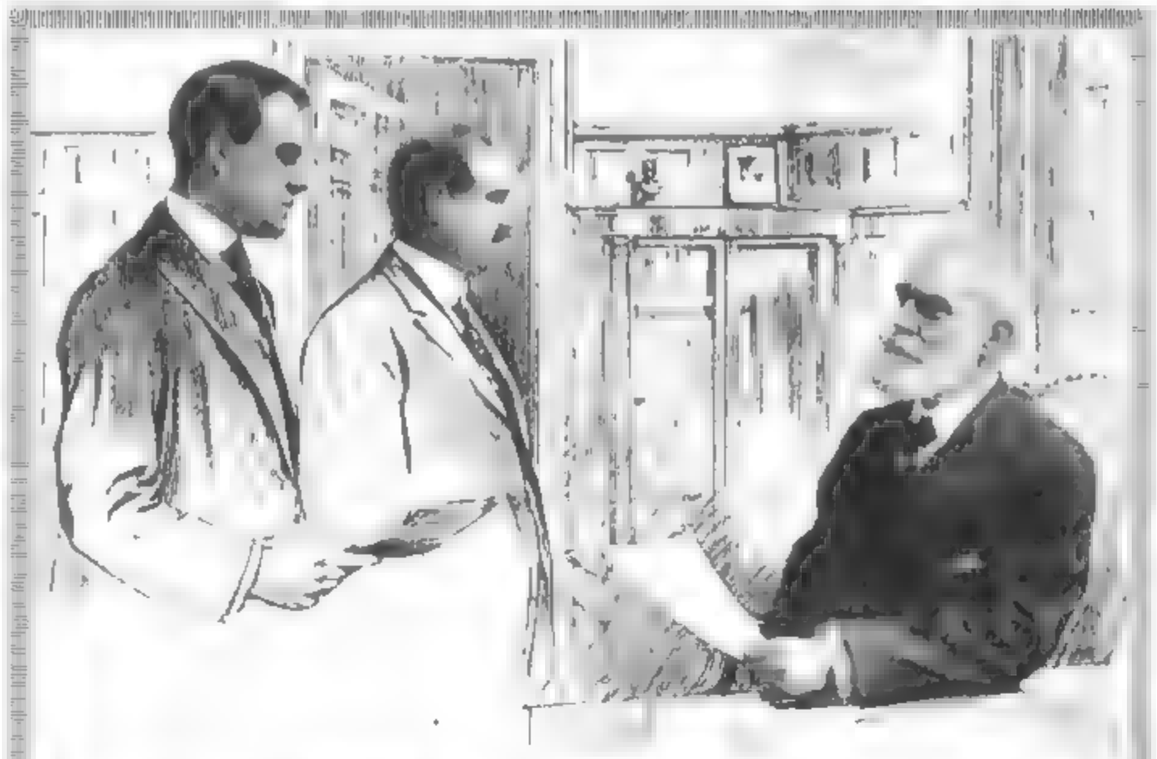
But the mere growth of wealth alone would never have made it possible to deal in hundred millions with the ease that formerly characterized the million-dollar transaction. To bring wealth together quickly, when it is most needed, has been made possible only by the cable, the telegraph, the twenty-hour train from New York to Chicago and the telephone, but most of all by the telephone.

Harriman, who perhaps carried the idea of mere size as far as any individual, was the greatest telephone user. He had one in his library, his bathroom, his private car, even in his camp in the Oregon wilderness. In the mansion that he finally built for himself there were a hundred telephones, and sixty of them were linked to the long-distance wires. Once, as he lay on a sick bed, he loaned the Erie Railroad $5,000,000 and saved it from bankruptcy.

The chief stockholder and the chairman of directors of the largest bank in America is a secretive, mysterious person. He never talks for publication. Except in panics he is rarely seen. I saw him on the street often enough in the panic of 1907, going in and out of the offices of J. P. Morgan and George F. Baker, Morgan's chief ally. Recently the same mysterious gentleman has again returned to the gigantic institution of which he is the unobtrusive owner, but only because the president has been seriously ill.

At other times, when skies are clear, Mr. James Stillman is far away in Paris or some country retreat. But he is never really far except geographically, because at a certain hour every day the president, or senior vice-president if the president also is away, sends a long cable to Mr. Stillman, if he is abroad, or a long telephone message if he is in this country.

Quickness of communication has forced coöperation and confidence in one another upon our bankers and financiers. Men will not stand aloof when the line of least resistance is to get together. If there is a money



"That Settles It" Said the President

"Gentlemen," said the President, "we must announce the change in prices to all our customers at once. I think a form letter is the best and quickest way to do it."

"We haven't enough letterheads," protested the Office Manager, "and besides the paper we are using is too expensive for form letters."

"Leave it to me," said the Advertising Manager. "I use Hammermill Bond for all my form letters. The printer who put me onto it got an order for 100,000. It's a very economical paper, but notice its crackle and strength and texture. I can get these form letters out right away if we use Hammermill Bond."

"That settles it," said the President.

"By the way," he continued, "why can't we use this paper for all of our office and factory forms? I believe in a standard product."

HAMMERMILL BOND
"The Utility Business Paper"
Envelopes to match

Sold in every large city by the wholesale jobbers who are Hammermill agents.

Send for portfolio "Form and Follow-up Letters at Less Cost."

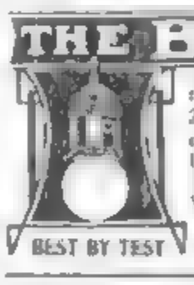
HAMMERMILL PAPER COMPANY, Erie, Pa.
Use Hammermill Safety Paper for your checks. Ask your lithographer about it. Hammermill Safety Paper is used by the United States Government.

SHOEMAKER'S POULTRY BOOK AND ALMANAC FOR 1915
Over 200 pages; with many colored plates of [illegible] etc. Price 15c. [illegible] C. C. Shoemaker, Box 913, Freeport, Ill

MONEY IN POULTRY AND SQUABS
[illegible] for big booklet [illegible] Free. F. FOY, Inc., Box 4, Des Moines, Ia.

WATER PUMPS WATER
with a Rife Ram. Plenty of it for every purpose about your country home with [illegible] and night winter and summer. $11.00 a [illegible] Send for free Catalog today.
RIFE ENGINE CO.
3000 Trinity Bldg., New York

THE BEST LIGHT



makes and burns its own gas. Costs 2c. a week to operate. No dirt, grease or odor. A pure white light, more brilliant than [illegible] Every lamp warranted. Agents wanted. Write for catalog and prices.
BEST BY TEST
THE BEST LIGHT CO.
5-25 E. 5th Street, Canton, O.

Our Factory Price $9.75
For This Fine Rocker
Because [illegible] is easily assembled [illegible] sections direct from factory [illegible] home [illegible] Mahogany [illegible] All quarter-sawed oak. Write for catalog of [illegible] Mission Furniture.

Brooks Mfg. Co., 2802 Brooks Av., Saginaw, Mich. Rocker No. 10
Largest Plant of Its Kind in the World

SUCCESS TAUGHT BY MAIL Use Your Spare Time Earn While You Learn
The best System for Beginners; a Post graduate Course for Stenographers. Highest World's Records for Speed and Accuracy. [illegible] number of Court Reporters than all other systems combined in ten years.
Send for Catalog—A Book of Inspiration, It's free
SUCCESS SHORTHAND SCHOOL, Suite 222, Schiller Bldg., Chicago

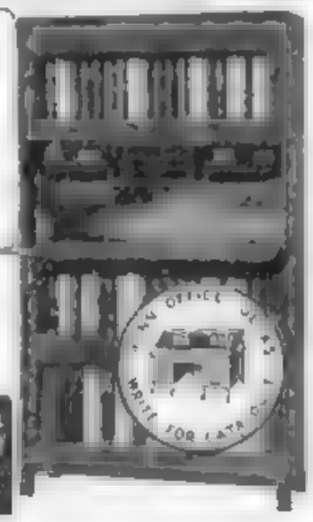
Be Good to your Books

Protect them with a "Gunn"

Only one section necessary to start. Dust proof; removable, non-binding doors; no ugly iron bands; easy to take apart for moving, and *prices lower than others.*

See the attractive "Gunn" Sectional Bookcase at your dealer's or write us for a souvenir book mark and new catalogue (sent free), illustrated in colors showing Colonial, Mission, Sanitary, Clawfoot and Standard designs in mahogany and oak to harmonize with their surroundings.

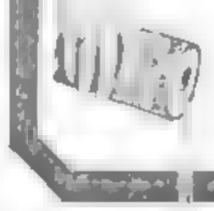
GUNN Furniture Co. Grand Rapids [illegible] MICH. 1800 Broadway



A Clean, White Toilet Bowl

Keep the toilet bowl in your bathroom snowy white all the time with *Sani-Flush*—that odorless white powder for taking off all stains, discolorations, incrustations, and *keeping* them off. No brush required—no contact with your hands, no bending of your back. Simple directions on the can tell exactly how to use *Sani-Flush*. *Sani-Flush* won't hurt the plumbing connections, won't craze the bowl.

Your Money Back if *Sani-Flush* doesn't do all We Claim



Sani-Flush

TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

isn't a scouring powder nor a general cleanser. It does only one thing and does it thoroughly. It's a clean, white, soluble powder that dissolves incrustations. Used frequently, it will keep the toilet spotless. *Sani-Flush* is necessary in the home, or the club; in office buildings, in hotels.

A large can of *Sani-Flush* costs 25c (30c in Canada; 50c in foreign countries). Many dealers (grocers and druggists) sell it. If yours hasn't it, send name of grocer, druggist or plumber, with the quarter (stamps taken) and we'll send you a full-sized can, prepaid. Your money back if it fails to do all we claim.

THE HYGIENIC PRODUCTS CO.
168 Walnut Street, Canton, Ohio

THE HYGIENIC PRODUCTS CO., Canton, Ohio
Enclosed I send 25 cents (30 cents in Canada) and the name of my grocer, druggist or plumber, for which please send me by parcel post one full-sized can of *Sani-Flush*.

My name_____

Address_____

Dealer's name_____

To Dealers:
You can sell *Sani-Flush* easily, because it performs a necessary task. The way it makes good makes it a strong repeater. Order from your jobber or write to us.

"CONGRATULATIONS" [illegible] $0.66 net, including delivery. [illegible] roll from The Starr Library. Ask [illegible]
THE STARR PIANO CO., Richmond, Ind.

Print Your Own
Cards, circulars, books, newspaper, &c. PRESS $5. Larger $18. Rotary $60. Save money. Print for others. Big profits. Write factory for press catalog, TYPE, cards, paper, samples, &c. THE PRESS CO., Meriden, Conn.

Harry E. Hutchinson writes:

"I am regularly employed by the Princeton Savings Bank. An hour or two of my spare time each day is devoted to Curtis work and my earnings are going to buy me a home of my own."

Almost every ambitious young man looks forward to owning his own home. If your regular employment does not provide sufficient income to do this, you can supplement it liberally in the way that Mr. Hutchinson does.

In return for looking after the local renewals and new orders for *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman* we will pay you in commission and salary. Every hour given to the work will mean an addition to your saving fund account. There will be no expense to you and no experience is necessary.

Box 758, Agency Division

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Good Living—Right Living

Pettijohn's—a soft wheat flaked—forms a luscious food. And its 25 per cent of bran is essential to right living.

Its purpose is to supply unground bran in a most inviting form. For bran is Nature's laxative. Its habitual use is advised by all authorities.

In Pettijohn's the bran is tender, almost unapparent. It is combined with whole-wheat nutriment, delicious in taste and aroma. Countless physicians now advise it as the ideal bran food.

Pettijohn's

Rolled Wheat With the Bran

If your grocer hasn't Pettijohn's, send us his name and 15 cents in stamps. We will send one package by parcel post. After that, get Pettijohn's at your store. Address The Quaker Oats Company, Chicago.

trust, with headquarters in New York, as so many believe, it is because the means of quick communication, discussion and action are close at hand.

Shove scores of mammoth banks on to a piece of land only a few squares in area and a so-called money trust is inevitable. Spread the same banking power over four or five thousand miles of the Middle West, and no amount of willingness or ability could ever bring into being the same smooth, inevitable coöperation.

An issue of bonds of the Argentine Republic was recently sold in this country. Joined in this venture were nine institutions with resources of over a billion dollars.

This is coöperative finance on the grand scale. It is the cold, calculated strength of a combination of giants, not the half personal largess of a single banker. An old Indiana manufacturer, whose name is known the world over, needed money some years ago to extend his business, and traveled to New York with his son-in-law to see Mr. Morgan. The interview resulted in a promise from Morgan that when they actually wanted $250,000 they might have it. Some months later the son-in-law appeared at the Morgan office and after a long wait was admitted to the august presence. Mr. Morgan said nothing but glared at the young man, who finally got up his courage to remind the banker of his earlier promise.

For several minutes Morgan continued to glare at his caller, and then suddenly remarked:

"Tell him he can have it."

The young manufacturer was delighted, but naturally assumed there would be many formalities and preliminaries to go through before receiving such a big loan. Morgan appeared to have forgotten him until the caller, again screwing up his courage, said:

"But, eh—Mr. Morgan, how shall I get the money?"

"Draw on us," shouted the old banker without even looking up.

Large figures are only relative. When the New York Central created its first mortgage of $100,000,000, back in 1897, the news attracted far more attention than when the same company announced last year a new mortgage for an unlimited amount. This new mortgage can never be more than three times the amount of the capital stock, but even with that limitation it would now be possible to issue $675,000,000 of bonds, and as the stock increases the bonds may follow suit.

Monster Mortgages Common

Every large railroad system in the country is made up of a number of smaller companies, each of which has its own bonds out. Until its recent dissolution the New Haven was made up of some three hundred constituent companies. The Southern Railway was formed in 1893 by consolidating more than thirty separate companies. In many cases the earlier bond issues were small and covered sections of railroads that are vastly more valuable to-day. But the old bond issues are closed—that is, no more can be issued.

The New York Central, Pennsylvania and Northern Pacific Companies have created new mortgages to secure bonds, and there is no limit at all as to size, except that in the case of the Pennsylvania the bonds shall never exceed the amount of stock, and with the other two companies shall never be more than three times the amount of stock. But the Pennsylvania already has almost $500,000,000 of stock.

When James J. Hill, in 1911, announced a mortgage of $600,000,000, Wall Street wagged its head and refused to imagine figures so big. But it has hardly noticed the promise of even larger bond issues for three other companies, or the newly created $500,000,000 Baltimore and Ohio mortgage.

The Great Northern's $600,000,000 mortgage was the largest ever made in this country up to 1911. But at that time there were thirty-three railroad mortgages for $100,000,000 or more, of which sixteen had been created within the preceding six years. Of the seven that provided for $200,000,000 or more all had been created within five years. Since 1911 no less than six railroads have arranged for new mortgages to provide for more than $400,000,000 of bonds in each case, and others are coming. In New York City alone the two subway companies have arranged to bring out $220,000,000 of new securities in the course of three or four years.

Such transactions have become a matter of course. The day of big finance is here.

New! The "Limp-Kuff"

Style 4446
$2.50 to $3.50 per pair

This distinctively "classy" and *serviceable* glove with a soft, limp cuff which protects the sleeve and shuts out dust and wind is so soft it wrinkles down naturally on the wrist or may be pulled over the sleeve—the gloves are easily crushed away in one's pockets.

Ventilated or unventilated. With or without adjustable strap fastener at wrist. Comfortable and smooth.

The "glove indispensable" for motoring, driving, riding, etc.

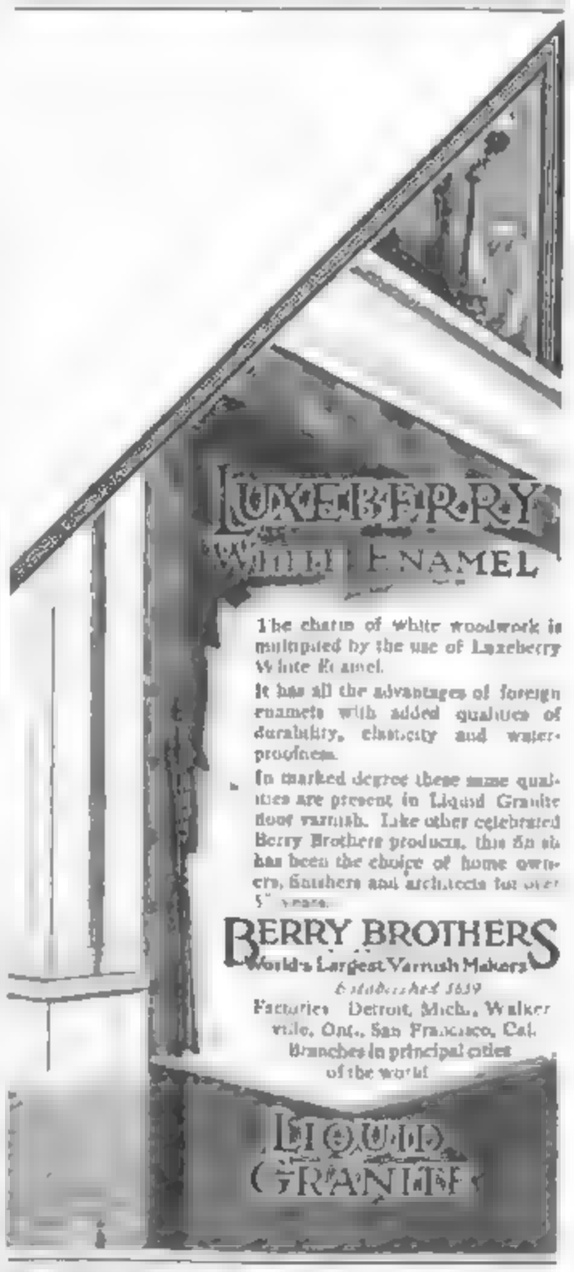
Grinnell Gloves

"Best for every purpose"

Made from soft, pliable coltskin, wear like rawhide—washable, dry out soft as new. **Guaranteed** not to harden, crack, scuff or [illegible]. Complete styles for men, women and children.

If no good dealer near you carries Grinnell Gloves, send name of your dealer and we will [illegible] pair of gloves for your approval. State your size.

Morrison-Ricker Mfg. Company
"Makers of good gloves for 58 years"
25 Broad Street Grinnell, Iowa


LUXEBERRY
WHITE ENAMEL
The charm of white woodwork is multiplied by the use of Luxeberry White Enamel.
It has all the advantages of foreign enamels with added qualities of durability, elasticity and waterproofness.
In marked degree these same qualities are present in Liquid Granite floor varnish. Like other celebrated Berry Brothers products, this finish has been the choice of home owners, finishers and architects for over 50 years.
BERRY BROTHERS
World's Largest Varnish Makers
Established 1859
Factories: Detroit, Mich., Walkerville, Ont., San Francisco, Cal.
Branches in principal cities of the world
LIQUID GRANITE

PATENTS That Protect and Pay
Send Sketch or Model for Search.
BOOKS, ADVICE and SEARCHES **FREE**
Watson E. Coleman, *Patent Lawyer*, Washington, D. C.

A Fortune to the Inventor
who reads and heeds it is the possible worth of the book we send for 6 cents postage. Write us at once.
B. B. & B. LACEY, Dept. A, WASHINGTON, D. C.

The Hudson Stands at the Peak Place in Its Class

It Took Four Years to Get There

Bear these things in mind when you come to choose among the 1915 models:

The HUDSON Six-40 was the pioneer in this popular Light Six type. It was started four years ago. And the foremost engineering corps in this industry has been working four years on it.

Every crudity has been eliminated. Every detail has been refined to the limit. You see here the result of development.

And this car has been driven, by 10,000 owners, perhaps 25 million miles. It has made its records on nearly every road. It has proved itself under every condition. All your questions about it—what it can do and what it can stand—have been answered countless times.

There are no theories today in this HUDSON Six-40. Every feature is a proved success.

10,000 Men Who Know

You can see for yourself its ultra-refinement, its beauty, its finish, its ideal equipment. The scales will tell its lightness. A ten-mile ride will show its perfect balance, its flexibility, its freedom from vibration.

But there remain these all-important questions: Is it competent to cope with difficult conditions? Is it sturdy, reliable, enduring? Is it economical of tires and gasoline?

Those are questions to be answered by experience. With the HUDSON Six-40 there are 10,000 men who know. There are 5000 first-year models running, and 5000 this-year models.

Wherever you are there are owners to tell you that this car, in the points most important, excels any car they know.

These are New Problems

A vast number of new problems came up in creating this light, economical Six. This great saving in weight called for better materials, better engineering. It called for a new-type, high-speed motor to lessen engine shocks. Almost every detail of old-time cars had to be revised.

Such radical changes are risky until they are tested out. The best engineers make mistakes in them. This HUDSON Six-40 will appeal to the careful because it has met those tests.

This year, if you pay over $1200, you are bound to want a Six. If you care to avoid waste and over-tax, you will want the modern Light Six.

A short time ago the HUDSON Six-40 was the one car of this type. Today there are many, due to Hudson success. The question is not Which type? It is Which car of this type has the best record behind it? Which is the safest investment? Which is the standard, the class car?

There are ten thousand owners in 43 countries to say that that car is the HUDSON. We refer you to any one of them.

Hudson service is exceptional and ideal. It is national in extent. It is one of the greatest factors in Hudson reputation.

7-Passenger Phaeton, $1550, f. o. b. Detroit. Canadian Price, $2100, f. o. b. Detroit, Duty Paid. Four other styles of bodies.

HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY
Detroit, Mich., U. S. A.

HUDSON SIX-40 $1550

Draw on This Fund of Tire Information

FIRESTONE Publicity is more than Advertising; it is public discussion of the varied demands of Tire Service.

Here we show in miniature some of the Firestone advertisements that have appeared from time to time in this publication. Each of them gave vital reasons why you get maximum service at minimum cost from Firestone Tires.

We want to remind you of these Firestone advantages again and to urge you to read our future messages so you will more quickly come to enjoy the Firestone degree of safety and comfort with—

Most Miles per Dollar

No. 1—A study of Firestone Engineering. A reminder of the Master Specialists responsible for giving you the highest degree of safety and comfort in Firestone Tires.

No. 2—A review of building methods that pack extra mileage into every Firestone Tire and reinforce them against puncture, blow-out and rim-cut.

No. 3—An explanation of the greater buoyancy and "life" of Firestone Tires, insuring grip, traction, comfort, combined with a toughness of rubber to give "Most Miles per Dollar."

No. 4—About the triumph of Firestone manufacturing efficiency which enables us to give the extras of Firestone Service at the cost of the ordinary—saving first and last.

No. 5—Emphasizing the value of Firestone strength for the emergency—detailing the qualities which won the Firestone Tire its title of "Colossus of Roads."

No. 6—Describes the vital safety and saving features of the Firestone Non-Skid grip; why its deep, tough, angled letters are adequate hold on any road and deliver extra mileage.

No. 7—To remind you of the personal responsibility back of every tire bearing the name "Firestone." It is recognized internationally as a pledge of maximum Service.

No. 8—Showing why the dealer, the car owner, the chauffeur appreciate Firestone Standards. Taking pains at the factory means taking it easy on the road—means satisfied customers, satisfied dealers.

Watch Firestone Advertising Carefully. It means an honest light on tire values. Write for our free book on Firestone Tires

Firestone Tire & Rubber Company

"America's Largest Exclusive Tire and Rim Makers"

Akron, Ohio **Branches and Dealers Everywhere**

Firestone

NON-SKID TIRES

Adding the PUNCH

Fizzing the charged water into your Welch's puts in the punch that makes the drink you're thinking about.

Welch's is the highest possible quality in grape juice; it is not a manufactured drink—every drop is nature's product. Just selected Concord Grapes—a clean, quick process that extracts the juice, pasteurizes and seals it in glass. Nothing is added. Welch's is as delicious as it is wholesome.

When you travel—when you entertain—when you want something to quench thirst—you will find nothing better than

Welch's

"The National Drink"

Welch Hi-Ball

Use a ten-ounce glass, in which place four ounces of Welch's, and a lump or two of ice; fill the glass with charged water.

Welch Rickey

Into a ten-ounce glass, tall and slender, draw one ounce of Welch's, squeeze the juice of one-half lime; add one and one-half ounces simple syrup. Fill the glass one-third full of fine ice; the balance with carbonated water. Mix and decorate.

Try the Welch Junior (4-oz. size) at the fountain, hotel, club and café. Just enough for one.

Get the Welch Habit —it's one that won't get you!

If unable to obtain Welch's of your dealer, we will ship a trial dozen pints for $3, express prepaid, east of Omaha. Sample individual bottle, by mail 10 cents. Booklet of recipes free.

How to get a "self-pulling" corkscrew

No premiums are offered with Welch's, but to provide you with one of these useful corkscrews, we will send one for one quart or two pint labels from Welch's—only one to a family. The corkscrew usually retails for 25c. Address Welch, Westfield, New York.

Canadian Plant, St. Catharines, Ontario

HOOSIER KITCHEN CABINET

Saves Miles of Steps for tired feet

800,000 Hoosier Cabinets are already in use. Every one was sold on this guarantee—Your money back if you are not delighted with it.

"WHITE BEAUTY" now takes the lead in sales. Its 40 labor-saving features have been sifted from hundreds of experiments. We don't know anything else to add that is practical. Yet the price of this Hoosier, owing to our enormous output, is below that of a common cupboard cabinet.

$60,000 worth of Hoosiers now are selling every week. Our sales are made chiefly to friends of Hoosier owners. If you buy a Hoosier now, we are sure to make sales to some of your friends this year. You can't help praising it.

The earlier you buy, the more sales we make. We want to double the sale of "White Beauty" this year. Hence this offer:

25,000 "White Beauties"

At $2.50 Less in Price—One Week Only

Delivered for $1.00 Cash

You pay the balance in small weekly dues of $1.00. Only 1000 Hoosier agents can hold this Hoosier Week Sale at reduced price. Each sale is under our direction. Shipments cannot all be made at one time. Some sales will begin next week—others later.

You should write to us *at once*; otherwise, you may miss your sale. Only one dealer in your town can sell Hoosiers. We'll send you his name without obligating you at all. Write now.

The New

"WHITE BEAUTY" Hoosier

Finest and most popular Hoosier Cabinet made; combines pantry, cupboard, kitchen table; puts your whole kitchen at fingers' ends; aluminum table slides out 16 inches beyond the base; you can sit down at your work. You save time and energy by saving steps; you save money by saving supplies.

Clean it with a damp cloth; take it all apart; roll it on ball-bearing casters to the door or porch and let sun and air into every corner. Built carefully of high-grade materials. Beautiful and durable finish. Practically no wear-out to it.

Among its many exclusive conveniences are the patented *shaker* flour sifter that cleans the flour it sifts; Mrs. Frederick's Food Guide; cook-book holder; bookkeeping system; money tray; pencil holder; emergency shelf; want list, and dozens of other labor and time savers.

Occupies a floor space 42 x 28 inches, and stands 70¼ inches high—a neat, untiring, automatic servant in your kitchen. Pays for itself in a little while out of its savings. Buy it now. You'll wonder how you did without it so long.

Write Today for "YOU AND YOUR KITCHEN"—Free!

It tells things about your kitchen that will save you money—things most people don't know; also tells more about Hoosier Cabinets. 150,000 copies already distributed. Edition limited. Write for it at once.

THE HOOSIER MANUFACTURING COMPANY

152 Sidney Street, New Castle, Ind.

Branch: Pacific Building, San Francisco, Cal. **4500 Agents in United States and Canada**

HOOSIER CABINET NATIONAL STEP-SAVER

NOTE: In every official sale, where new "White Beauty" Hoosiers are sold at $2.50 less this spring, the following note will appear at the bottom of the dealer's announcement. Watch for it for your own protection.

TO THE PUBLIC: We authorize this sale, limited to "White Beauty" Hoosier Cabinets, at $2.50 less than the fixed cash price of these cabinets.
THE HOOSIER MFG. CO., New Castle, Ind.

HOOSIER CABINET NATIONAL STEP-SAVER